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ANTOINE LOUIS BARYE.

HIS wife dared not tell him Corot was dead, and that another, the power of whose pictures he felt even more,—namely, Millet,—was dangerously ill. It was now too late. One day in June, 1875, there was a quiet bustling to and fro in a small plain house on the Quai des Célestins. Men in dress-coats, with serious faces, forming a kind of deputation, and followed by others in black frocks with the ribbons of the Legion of Honor in the buttonhole, entered the courtyard. Students who affected some garb of Bohemia and students foppish in dress rubbed elbows with workmen in blouses, army officers, foreigners interested in art, and staid friends of the family. The householder and father, a master second to no other of his generation, lay in his coffin surrounded by many of the smaller works of art he had created. The dress-coats were present officially: they represented the School of the Fine Arts. The decorations and the uniforms were there to grace the last ceremonies of a member of the Legion of Honor. The art-students and foreigners came from reverence or curiosity. The blouses testified to the popular esteem for a man whose triumphs in art were reflected back on that great lower middle class of France from which he sprang. For Antoine Louis Barye was not rich ever, and was not noble in the hereditary sense, but when he died he had attained to pretty much everything except fortune which seems to a modest and honorable ambition worth the struggle. When the ceremonies at the house were done and the popular high artists of the day, such as MM. Carolus Duran and Meissonier, had, with ardent gesticulations, extolled the beauty of the statuettes about the rooms after their generous wont; when, with its military escort, the train of mourners and friends left the courtyard behind the bier, then the worth of the

man and artist in the estimate of the rough people appeared. Moving through a quarter where workshops and forges and factories of all kinds are plenty, workmen still sweaty from their labor came to join the procession or to greet it, to make more motley but still more impressive the funeral of a person who was known to be modesty itself. No man in all Paris could cast bronze as he could; no foreman of a foundry but could take lessons from Barye in the elements of foundry-work. No one ever heard him belittle other artists or try to push himself; many could recall generous words of praise that came with doubled force from a man so quiet, so reserved, so silent. And here was a man of peace accompanied to his grave with military honors; a republican proceeding in pomp. Here he was, a member of that true democracy of the arts which does not deny to men the spiritual glories of an aristocracy provided they have shown their right to preëminence, accorded a funeral that a prince might envy. Here was a man who had seen in his atelier the highest princes of France, and the last king; who had been favored by an emperor and snubbed by envious bureaucrats, regretted and reverently followed by the most irreverent and leveling populace in the world.

Barye was born in Paris four years before that century began whose major part, and in all probability whose most stirring events, fell within his term of life. Still a boy, he was apprenticed to a maker of molds for the brass-work on uniforms. He was hardly through the half of his teens when Napoleon I., robbing for soldiers "the cradle and the grave," took him by way of the conscription. Luckily he was appointed to an inglorious but useful division, that of the military map-makers, so that when the Emperor's last card

was played he became apprentice to a jeweler instead of leaving his bones at Waterloo. He worked on steel with the burin before he was of age, and got some idea of the artistic treatment of objects in metal; then he fashioned medallions large and small, was a pupil in the atelier of Bosio, a mediocre sculptor in the Italian way, and got flattering marks of esteem; studied in oils with Baron Gros, and had serious ambition to become a painter, being at one time encouraged by a faint show of success. Between 1823 and 1827 the jeweler Fauconnier benefited by his designs and took what credit they brought. He felt the tumult of 1830, and listened more than he spoke in the great windy war between classicists and romanticists — needless to say on which side his sympathies were! He had early successes and quick reverses in the exhibitions; so quick, indeed, that they might be fairly taken as warnings from the controlling spirits that it would not do to be overmuch original. Then came the period of indignant withdrawal from the Salon, followed by other and greater successes. Louis Philippe visited his studio and flattered him, but paid him meagerly. A prime minister wished to give him one of the most salient points in the Parisian panorama to decorate — an arch that has played a part in modern French history, been crowned with spoils from other nations, and seen those nations in turn despoil it; an arch which has not yet perhaps received its crowning work of art, though lately it bore a model designed by Falguière. Fifty years ago he brought envy and malice on his head through the erection in the Avenue des Feuillants in the Tuileries gardens of his colossal bronze lion and serpent. It was then the sneer of "animalist" began. "What!" cried an artist, "are the Tuileries to become a menagerie?" He answered detractors by devoting himself to the statuary of animals until, as it is the fashion in the

world, for the same traits he became as much lauded as he had been formerly damned. The Third Napoleon became his patron. Meantime he opened the eyes of people to new beauties in art, widened the sympathies of the connoisseur, and in his own way helped a great work of reformation which will be spoken of later. At the very last, when followers and imitators swarmed, and his fame had spread, with but slender profits to his pocket, into every civilized land, the doors of the French Institute were about to open to him, and he died.

Barye was a sturdy and simple man of few words, quiet manners, and steady habits. Twice married, he was the father of ten children. He dressed like the worthy and respectable burgher he was. His face shows a life of industry and economy; it bears the mark of long hours of solitary thought. "In all French history," writes an admiring American sculptor, Mr. Truman Bartlett of Boston, "there is no artist who lived in such lofty, isolated strength." Look in the wood-cut at the massive face with broad forehead, broad, square jaw, straight nose, eyes looking keenly from under pronounced brows such as the phrenologist will have us believe denote unusual powers of observation. It is a face of big masses and planes. A thick-set, short-legged man, with the broad, fleshy, powerful hands of the people, the square tips of the fingers representing, in the lately revived lore of the palmist, a love of movement in the artistic product, whatever it may be. Gravity is felt in his strong shoulders and determined gait. There he stands, a plain, hardworking, patient artist, often so poor that the legend runs (doubtfully enough) how he carried about, like a peddler, his Centaur group for sale; a good husband and father; a professor — without pupils — at the zoölogical buildings in the Jardin des Plantes; one who earned the respect



SLEEPING DOG.

(ETCHED BY JACQUE FROM A BARYE BRONZE IN 1846; ENGRAVED FROM A PRINT IN THE POSSESSION OF S. P. AVERY, ESQ.)

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ANTOINE LOUIS BARYE.

of everybody that met him, and whose work stirred deeply many sculptors and painters with reputations wider spread and more glittering than his own. Finally, he was a man conscious of his own worth under all his modesty. During his last illness the smaller bronzes stood about the room. To keep up a cheerful tone his wife said to him, as she busied herself dusting them off:

"My dear, when you are better, see that the signatures are more legible."

"Never fear," answered Barye, raising his head from his hands; "before twenty years have passed people will be using a magnifying glass to my signatures."

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Barye dying in June, 1875, there was an exhibition of his works at the School of Arts in November. People marveled at the quantity of drawings, water-colors, and oil-paintings, and the careful measurements of animals. A beast could not die at the Jardin des Plantes without Barye being on its coroner's jury and at its post-mortem. The thoroughness of his labor and its extent seemed to argue well for the sale at the Hôtel Drouot, which was set down for February of 1876, particularly as the right of reproduction was to go with the object sold. Nevertheless, the prices were not what might have been expected. Only now and then did one overstep the valuation placed



BEAR-HUNT. (DRAWN FROM ONE OF THE CORNER-PIECES IN THE TABLE SERVICE OF THE DUC D'ORLÉANS, NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF MRS. W. T. BLODGETT.)

on it by the experts. Why was this? Partly, no doubt, because very few connoisseurs can tell first castings from later ones. The objects had been in many cases already reproduced, and few people were sufficiently skilled in such matters, and in Barye bronzes particularly, to hazard a mistake. Somewhat similar embarrassment exists in buying etchings, or used to exist, perhaps it is safer to say, since the processes to harden the surface from which etchings are printed have become perfected. But there was another reason. Even Barye could not entirely live down the old sneer against the "animalist," a sneer which became popular and acute during his later years, owing to the aggravated polemic between religionists and evolutionists. Nor could he make headway always against the scoff about paper-weights and clock and parlor ornaments. From pure ignorance

the bulk of buyers must class all small bronzes as paper-weights or some such supposed word of contempt, since they cannot be expected to understand that a two-inch figurine may be a masterpiece while a Colossus of Rhodes is a gigantic botch; and then, in Paris classicism is even to-day powerful, and Barye was a heretic. But while the mass of buyers abstained from the sale at the Hôtel Drouot, the professionals were there, and secured, for the foundries to which Barye disclaimed to intrust his precious work, a supply of beautiful and original models, which in some instances brought them wealth. The world is full of Barye bronzes now; but those we see are rarely the fine examples. The jewels are those which Barye designed and cast for some friend or patron, over which he lingered lovingly, touching and filing the cast work, and giving it the full benefit of the master's hand. These bring, as he meant to give his wife to understand, fabulous prices, and the magnifying glass does literally explore each stroke in the letters of his name to make sure that he and no other touched it. Yet it is rather a printed name than a signature, and how legible that was appears from one in the possession of Mr. Avery reproduced below. It was a pity that his family should have parted at once with the right to reproduce the groups. The fear of it haunted Barye during his life, and one is at a loss to understand how his executors dared to violate a cherished wish well known to his wife. Alas! he feared not only on account of his family these reproductions "for the trade," but on account of his own fame. He knew that one bronze badly cast would do more harm to his reputation than ten would do it good, though superintended by himself, cast at his own foundry, and touched by his own tools. It is said that false Baryes were cast in New York twenty years ago. It is certain that a parasitical workman who lived on Barye's name in Paris had his shop visited by the police before the sculptor died. The iron lions which one sees in the stores are

*Reçu De Monsieur Duran I. Quel  
La somme De Deux-cents francs pour  
quatre bronzes.  
Paris ce 25 Janvier 1863 Barye*

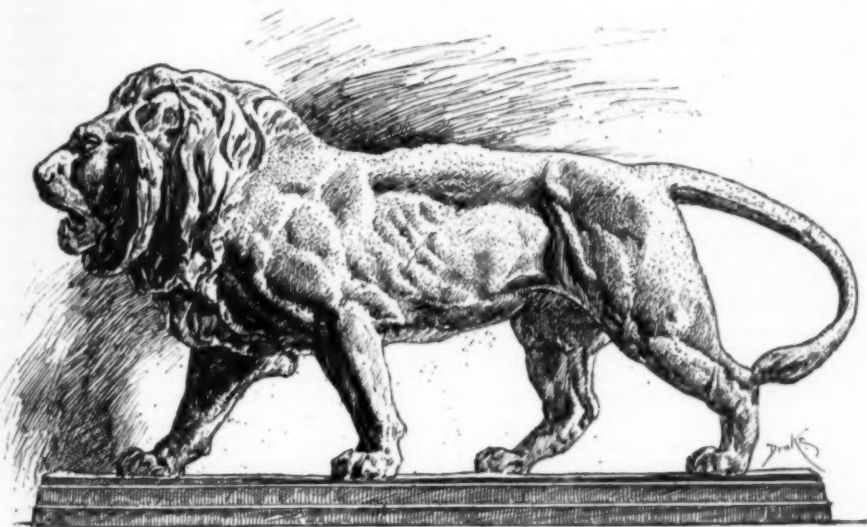
FAC-SIMILE OF AN AUTOGRAPH RECEIPT IN THE POSSESSION OF S. P. AVERY, ESQ.

often Barye's, the design being stolen without acknowledgment.

Who were Barye's comrades in art? Among the artists of Paris with whom was he in sympathy? With Corot, the poet of atmosphere; with Rousseau, the friend of trees and woodlands, hardly inferior to Corot in aerial subtleties; with Millet, the painter of the sad and grandiose in the life of peasants. And who in art are his spiritual forefathers? Michael Angelo has been suggested by one, Leonardo da Vinci by another. His contemporary Delacroix, though a painter, has been pointed out

member how quaintly Ariosto remarks that while such odd birds come to the Rhipæan mountains across the icy sea, they are rare! The pace at which Barye's hippogriff is going is tremendous. Roger backs him well. It is true that the princess of Cathay is liberal of charms, but of Rubens it is hard to see the trace.

Why, one is often tempted to complain, do critics insist on tracing these godfathers in art? Few things anger artists more; for it is felt by a sensitive person as a slight put on his originality. Yet, after all, the critics only obey a process natural to all minds, and one in which



WALKING LION.  
(DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE PLASTER CAST, BY PERMISSION OF F. BARBEDIEENNE, PARIS.)

by an enthusiastic sculptor, a competent judge. Certainly the water-color animals of Barye are like the animals painted by his friend Delacroix, and the passionate creative nature of that great prototype of the Impressionists must have been specially welcome to a kindred but very different genius in another branch of the fine arts. M. Genevay says that Barye passionately admired Rubens, and in the group of Roger the Paladin bearing away Angelica on the hippogriff sees in the swelling bosom and hips of Angelica the influence of the mighty Fleming. The statuette group embodies two strong traits in Barye—movement, and love of transition forms in animals; for it is Ariosto's hippogriff on which the enamored couple drive through the air, and in accordance with the poet's description, the bird-beast is not a fictitious creation of magic, but a real horse-griffin, with the head, claws, and plumed wings of its father and the hind-quarters of its mother. Re-

artists, when they criticise, indulge more than others. We regard with distrust an idea we cannot classify, for the reason that it is by simplification of masses, categories, classification, that we have what knowledge exists. Therefore the artist who cannot be assigned to a predecessor or made one of a school is apt to be thought no artist at all. Until he is affiliated with others, forcibly or otherwise, or at least placed historically in some connection with the men before or after him, he is an outcast. It is of small use for the victim to cry loudly meanness, timidity, ignorance! Not these are to blame so much as the love of system; the need, in fact, of cataloguing and disposing in groups that go by the name of "schools" the various artists of a country. The coördinating necessity accounts for the efforts made to button the mantle of one painter to that of a follower, to find the germ of this sculptor's art in the work of that. Per-

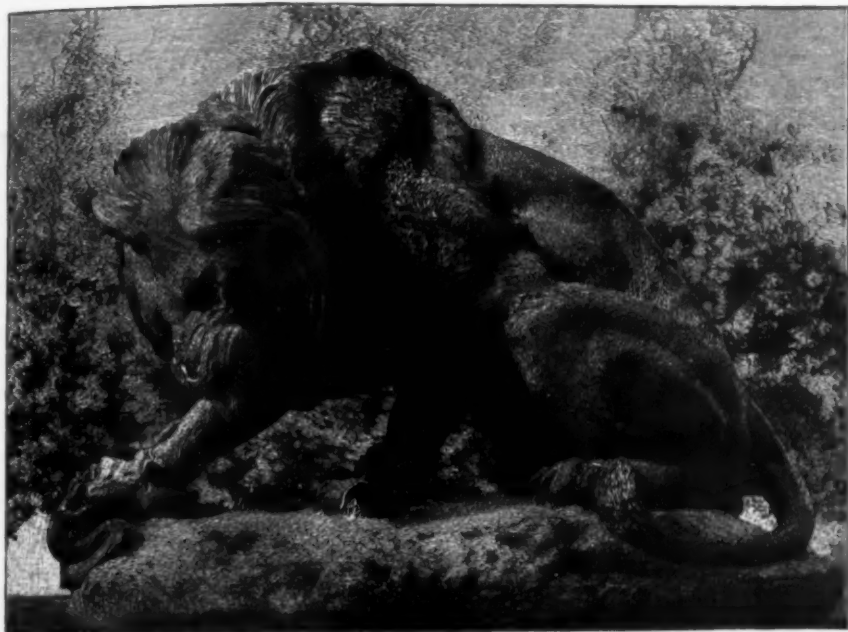
haps we have gone too far in that direction. It is certain that some artists decline to be indexed so simply, for there are points in their work not to be explained in this way. Nor does it follow that a painter gets the spur in the beginning of his career from a painter, or a sculptor from a sculptor. Another art often shows him truth much more clearly, because his trained faculty of observation is not so much trammelled by the prejudices and habits of mind acquired in the study of his specialty. Looking at France to-day and seeing how many sculptors have had inspiration from Jean François Millet, looking at France earlier in the century and noting the painters that were influenced by the classical sculptor Pradier, one questions the ordinary easy fashion of explaining the origin of methods, or germination of genius, by naming the actual person in whose atelier an old master began. Exceptions are too many to "prove the rule." Let us give over the search for the master to whom to assign the peculiar genius of Barye; let us drop all sculptors and painters of his day and the past, and consider quite another field for the likelier source of his ideas.

Our age has seen the gaps wonderfully narrowed between nation and nation, between race and race, between the human animal and the beast. The cry has been that man is in danger of being degraded to the brutes. It is juster and more godlike to say that the brutes have been steadily raised nearer to man. For, with it all, has there been any diminution in the wonders discovered and the further pow-

ers suspected in man himself? Man is more marvelous than ever; but the brute is no longer separated from him by a gulf that excused any cruelty from the higher to the lower form of creation. Before our century opened Buffon, Goethe, Erasmus Darwin, stirred men to be natural historians, to be naturalists, as the word is still broadly used. On the threshold Lamarck and Cuvier made their lasting effect, carrying men on, the one by profounder theorizing, the other by more careful collection of facts, toward a far more thorough and exhaustive examination of life now and formerly on the globe. While Barye was in his impressionable years the foundations were laid by these and other masters for that surprising building of science which now seems to be revolutionizing church and state, or at any rate recasting men's views of society and morality. He had still sixteen years to live when the great English elaborator Charles Darwin and his brilliant rival Wallace set the world agog with the results of their generalizations. It is true that at first Barye's practice was mastered by classicism, or what might better be termed pseudo-classicism. He did not as a scholar revolt from the school of the day, but in maturer years came slowly to change his views according to the bidding of a sober, reflective temperament. It may be also allowed that with the human figure he never wholly departed from classical patterns in art. But during his strongest years, when he was doing his most original work, he was dominated by the scientific spirit of



STAG ATTACKED BY PANTHER. (FROM AN ORIGINAL ETCHING BY BARYE, FROM A PRINT IN POSSESSION OF S. P. AVERY, ESQ. ACCORDING TO MR. AVERY, THIS IS THE ONLY ETCHING BARYE EVER EXECUTED.)



BRONZE LION AND SERPENT OF THE TUILERIES GARDENS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, BY PERMISSION OF A. GIRAUDON.)

the advanced minds of his nation. It was not Darwinism exactly; it was not evolution; but it partook of it. The idea was latent; it had occurred partially to a French botanist in the middle of the last century, and to a German observer of flowers toward the close. Lamarck almost told it; Darwin finally modeled it as we now see it. Not that Barye was a scientific man, but that Barye sympathetically expressed in art, or forecast if you will, the idea of a gradually unrolling creation at which the Maker sits sublime, with folded arms, needing to give but one First Impulse to matter and no more. It was the artistic form of science that turned him toward the study of wild beasts; him, the respectable, hard-working citizen of a town whose sons are renowned for their ignorance of field sports and of foreign lands. It was science that bade him examine animals near at hand, become intimate with them, instead of accepting the conventions decreed by the art of the past. Science made him haunt the Jardin des Plantes and tabulate the measures of all beasts he could lay his hands on; Science urged him to lecture to empty benches; Science upheld him in penury; Science allowed him to stay content, though he was leaving to his family little more than a great name. He felt himself in the stir of new views of the world of men and beasts, in the current of a great

age, and foresaw that what he had done would some day, and that not far off, be recognized at its full worth.

The master of Barye, let us then believe, was not Michael Angelo, or Leonardo, or Delacroix, or poor Bosio, but the spirit of his age. For that reason was he the creator, the opener of a new line of work, the widener of our enjoyment in the plastic arts. But as such he inevitably mixed the novel with the hackneyed in a way that sometimes perplexes admirers. Had he done otherwise, could he have succeeded at all? He would have been cast aside as an eccentric; he would have starved. Moreover, it is evident that the two strains of classicism and modern realism were not incompatible in his mind. His effort was to appropriate the best in each and fuse them in his work. In this way he aided the cause of evolution not less powerfully because on a side-issue, bringing people to consider the claims of brutes by making them admire their beauty and recognize their dramatic character. He, too, was an evolutionist, artistically speaking. Like Millet, he had a mission, and, as usually happens, was only half conscious of its bearing and scope. It was not to reach what some artists consider the apex of art, and which, if done well, is indeed art of a high order; it was not to bring back animal statuary to those conventional but vivid forms which obtained





JAGUAR ATTACKING CROCODILE. (DRAWN FROM THE BRONZE IN THE POSSESSION OF CYRUS J. LAWRENCE, ESQ.)

to some extent in Italy during the renaissance, but had their bloom in Greece during the great epoch, and their magnificent roots in Asia Minor during pre-Athenian times. His mission was to raise animal statuary from the contemptible situation in which it lay by pursuing quite another plan. Preliminary sketches were made in pencil and water-color for outline and pose. The animal was then examined close at hand and measured. Next the model was constructed, measurement by measurement, from figures and from studies of the dead beast, of the skeleton and the flayed body. Nothing was left to chance. Had Barye stopped there, he would have been a common realist such as we hear much of today in the arts and in letters. But with him this drudgery did not preclude the synthetic effort in addition to the analytic. "The magnificent lion of Barye," said the painter Rousseau to his pupil Letronne, "which is in the Tuileries, has all his fur much more truly than if the sculptor had modeled it hair by hair." Having built his figure as accurately as possible, he then felt it safe, and only then, to let imagination have its way. He was master of that wonderful organism and knew it inside and out; he could take liberties with it, make a wild beast more than wild, thicken the thick

paws of a lion, make more sinuous the winding back of a tigress, broaden the planes on the muscular shoulders of a jaguar, until they look like the broad protecting sheath-plates of an antediluvian lizard, a cousin of that very alligator with which the big cat is fighting; wind the neck of a tall wading-bird until it is forced to show how near is the relationship between reptiles, the crawlers, and birds, the flyers; unite in one horse the best points of heavy chargers and high-bred Arab steeds,—in this way calling attention to the beauties in animal forms, and often showing their desperate struggles for existence. What was Barye doing so very different from Millet? It was another field. The latter called to the passer to note the somber lot of the peasant, that man who before the Revolution was described as being little better, to outward appearance, than a brute. Barye helped the cause of the dumb creation. He raised the animal in art as Millet did the human caste from which he sprang.

This kinship in aim was accompanied by a strong personal friendship. Barye also had his *pied-à-terre* in Barbizon village near the woods of Fontainebleau, where Rousseau, Millet, and Diaz lived, where Corot often came. He left a number of studies in oil of the Fontainebleau landscape, studies that have a somber dig-



JAGUAR ATTACKING CROCODILE. (DRAWN FROM THE BRONZE IN THE POSSESSION OF CYRUS J. LAWRENCE, ESQ.)

nity, a quiet richness, which are very individual. The wood-cut is from such a picture in the possession of Mr. Cyrus J. Lawrence, who, with Messrs. Theodore K. Gibbs of New York and Wm. T. Walters of Baltimore, has enabled us to study and enjoy Barye more completely than is possible in France. Those who estimate a man by the breadth of his range can hardly refuse to place Barye beside if not before the greatest of these friends. The Tuileries lion with serpent is animated; but what a sullen dignity in the colossal lion seated before the gateway of the Prefecture of the Seine on the river front of the Louvre! How magnificently have the mane and heavy hair about the head and shoulders been massed! At Marseilles the Château d'Eau is ornamented with four gigantic animals. The Bastille column has in relief a lion of the zodiac which is

pensity for animated action, and showed the domestic idyl in the lives of wild deer? He reached humor in the figurine of a Senegal elephant trotting. The quiet ferocity of the walking lion is most impressive. In the little group of jaguar and dead hare, the sense of muscular power and ferocious rapacity is terrible.

"Tiger, tiger, burning bright!"

Who ever molded such limbs before? What sculptor ever told a tragedy so inexorably? One must go back to the wounded lioness on the bas-reliefs from Mesopotamia to find this spirit. The famous lion in the Tuileries gardens was a revelation to many artists in 1833, when it was put up. Perhaps more open to criticism than later work, it showed the world a new master, not merely because of its ex-



FONTAINEBLEAU LANDSCAPE. (FROM A PAINTING IN OIL BY BARYE, IN THE POSSESSION OF CYRUS J. LAWRENCE, ESQ.)

greatly admired. The Madeleine and Sainte Clothilde have full-length statues of woman saints. At Ajaccio, Corsica, is the equestrian statue of Napoleon the Great surrounded by four standing figures, and carrying in his right hand a globe surmounted by a winged victory. This is perhaps the most classical (and the least interesting) large work by Barye. The little statuette of the First Consul or of the young General Bonaparte on horseback is a wonderful piece, infinitely finer than the Ajaccio Emperor ordered by Napoleon III. The face of the young Corsican is ascetic and beautiful, the figure slender, the costume most picturesque. The horse unites the Arab head with the barrel of a charger, and the treatment of the tail and mane is singularly fine, massive, original. Is it needful to speak of the groups of stag, doe, and fawn in which he curbed his natural pro-

traordinary lifelikeness, but in a more technical sense by its boldness in the handling of the hair. The same group occurs, slightly different, in a small bronze in which the lion is younger. The mood is pettier; he is snarling and strikes at the serpent in a perfectly cat-like manner. Then there are the eagles; they surprise one by the size of their talons and spread of wings as compared with their bodies. The rabbit in the wood-cut is full of character, a minute "paper-weight" bigly molded. This and certain minim stork-like birds are delightful bits; but each, though a "paper-weight," is treated with a largeness in the modeling that removes it from all fear of contempt. In Japan the nobles treasure okimono or paper-weights signed by famous masters in metal-work who lived several centuries ago. In regard to them the phrase "worth their weight in gold" becomes ridic-



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, FIRST CONSUL, STATUETTE.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE PLASTER CAST, BY PERMISSION OF F. BARBEDIEENNE.)

ulous. When Western amateurs can get them, the prices range from three to ten thousand dollars, yet one hundred golden dollars may outweigh them in the balances. Looking over a collection of Barye bronzes like the large one in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, or private collections like those of Messrs. Lawrence and Gibbs, one is astonished at the amount of genius modestly hidden in such figurines. Not every one is equally great; yet the evenness of their excellence is remarkable. Look at Barye's hunting-dogs, bears, wolves, panthers, jaguars, and ocelots; his hares and rabbits; his axis deer, stags, *bouquetins*, buffaloes, bulls; his tortoises, crocodiles, and pythons; his eagles, storks, marabouts, and pheasants; his half-bred and his pure Turkish horses. It is a marvel where he found time to study all these animals in the conscientious fashion we know he did. It was in these and the groups of them that he showed most his love of movement. Soon after his death, forced to it by unappreciative criticism in America, Mr. Truman Bartlett wrote a warm letter to "The Tribune." He spoke as a sculptor and a personal acquaintance. "No sculptor of modern times," he wrote, "has

treated so large a number of subjects with such consummate grasp and elevation of conception. A candlestick was as seriously and successfully composed as if done by a Greek. No subject was too simple. There was none he did not touch with grace." What a heart-rending series of struggles the collection holds! If one allows oneself to look at Barye from that side alone, without remembering the great lessons that science was telling the world at the time, it is natural enough to feel more than amazed, perhaps to feel shocked at the savageness of the scenes. By superficial observers he has been accused of brutality. But the scenes were true; they were, moreover, refined and enlarged above the bald truth; and they were part of the great lesson of evolution in which, so far as the writer is aware, here for the first time Barye has been shown to have done his part.

A powerful trait in Barye was his faculty of generalization. He saw things naturally on a big scale, in great masses. Only his laborious career permitted this trait to remain a good one and not become a danger. His big, broad-palmed, short-fingered hands are, according to gypsy lore, the hands of one who

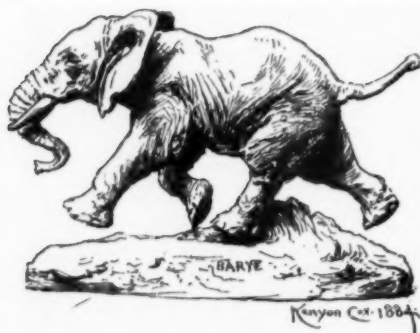
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BRONZE LIONS IN FRONT OF THE PREFECTURE OF THE SEINE.  
(ENGRAVED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, BY PERMISSION OF A. GIRAUDON, PARIS.)

thinks of things first as wholes and afterward in particulars. A case in point occurred when Louis Philippe, who admired the Lion and Serpent extremely, and yet haggled with Barye over its price, agreed to have the Arc de Triomphe crowned with a suitable sculpture to take the place of that which the Allies carried off. Thiers, always an advanced connoisseur in matters of the fine arts, asked Barye for a design. The genius of the latter did not shape for the top of that handsome arch a complicated, semi-classical group. Perhaps the richness of the lower parts warned him that a big and simple object was needed. Very certainly, knowing from what great distances the arch can be seen, he formed in his mind some large single figure, but not a human

one, because, to be effective, that would be too tall and slender if standing, too complicated in outline if seated. So he modeled in extreme roughness a gigantic eagle, the eagle of France and her armies, alighting on a pile of cannon and trophies from all nations. It was this simple, colossal, effective, and, for the period, incredibly bold conception which was then cast aside, and now perhaps will be supplanted by a labored and unsimple, a complicated and uneffective group, containing a chariot, a female Liberty, a mass of standards, two falling figures, four horses in wild movement, and a group of men behind. So that even at the present, even under a republic which seems come to stay, classicism is so entrenched in Paris that Barye's big simple



ELEPHANT OF SENEGAL.  
(DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PLASTER CAST, BY  
PERMISSION OF F. BARBEDIENNE, PARIS.)

thought is not revived, but an inferior by Falguière considered—a design difficult to understand, and impossible to decipher at a distance.

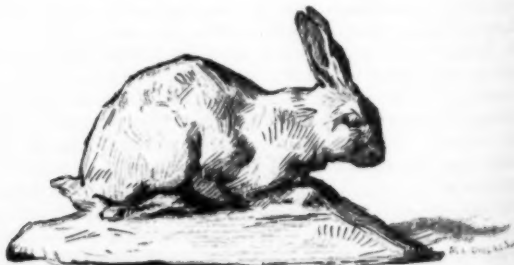
Among other treasures the Louvre contains a series of chambers devoted to antiquities from Nineveh and older towns in the Euphrates valley. There can be little doubt that Barye availed himself of any hints the remote past might give. But he was far too able to be an imitator. In all probability the lioness dying under the bolts of an Assyrian king, the most vivid piece of Assyrian bas-relief which has been unearthed, was to Barye a delightful surprise. Yet if he took from it anything, it was not, as a weaker might have done, a pose, but movement in its very essence, the living emotion of anguish in the crippled beast. Assyria has revealed transition forms in art between man and brutes such as Greek art was indeed not without, but analyzed as the Greek was not, and grosser. At Phigaleia there was one, a horse-headed Demeter, goddess of agriculture, and at Delphi there are traces of a bear-headed Artemis, sacred to the Arcadians, whose symbol was a bear. How instructive to Barye must have been the impos-

ing bull-men, guards at the portals of royal court-yards, which Layard found at Nineveh and Place at Khorsabad! It must have thrown a flood of light on the origin of the Centaur and Minotaur figures, which his patient and audacious hand evolved again under the glare of the skeptical nineteenth century. Barye's "Theseus Slaying Minotaur" is in the museum of Le Puy. We are



EAGLE. (DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PLASTER CAST,  
BY PERMISSION OF F. BARBEDIENNE, PARIS.)

now able to understand better than the savants of thirty years ago what this grotesque among Greek myths signified. Instead of considering Minotaur the product of licentious imaginations run wild, or the caricature of an early tyrant who exacted slaves as tribute from Attica, or the symbol of the juncture in Crete of two warring religions, or a special emblem of the god of the sun, we can now ally him with such genii, *jinn*, as the wardens of the portals in Babylonia and Assyria, and, like them, consider him the idol of a subjugated people, the sign of a religion relegated to a second place. We can be as confident as possible that Theseus himself was a pure sun-god humanized, like Hercules, Bellerophon, and Perseus. He makes war on and



RABBIT. (DRAWN FROM THE BRONZE IN THE POSSESSION OF CYRUS J. LAWRENCE, ESQ.)



subdues a monster who bears the root of the word "moon" in his name. As it was suggested long ago, Minotaur means the moon plus the beast sacred to the moon. Theseus overwhelms him, just as the rising sun causes the moon to fade. The labyrinth in which he wanders is the dark world under the flat earth, Hades. The boys and maidens dedicate to him are the human sacrifices his rites de-

begins to appear between the man shoulders and meets the bull head with its sharp horns. The only human beings who recall him are the horrible *goitreux* one sees at Aosta and in some of the Swiss valleys; bull-visaged, half-imbecile creatures, who sit begging by the wayside; incorrigible misers, whose relatives fill the local courts with suits for guardianship of their rights and property. Various and



TIGER. (FROM A WATER-COLOR BY BARYE, IN THE POSSESSION OF S. P. AVERY, ESQ.)

manded, which the new religion puts an end to. In many other places besides Crete sun-worship drove out moon-worship with its horrid rites of Moloch. Thus Minotaur belongs with Gorgon, Typhon, the Titans, Giants, Cyclopes, among the gods of a dark past and lower civilization. By a further move back into the past these composites of animals and men connect themselves with totems, or the animal badges assumed as crests or emblems by families, tribes, and nations.

But, to leave the myth, Barye has fashioned the sun-man beautiful, shapely, stalwart, with the calm look of triumph irresistible that one finds in the best period of Greek art, and perhaps on the features a trace of the earlier and more conventional epoch when religious precedents and the absorbing attention paid to the human figure rather than the human face made the sculptor think more of form than feature. The moon-bull man is tailed, big-footed, thick-ankled, grossly fleshed. Marvelous is the modeling where the bull neck

sometimes unmentionable are the causes assigned for these beings among the people — Italian imagination running riot to account for their origin, just as the Greek fantasy tried to explain Minotaur through the fable of Pasiphaë (whose name means the shining moon) and Dædalus, the complacent artificer. Somewhat like these poor creatures, but not disgusting, because he seems to be a possible and in no way a morbid form, is Barye's Minotaur, as he catches at the shoulder of implacable Theseus and tries to throw him; as he feels his own knees giving way, although the sharp short sword leveled at him is not yet buried in his neck, very much as in the Iliad the unarmed Lykaon suffers at the hands of Achilles. "But Achilles drew his sharp sword and smote on the collar-bone beside the neck, and all the two-edged sword sank into him, and he lay stretched prone upon the earth, and blood flowed dark from him and soaked the earth." (Myers's translation.)

The Centaur is a more grateful subject. What



THESEUS BATTING WITH THE MINOTAUR.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE PLASTER CAST, BY PERMISSION OF F. BARBREDIENNE, PARIS.)

looks like fun, laughter, or perhaps the intoxication of love or of wine, in the famous Centaur of the Capitol, appears a mad struggle for existence in the group by Barye of Theseus killing the Centaur Bianór. It is the tragic antithesis. The Centaurs may be allied in art to the genii of Mesopotamia, but in history it is likely that they represent a tribe, not a religion; a totem, not a faith. When first mentioned the Centaurs have no special monster-trait. We can see in many early sculptures the gradual evolution of the Centaur on Greek soil: first, the man being the larger, a monster man, with the equine barrel and hind-legs added to the complete

human figure; then, with the horse preponderating, a four-hoofed beast with a human torso in the place of the horse's neck. In the arts we can watch the Centaur becoming less and less man, more and more horse, thus corroborating history, which does not assign to the Centaur tribes physical monstrosity, but savagery and moral depravity. The Centaurs in art are curiously parallel to the Asian man-bulls, and if the meaning of their name as the learned explain it is correct, namely, "bull-drivers" (compare the vulgar Western term "cow-punchers"), and, later, "horse-bull-drivers" (Hippocentaurs), it is extremely likely that we



PEACE—IN A COURT OF THE LOUVRE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PLASTER CAST, BY PERMISSION OF F. BARBEDIENNE.)

owe the Centaur of Greek art to a mixture of ideas among the Greeks of the Asia Minor coast. They had seen on the Euphrates, cut in soft stone, the majestic man-bulls, and heard from Greece of the equestrian bull-drivers whose crest was a horse's head. In all probability we have a singular and complete instance of the march of a Semitic art-idea from Asia into Europe, which idea became Aryanized in the process, changing from the bull, more common to Semitic moon-worship (the golden calf, the brazen serpent, Moloch, Astarte, Baal), to the horse, the favorite Aryan symbol of the sun.

Barye's Centaur was much criticised, and objection in particular was made to one of its most realistic points, the digging of the toes of the Theseus into the sides of the Centaur's horse-back. That reminds one of the story told about Regnault's horses of Achilles in the picture now at Boston.

"Have you ever seen such a horse as that?" cried an envious person.

"No," was the answer, "but I have been looking for one like it for forty years."

To those who believe that all art worth

thinking about was confined to a couple of centuries before Christ and to the small land of Greece, the battle between the man and the horse-monster is too violently moved. The suspended blow of the Theseus worries them; the agony of Bianor's face as his rider drags back his head to give him the finishing stroke, the convulsive grasp of his hands, and the stumbling of his hoofs (whereby the horse is shown in the most intimate fusion and sympathy with the man) do not give them that sense of peace, that gentle glow of delight, which the greatest sculptors in Greek art are capable of imparting. After Canova's spirited but conventional group, at Vienna, too much importance seemed given to the conquered man-horse. It is the bane of art that people make standards for themselves, and force every new creation to reach the mark they have fixed. To be narrow in sympathies is one of the cheapest, simplest ways of setting up for wisdom. Unfortunately, habits of mind grow like others. He who, narrow from ignorance, begins innocently enough, remains narrow always, becomes narrower and narrower the more he learns. Without claiming for

Barye's Centaur the magnificent simplicity of the horses on the frieze of the Parthenon, or the restrained wildness of the broken bas-reliefs of Pergamos, it may be pointed out that he has shown new beauties, new capabilities in the horse, and made more spirited and understandable as a possible creature the Greek Centaur.

Thus Barye passed the gap between brutes and men by the stepping-stone of the monsters. He was an evolutionist unconsciously; not a scientist, but a sculptor who based his work more immediately than others before



ORDER—IN A COURT OF THE LOUVRE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE PLASTER CAST, BY  
PERMISSION OF F. BARBEDIENNE.)

him upon that basis of science, accurate observation. His stepping-stones were not of the barbarous kind mentioned in the sixth book of the *Iliad*: "First he bade Bellerophon slay Chimaira the unconquerable. Of divine birth was she and not of men, in front a lion and behind a serpent, and in the midst a goat, and she breathed dread fierceness of blazing fire." (Leaf's translation.) It was the monster that could lend itself to compositions, in which the magnificent movement of the horse or the muscular power of the bull could be joined to the grace of the human torso. Nor did the ideal of grace desert him when he rose to the human form unaltered to the beast, as we have seen in his two figures of Theseus. Yet when one weighs him against the greatest sculptors of the past, it is an error to claim for Barye as high a position for his human figures as for his transition figures and for his beasts. This, let it be at once said, is very far from conceding that he was weak

in the treatment of the human being. Few careful judges will hold to that opinion, however much it may have been heretofore advanced. It is notorious that Barye was crippled by the stigma "animalist," in so far that he failed of getting many orders for human groups. While the painter, lucky mortal! can paint a great picture between whiles, keeping the hearth alight with commissions on lower levels, the sculptor, like the architect, works with materials too costly to permit experiments. His work is seldom independent of its background and surroundings; these must commonly be known to him before he begins on the clay. He must do what is ordered and feel in luck if he gets a commission at all. At the most he can model a sketch, and trust to its catching the eye of a patron wise enough in such matters to forecast its appearance when enlarged and hewn or cast. But Barye does not need to rest upon negative arguments his claim to a high place as a sculptor of the human nude. At the Tuileries is the graceful recumbent youth as a river-god, a charming, sober, peaceful male deity of the Seine, let us say, with none of the turbulence supposed to be characteristic of the inhabitants of its great city, but with much of the tranquil beauty of its glistening reaches. Among the statuettes are the Duc d'Orléans, the Tartar Warrior Reining in his Horse, the small Minerva, the Piqueur in seventeenth century dress, the little Roman Fool, the Horseman Surprised by a Serpent, the animated groups of sportsmen and of beast combats modeled for the dinner-table of the Duc d'Orléans, a central elephant-hunt with eight supporting groups, and a number of other human figures and groups besides. The table-ornament, by the way, forms probably the strongest proof that can be advanced for the theory that Barye was beholden to Delacroix; for the fiery painter loved such Oriental scenes as the center-piece now in the galleries of Mr. Walters of Baltimore, the elk and bear hunts in the possession of Mrs. Wm. T. Blodgett, and the other groups of that famous and now scattered set. The pieces, however, on which his high claims to a sculptor of the human figure must rest are the large three-figure groups which perch high above the tourist's gaze in the Carrousel court of the Louvre. Here are pretty effectually concealed from notice the compositions of man, boy, and beast that symbolize War, Peace, Force, and Order respectively. Unlike the Centaur, with its tremendous movement, they are extremely restful, particularly in the dominant member of each group, the man. Varied expressions and some range of individuality are given to the man; his gestures of head and arms, either martial, or

pondering, or determined, or insistent, add wonderfully to the effect of each. The naked boy is delightful, perhaps the most delightful of the trio, in one case supplying an element of humor. Barye allowed himself more play of surface, of curves, and rounded masses in the outlines of these charmingly fresh young figures. Peace and War have two domesticated animals—the ox and the horse. Order and Force have the savage—the lion and tiger. Each beast is thoroughly subordinated in the composition: the peaceful lie at the feet of the human beings in trustful comradeship; the savage aid the meaning of Order and Force by showing the repression of their natural instincts to destroy. It is true that he might have made the action of the man more moved and his face more vividly expressive. But the effects he sought were strength, calmness, massiveness. He felt that the meaning ought to be told by masses rather than play of features; taking a useful leaf from the Greek book, he subordinated expression in feature and brought out expression in the composition of the whole. Sculptors say that the combination of man, boy, and beast is difficult to manage; these do not, without great art, come together as a group in a way that will satisfy the requirements from all points of view. But Barye has not solved the problem once or twice—thrice, four times he has solved it. When one reflects on the task one is amazed at the simple, solid power of these four groups, which may be seen in bronze, reduced, on one of the principal squares of Baltimore (the gift of Mr. Walters of that city). Still, it is by no means needful to contend that his greatest work will be found in the human groups. Let him re-



FORCE—IN A COURT OF THE LOUVRE.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE PLASTER CAST,  
BY PERMISSION OF F. BARBEDIENNE.)

main, like St. Francis of Assisi, the apostle of the animals. Let us agree that his highest level, or his highest originality, was reached in them. But it is wrong to hold that he failed in life-sized and heroic human statuary. On the contrary, there, too, he was original enough. It was a monumental, massive, large-planed figure that he made, but it does not follow that it is not good because it resembles hardly at all the hollow elegancies of Canova or the commonplaces of Thorwaldsen and Rauch. His human statuary is unlike that of the century in which he lived, as if it had been evolved out of sources quite different from those drained by other sculptors. Michael Angelo, Cellini, Bernini, David d'Angers, were not for Barye; his ambition took a much humbler flight. The masses and broad planes of his men recall the sculptor's own face and figure. His statues of men may be wanting in majesty, or in style, or in grimace, or in technical dexterousness, but they are unmistakably genuine, unmistakably Barye, the work of a master more truly representative of France (not Paris) than any native since Goujon and Pujet. The pity is that nobody who had the power quite realized how alone the genius of Barye was; how unlikely it is that he will have an equal. Otherwise the French, in many ways the most patriotic nation in the world, devoured with ambition to be first in arts, letters, and war, would have given him earlier in life as good a chance as Rude to grapple with human groups on a scale worthy of his mettle. He is the modern equivalent of the stone-cutter artists on the old French



WAR—IN A COURT OF THE LOUVRE.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE PLASTER CAST,  
BY PERMISSION OF F. BARBEDIENNE, PARIS.)





THESEUS BATTLING WITH THE CENTAUR BIANOR.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE PLASTER CAST, BY PERMISSION OF F. BARBEDIEENNE, PARIS.)

cathedrals; like them showing a passion for animal forms, but, unlike them, learned in books and instructed at once in life and art by the menageries and museums of Paris. Surely without a tithe of the fame he deserved has this quiet, modest, deep-thinking man passed away! Is there any sculptor now living in Europe or America who can fill his shoes? But let us think farther back. Where, when, was there a sculptor like him? Exaggeration reacts and harms its subject. But is it exaggeration to say

he was unequaled in his range? The Assyrian human figures do not approach his. The great Greeks and Michael Angelo: could they near him in modeling animals? The more one studies Barye, the more his range fills the mind, the bigger his genius seems to grow. Another significant fact, and then an end. The closer one examines the sculpture of to-day in France, Italy, England, and America into which animals enter, the more one meets with Barye.

*Henry Eckford.*

## THE MINISTER'S CHARGE;\*

OR, THE APPRENTICESHIP OF LEMUEL BARKER.

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," etc.

I.

ON their way back to the farm-house where they were boarding, Sewell's wife reproached him for what she called his recklessness. "You had no right," she said, "to give the poor boy false hopes. You ought to have discouraged him — that would have been the most merciful way — if you knew the poetry was bad. Now, he will go on building all sorts of castles in the air on your praise, and sooner or later they will come tumbling about his ears — just to gratify your passion for saying pleasant things to people."

"I wish you had a passion for saying pleasant things to me, my dear," suggested her husband evasively.

"Oh, a nice time I should have!"

"I don't know about *your* nice time, but I feel pretty certain of my own. How do you know — Oh, *do* get up, you implacable cripple!" he broke off to the lame mare he was driving, and pulled at the reins.

"Don't saw her mouth!" cried Mrs. Sewell.

"Well, let her get up, then, and I won't. I don't like to saw her mouth; but I have to do something when you come down on me with your interminable consequences. I dare say the boy will never think of my praise again. And besides, as I was saying when this animal interrupted me with her ill-timed attempts at grazing, how do you know that I knew the poetry was bad?"

"How? By the sound of your voice. I could tell you were dishonest in the dark, David."

"Perhaps the boy knew that I was dishonest too," suggested Sewell.

"Oh, no, he didn't. I could see that he pinned his faith to every syllable."

"He used a quantity of pins, then; for I was particularly profuse of syllables. I find that it requires no end of them to make the worse appear the better reason to a poet who reads his own verses to you. But come, now, Lucy, let me off a syllable or two. I — I have a conscience, you know well enough, and if I thought — But pshaw! I've merely cheered a lonely hour for the boy, and he'll go back to hoeing potatoes to-morrow, and that will be the end of it."

"I *hope* that will be the end of it," said Mrs. Sewell, with the darkling reserve of ladies intimate with the designs of Providence.

"Well," argued her husband, who was trying to keep the matter from being serious, "perhaps he may turn out a poet yet. You never can tell where the lightning is going to strike. He has some idea of rhyme, and some perception of reason, and — yes, some of the lines *were* musical. His general attitude reminded me of Piers Plowman. Didn't he recall Piers Plowman to you?"

"I'm glad you can console yourself in that way, David," said his wife relentlessly.

The mare stopped again, and Sewell looked over his shoulder at the house, now black in the twilight, on the crest of the low hill across the hollow behind them. "I declare," he said, "the loneliness of that place almost broke my heart. There!" he added, as the faint sickle gleamed in the sky above the roof, "I've got the new moon right over my left shoulder for my pains. That's what comes of having a sympathetic nature."

THE boy was looking at the new moon, across the broken gate which stopped the largest gap in the tumbled stone wall. He still gripped in his hand the manuscript which he had been reading to the minister.

"There, Lem," called his mother's voice from the house, "I guess you've seen the last of 'em for one while. I'm 'fraid you'll take cold out there'n the dew. Come in, child."

The boy obeyed. "I was looking at the new moon, mother. I saw it over my right shoulder. Did you hear — hear him," he asked in a broken and husky voice, — "hear how he praised my poetry, mother?"

"OH, *do* make her get up, David!" cried Mrs. Sewell. "These mosquitoes are eating me alive!"

"I will saw her mouth all to the finest sort of kindling-wood, if she doesn't get up this very instant," said Sewell, jerking the reins so wildly that the mare leaped into a galvanic canter, and continued without further urging for twenty paces. "Of course, Lucy," he resumed, profiting by the opportunity for conversation which the mare's temporary activity afforded,

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"I should feel myself greatly to blame if I thought I had gone beyond mere kindness in my treatment of the poor fellow. But at first I couldn't realize that the stuff was so bad. Their saying that he read all the books he could get, and was writing every spare moment, gave me the idea that he *must* be, some sort of literary genius in the germ, and I listened on and on, expecting every moment that he was coming to some passage with a little lift or life in it; and when he got to the end, and hadn't come to it, I couldn't quite pull myself together to say so. I had gone there so full of the wish to recognize and encourage, that I couldn't turn about for the other thing. Well! I shall know another time how to value a rural neighborhood report of the existence of a local poet. Usually there is some hardheaded cynic in the community with native perception enough to enlighten the rest as to the true value of the phenomenon; but there seems to have been none here. I ought to have come sooner to see him, and then I could have had a chance to go again and talk soberly and kindly with him, and show him gently how much he had mistaken himself. Oh, *get up!*" By this time the mare had lapsed again into her habitual absent-mindedness, and was limping along the dark road with a tendency to come to a full stop, from step to step. The remorse in the minister's soul was so keen that he could not use her with the cruelty necessary to rouse her flagging energies; as he held the reins he flapped his elbows up toward his face, as if they were wings, and contrived to beat away a few of the mosquitoes with them; Mrs. Sewell, in silent exasperation, fought them from her with the bough which she had torn from an overhanging birch-tree.

In the morning they returned to Boston, and Sewell's parish duties began again; he was rather faithfuller and busier in these than he might have been if he had not laid so much stress upon duties of all sorts, and so little upon beliefs. He declared that he envied the ministers of the good old times who had only to teach their people that they would be lost if they did not do right; it was much simpler than to make them understand that they were often to be good for reasons not immediately connected with their present or future comfort, and that they could not confidently expect to be lost for any given transgression, or even to be lost at all. He found it necessary to do his work largely in a personal way, by meeting and talking with people, and this took up a great deal of his time, especially after the summer vacation, when he had to get into relations with them anew, and to help them recover themselves

from the moral lassitude into which people fall during that season of physical recuperation.

He was occupied with these matters one morning late in October when a letter came addressed in a handwriting of copybook carefulness, but showing in every painstaking stroke the writer's want of training, which, when he read it, filled Sewell with dismay. It was a letter from Lemuel Barker, whom Sewell remembered, with a pang of self-upbraiding, as the poor fellow he had visited with his wife the evening before they left Willoughby Pastures; and it inclosed passages of a long poem which Barker said he had written since he got the fall work done. The passages were not submitted for Sewell's criticism, but were offered as examples of the character of the whole poem, for which the author wished to find a publisher. They were not without ideas of a didactic and satirical sort, but they seemed so wanting in literary art beyond a mechanical facility of versification, that Sewell wondered how the writer should have mastered the notion of anything so literary as publication, till he came to that part of the letter in which Barker spoke of their having had so much sickness in the family that he thought he would try to do something to help along. The avowal of this meritorious ambition inflicted another wound upon Sewell's guilty consciousness; but what made his blood run cold was Barker's proposal to come down to Boston, if Sewell advised, and find a publisher with Sewell's assistance.

This would never do, and the minister went to his desk with the intention of dispatching a note of prompt and total discouragement. But in crossing the room from the chair into which he had sunk, with a cheerful curiosity, to read the letter, he could not help some natural rebellion against the punishment visited upon him. He could not deny that he deserved punishment, but he thought that this, to say the least, was very ill-timed. He had often warned other sinners who came to him in like resentment that it was this very quality of inopportuneness that was perhaps the most sanative and divine property of retribution; the eternal justice fell upon us, he said, at the very moment when we were least able to bear it, or thought ourselves so; but now in his own case the clear-sighted prophet cried out and revolted in his heart. It was Saturday morning, when every minute was precious to him for his sermon, and it would take him fully an hour to write that letter; it must be done with the greatest sympathy; he had seen that this poor foolish boy was very sensitive, and yet it must be done with such thoroughness as to cut off all hope of anything like literary achievement for him.

At the moment Sewell reached his desk, with a spirit disciplined to the sacrifice required of it, he heard his wife's step outside his study door, and he had just time to pull open a drawer, throw the letter into it, and shut it again before she entered. He did not mean finally to conceal it from her, but he was willing to give himself breath before he faced her with the fact that he had received such a letter. Nothing in its way was more terrible to this good man than the righteousness of that good woman. In their case, as in that of most other couples who cherish an ideal of dutiful living, she was the custodian of their potential virtue, and he was the instrument, often faltering and imperfect, of its application to circumstances; and without wishing to spare himself too much, he was sometimes aware that she did not spare him enough. She worked his moral forces as mercilessly as a woman uses the physical strength of a man when it is placed at her direction.

"What is the matter, David?" she asked, with a keen glance at the face he turned upon her over his shoulder.

"Nothing that I wish to talk of at present, my dear," answered Sewell, with a boldness that he knew would not avail him if she persisted in knowing.

"Well, there would be no time if you did," said his wife. "I'm dreadfully sorry for you, David, but it's really a case you can't refuse. Their own minister is taken sick, and it's appointed for this afternoon at two o'clock, and the poor thing has set her heart upon having you, and you must go. In fact, I promised you would. I'll see that you're not disturbed this morning, so that you'll have the whole forenoon to yourself. But I thought I'd better tell you at once. It's only a child—a little boy. You won't have to say much."

"Oh, of course I must go," answered Sewell, with impatient resignation; and when his wife left the room, which she did after praising him and pitying him in a way that was always very sweet to him, he saw that he must begin his sermon at once, if he meant to get through with it in time, and must put off all hope of replying to Lemuel Barker till Monday at least. But he chose quite a different theme from that on which he had intended to preach. By an immediate inspiration he wrote a sermon on the text, "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel," in which he taught how great harm could be done by the habit of saying what are called kind things. He showed that this habit arose not from goodness of heart, or from the desire to make others happy, but from the wish to spare one's self the troublesome duty of for-

mulating the truth so that it would perform its heavenly office without wounding those whom it was intended to heal. He warned his hearers that the kind things spoken from this motive were so many sins committed against the soul of the flatterer and the soul of him they were intended to flatter; they were deceits, lies; and he besought all within the sound of his voice to try to practice with one another an affectionate sincerity, which was compatible not only with the brotherliness of Christianity, but the politeness of the world. He enforced his points with many apt illustrations, and he treated the whole subject with so much fullness and fervor, that he fell into the error of the literary temperament, and almost felt that he had atoned for his wrong-doing by the force with which he had portrayed it.

Mrs. Sewell, who did not always go to her husband's sermons, was at church that day, and joined him when some ladies who had lingered to thank him for the excellent lesson he had given them at last left him to her.

"Really, David," she said, "I wondered your congregation could keep their countenances while you were going on. Did you think of that poor boy up at Willoughby Pastures when you were writing that sermon?"

"Yes, my dear," replied Sewell gravely; "he was in my mind the whole time."

"Well, you were rather hard upon yourself; and I think I was rather too hard upon you, that time, though I *was* so vexed with you. But nothing has come of it, and I suppose there are cases where people are so lost to common sense that you can't do anything for them by telling them the truth."

"But you'd better tell it, all the same," said Sewell, still in a glow of righteous warmth from his atonement; and now a sudden temptation to play with fire seized him. "You wouldn't have excused me if any trouble had come of it."

"No, I certainly shouldn't," said his wife. "But I don't regret it altogether if it's made you see what danger you run from that tendency of yours. What in the world made you think of it?"

"Oh, it came into my mind," said Sewell. He did not find time to write to Barker the next day, and on recurring to his letter he saw that there was no danger of his taking another step without his advice; and he began to postpone it: when he had time he was not in the mood; he waited for the time and the mood to come together, and he also waited for the most favorable moment to tell his wife that he had got that letter from Barker and to ask her advice about answering it. If it had been really a serious matter, he would have told



her at once; but being the thing it was, he did not know just how to approach it, after his first concealment. He knew that, to begin with, he would have to account for his mistake in attempting to keep it from her, and would have to bear some just upbraiding for this unmanly course, and would then be miserably led to the distasteful contemplation of the folly by which he had brought this trouble upon himself. Sewell smiled to think how much easier it was to make one's peace with one's God than with one's wife; and before he had brought himself to the point of answering Barker's letter, there came a busy season in which he forgot him altogether.

## II.

ONE day in the midst of this Sewell was called from his study to see some one who was waiting for him in the reception-room, but who sent in no name by the housemaid.

"I don't know as you remember me," the visitor said, rising awkwardly, as Sewell came forward with a smile of inquiry. "My name's Barker."

"Barker?" said the minister, with a cold thrill of instant recognition, but playing with a factitious uncertainty till he could catch his breath in the presence of the calamity. "Oh, yes! How do you do?" he said; and then planting himself adventurously upon the commandment to love one's neighbor as one's self, he added: "I'm very glad to see you!"

In token of his content, he gave Barker his hand and asked him to be seated.

The young man complied, and while Sewell waited for him to present himself in some shape that he could grapple with morally, he made an involuntary study of his personal appearance. That morning, before starting from home by the milk-train that left Willoughby Pastures at 4:05, Barker had given his Sunday boots a coat of blacking, which he had eked out with stove-polish, and he had put on his best pantaloons, which he had outgrown, and which, having been made very tight a season after tight pantaloons had gone out of fashion in Boston, caught on the tops of his boots and stuck there in spite of his efforts to kick them loose as he stood up, and his secret attempts to smooth them down when he had reseated himself. He wore a single-breasted coat of cheap broadcloth, fastened across his chest with a carnelian clasp-button of his father's, such as country youth wore thirty years ago, and a belated summer scarf of gingham, tied in a breadth of knot long since abandoned by polite society.

Sewell had never thought his wife's recep-

tion-room very splendidly appointed, but Barker must have been oppressed by it, for he sat in absolute silence after resuming his chair, and made no sign of intending to open the matter upon which he came. In the kindness of his heart Sewell could not refrain from helping him on.

"When did you come to Boston?" he asked with a cheeriness which he was far from feeling.

"This morning," said Barker, briefly, but without the tremor in his voice which Sewell expected.

"You've never been here before, I suppose," suggested Sewell, with the vague intention of generalizing or particularizing the conversation, as the case might be.

Barker abruptly rejected the overture, whatever it was. "I don't know as you got a letter from me a spell back," he said.

"Yes, I did," confessed Sewell. "I did receive that letter," he repeated, "and I ought to have answered it long ago. But the fact is——" He corrected himself when it came to his saying this, and said, "I mean that I put it by, intending to answer it when I could do so in the proper way, until, I'm very sorry to say, I forgot it altogether. Yes, I forgot it, and I certainly ask your pardon for my neglect. But I can't say that as it's turned out I altogether regret it. I can talk with you a great deal better than I could write to you in regard to your"—— Sewell hesitated between the words poems and verses, and finally said—"work. I have blamed myself a great deal," he continued, wincing under the hurt which he felt that he must be inflicting on the young man as well as himself, "for not being more frank with you when I saw you at home in September. I hope your mother is well?"

"She's middling," said Barker, "but my married sister that came to live with us since you was there has had a good deal of sickness in her family. Her husband's laid up with the rheumatism most of the time."

"Oh!" murmured Sewell sympathetically. "Well! I ought to have told you at that time that I could not see much hope of your doing acceptable work in a literary way; and if I had supposed that you ever expected to exercise your faculty of versifying to any serious purpose,—for anything but your own pleasure and entertainment,—I should certainly have done so. And I tell you now that the specimens of the long poem you have sent me give me even less reason to encourage you than the things you read me at home."

Sewell expected the audible crash of Barker's air-castles to break the silence which the young man suffered to follow upon



these words; but nothing of the kind happened, and for all that he could see, Barker remained wholly unaffected by what he had said. It nettled Sewell a little to see him apparently so besotted in his own conceit, and he added: "But I think I had better not ask you to rely altogether upon my opinion in the matter, and I will go with you to a publisher, and you can get a professional judgment. Excuse me a moment."

He left the room and went slowly upstairs to his wife. It appeared to him a very short journey to the third story, where he knew she was decking the guest-chamber for the visit of a friend whom they expected that evening. He imagined himself saying to her when his trial was well over that he did not see why she complained of those stairs; that he thought they were nothing at all. But this sense of the absurdity of the situation which played upon the surface of his distress flickered and fled at sight of his wife bustling cheerfully about, and he was tempted to go down and get Barker out of the house, and out of Boston if possible, without letting her know anything of his presence.

"Well?" said Mrs. Sewell, meeting his face of perplexity with a penetrating glance. "What is it, David?"

"Nothing. That is — everything! Lemuel Barker is here!"

"Lemuel Barker? Who is Lemuel Barker?" She stood with the pillow-sham in her hand which she was just about to fasten on the pillow, and Sewell involuntarily took note of the fashion in which it was ironed.

"Why, surely you remember! That simpleton at Willoughby Pastures." If his wife had dropped the pillow-sham, and sunk into a chair beside the bed, fixing him with eyes of speechless reproach; if she had done anything dramatic, or said anything tragic, no matter how unjust or exaggerated, Sewell could have borne it; but she only went on tying the sham on the pillow, without a word. "The fact is, he wrote to me some weeks ago, and sent me some specimens of a long poem."

"Just before you preached that sermon on the tender mercies of the wicked?"

"Yes," faltered Sewell. "I had been waiting to show you the letter."

"You waited a good while, David."

"I know — I know," said Sewell miserably. "I was waiting — waiting —" He stopped, and then added with a burst, "I was waiting till I could put it to you in some favorable light."

"I'm glad you're honest about it at last, my dear!"

"Yes. And while I was waiting I forgot Barker's letter altogether. I put it away somewhere — I can't recollect just where, at the

moment. But that makes no difference; he's here with the whole poem in his pocket, now." Sewell gained a little courage from his wife's forbearance; she knew that she could trust him in all great matters, and perhaps she thought that for this little sin she would not add to his punishment. "And what I propose to do is to make a complete thing of it, this time. Of course," he went on convicting himself, "I see that I shall inflict twice the pain that I should have done if I had spoken frankly to him at first; and of course there will be the added disappointment, and the expense of his coming to Boston. But," he added brightly, "we can save him any expense while he's here, and perhaps I can contrive to get him to go home this afternoon."

"He wouldn't let you pay for his dinner out of the house anywhere," said Mrs. Sewell. "You must ask him to dinner here."

"Well," said Sewell, with resignation; and suspecting that his wife was too much piqued or hurt by his former concealment to ask what he now meant to do about Barker, he added: "I'm going to take him round to a publisher and let him convince himself that there's no hope for him in a literary way."

"David!" cried his wife; and now she left off adjusting the shams, and erecting herself looked at him across the bed. "You don't intend to do anything so cruel."

"Cruel?"

"Yes! Why should you go and waste any publisher's time by getting him to look at such rubbish? Why should you expose the poor fellow to the mortification of a perfectly needless refusal? Do you want to shirk the responsibility — to put it on some one else?"

"No; you know I don't."

"Well, then, tell him yourself that it won't do."

"I have told him."

"What does he say?"

"He doesn't say anything. I can't make out whether he believes me or not."

"Very well, then; you've done your duty, at any rate." Mrs. Sewell could not forbear saying also: "If you'd done it at first, David, there wouldn't have been any of this trouble."

"That's true," owned her husband, so very humbly that her heart smote her.

"Well, go down and tell him he must stay to dinner, and then try to get rid of him the best way you can. Your time is really too precious, David, to be wasted in this way. You *must* get rid of him, somehow."

Sewell went back to his guest in the reception-room, who seemed to have remained as immovably in his chair as if he had been a sitting statue of himself. He did not move when Sewell entered.

"On second thoughts," said the minister, "I believe I will not ask you to go to a publisher with me, as I had intended; it would expose you to unnecessary mortification, and it would be, from my point of view, an unjustifiable intrusion upon very busy people. I must ask you to take my word for it that no publisher would bring out your poem, and it never would pay you a cent if he did." The boy remained silent as before, and Sewell had no means of knowing whether it was from silent conviction or from mulish obstinacy. "Mrs. Sewell will be down presently. She wished me to ask you to stay to dinner. We have an early dinner, and there will be time enough after that for you to look about the city."

"I shouldn't like to put you out," said Barker.

"Oh, not at all," returned Sewell, grateful for this sign of animation, and not exigent of a more formal acceptance of his invitation. "You know," he said, "that literature is a trade, like every other vocation, and that you must serve an apprenticeship if you expect to excel. But first of all you must have some natural aptitude for the business you undertake. You understand?" asked Sewell; for he had begun to doubt whether Barker understood anything. He seemed so much more stupid than he had at home; his faculties were apparently sealed up, and he had lost all the personal picturesqueness which he had when he came in out of the barn, at his mother's call, to receive Sewell.

"Yes," said the boy.

"I don't mean," continued Sewell, "that I wouldn't have you continue to make verses whenever you have the leisure for it. I think, on the contrary, that it will give a grace to your life which it might otherwise lack. We are all in daily danger of being barbarized by the sordid details of life; the constantly recurring little duties which must be done, but which we must not allow to become the whole of life." Sewell was so much pleased with this thought, when it had taken form in words, that he made a mental note of it for future use. "We must put a border of pinks around the potato-patch, as Emerson would say, or else the potato-patch is no better than a field of thistles." Perhaps because the logic of this figure rang a little false, Sewell hastened to add: "But there are many ways in which we can prevent the encroachment of those little duties without being tempted to neglect them, which would be still worse. I have thought a good deal about the condition of our young men in the country, and I have sympathized with them in what seems their want of opportunity, their lack of room for expansion. I have often wished that I could do some-

thing for them—help them in their doubts and misgivings, and perhaps find some way out of the trouble for them. I regret this tendency to the cities of the young men from the country. I am sure that if we could give them some sort of social and intellectual life at home, they would not be so restless and dissatisfied."

Sewell felt as if he had been preaching to a dead wall; but now the wall opened, and a voice came out of it, saying: "You mean something to occupy their minds?"

"Exactly so!" cried Sewell. "Something to occupy their minds. Now," he continued, with a hope of getting into some sort of human relations with his guest which he had not felt before, "why shouldn't a young man on a farm take up some scientific study, like geology, for instance, which makes every inch of earth vocal, every rock historic, and the waste places social?" Barker looked so blankly at him that he asked again, "You understand?"

"Yes," said Barker; but having answered Sewell's personal question, he seemed to feel himself in no wise concerned with the general inquiry which Sewell had made, and he let it lie where Sewell had let it drop. But the minister was so well pleased with the fact that Barker had understood anything of what he had said, that he was content to let the notion he had thrown out take its chance of future effect, and rising, said briskly: "Come upstairs with me into my study, and I will show you a picture of Agassiz. It's a very good photograph."

He led the way out of the reception-room, and tripped lightly in his slipped feet up the steps against which Barker knocked the toes of his clumsy boots. He was not large, nor naturally loutish, but the heaviness of the country was in every touch and movement. He dropped the photograph twice in his endeavor to hold it between his stiff thumb and finger.

Sewell picked it up each time for him, and restored it to his faltering hold. When he had securely lodged it there, he asked sweetly: "Did you ever hear what Agassiz said when a scheme was once proposed to him by which he could make a great deal of money?"

"I don't know as I did," replied Barker.

"But, gentlemen, I've no time to make money."

Barker received the anecdote in absolute silence, standing helplessly with the photograph in his hand; and Sewell with a hasty sigh forbore to make the application to the ordinary American ambition to be rich that he had intended. "That's a photograph of the singer Nilsson," he said, cataloguing the other objects on the chimney-piece. "She was a peasant, you know, a country girl in Norway. That's

Grévy, the President of the French Republic; his father was a peasant. Lincoln, of course. Sforza, throwing his hoe into the oak," he said, explaining the picture that had caught Barker's eye on the wall above the mantel. "He was working in the field, when a band of adventurers came by, and he tossed his hoe at the tree. If it fell to the ground, he would keep on hoeing; if it caught in the branches and hung there he would follow the adventurers. It caught, and he went with the soldiers and became Duke of Milan. I like to keep the pictures of these great Originals about me," said Sewell, "because in our time, when we refer so constantly to law, we are apt to forget that God is creative as well as operative." He used these phrases involuntarily; they slipped from his tongue because he was in the habit of saying this about these pictures, and he made no effort to adapt them to Barker's comprehension, because he could not see that the idea would be of any use to him. He went on pointing out the different objects in the quiet room, and he took down several books from the shelves that covered the whole wall, and showed them to Barker, who, however, made no effort to look at them for himself, and did not say anything about them. He did what Sewell bade him do in admiring this thing or that; but if he had been an Indian he could not have regarded them with a greater reticence. Sewell made him sit down from time to time, but in a sitting posture Barker's silence became so deathlike that Sewell hastened to get him on his legs again, and to walk him about from one point to another, as if to keep life in him. At the end of one of these otherwise aimless excursions Mrs. Sewell appeared, and infused a gleam of hope into her husband's breast. Apparently she brought none to Barker; or perhaps he did not conceive it polite to show any sort of liveliness before a lady. He did what he could with the hand she gave him to shake, and answered the brief questions she put to him about his family to precisely the same effect as he had already reported its condition to Sewell.

"Dinner's ready now," said Mrs. Sewell, for all comment. She left the expansiveness of sympathy and gratulation to her husband on most occasions, and on this she felt that she had less than the usual obligation to make polite conversation. Her two children came down-stairs after her, and as she unfolded her napkin across her lap after grace she said, "This is my son, Alfred, Mr. Barker; and this is Edith." Barker took the acquaintance offered in silence, the young Sewells smiled with the wise kindness of children taught to be good to all manner of strange guests, and the

girl cumbered the helpless country boy with offers of different dishes.

Mr. Sewell as he cut at the roast beef lengthwise, being denied by his wife a pantomimic prayer to be allowed to cut it crosswise, tried to make talk with Barker about the weather at Willoughby Pastures. It had been a very dry summer, and he asked if the fall rains had filled up the springs. He said he really forgot whether it was an apple year. He also said that he supposed they had dug all their turnips by this time. He had meant to say potatoes when he began, but he remembered that he had seen the farmers digging their potatoes before he came back to town, and so he substituted turnips; afterwards it seemed to him that dig was not just the word to use in regard to the harvesting of turnips. He wished he had said, "got your turnips in," but it appeared to make no difference to Barker, who answered, "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," and "Yes, sir," and let each subject drop with that.

### III.

THE silence grew so deep that the young Sewells talked together in murmurs, and the clicking of the knives on the plates became painful. Sewell kept himself from looking at Barker, whom he nevertheless knew to be changing his knife and fork from one hand to the other, as doubt after doubt took him as to their conventional use, and to be getting very little good of his dinner in the process of settling these questions. The door-bell rang, and the sound of a whispered conference between the visitor and the servant at the threshold penetrated to the dining-room. Some one softly entered, and then Mrs. Sewell called out, "Yes, yes! Come in! Come in, Miss Vane!" She jumped from her chair and ran out into the hall, where she was heard to kiss her visitor; she reappeared, still holding her by the hand, and then Miss Vane shook hands with Sewell, saying in a tone of cordial liking, "*How d'ye do?*" and to each of the young people, as she shook hands in turn with them, "*How d'ye do, dear?*" She was no longer so pretty as she must have once been; but an air of distinction and a delicate charm of manner remained to her from her fascinating youth.

Young Sewell pushed her a chair to the table, and she dropped softly into it, after acknowledging Barker's presentation by Mrs. Sewell with a kindly glance that probably divined him.

"You must dine with us," said Mrs. Sewell. "You can call it lunch."

"No, I can't, Mrs. Sewell," said Miss Vane. "I could once, and should have said with

great pleasure, when I went away, that I had been lunching at the Sewells; but I can't now. I've reformed. What have you got for dinner?"

"Roast beef," said Sewell.

"Nothing I dislike more," replied Miss Vane. "What else?" She put on her glasses, and peered critically about the table.

"Stewed tomatoes, baked sweet potatoes, macaroni."

"How unimaginative! What are you going to have afterwards?"

"Cottage pudding."

"The very climax of the commonplace! Well!" Miss Vane began to pull off her gloves, and threw her veil back over her shoulder. "I will dine with you, but when I say dine, and people ask me to explain, I shall have to say 'Why, the Sewells still dine at one o'clock, you know,' and laugh over your old-fashioned habits with them. I should like to do differently, and to respect the sacredness of broken bread and that sort of thing; but I'm trying to practice with every one an affectionate sincerity, which is perfectly compatible not only with the brotherliness of Christianity, but the politeness of the world." Miss Vane looked demurely at Mrs. Sewell. "I can't make any exceptions."

The ladies both broke into a mocking laugh, in which Sewell joined with sheepish reluctance; after all, one does not like to be derided, even by one's dearest friends.

"As soon as I hear my other little sins denounced from the pulpit, I'm going to stop using profane language and carrying away people's spoons in my pocket."

The ladies seemed to think this also a very good joke, and his children laughed in sympathy, but Sewell hung his head; Barker sat bolt upright behind his plate, and stared at Miss Vane. "I never have been all but named in church before," she concluded, "and I've heard others say the same."

"Why didn't you come to complain sooner?" asked Sewell.

"Well, I have been away ever since that occasion. I went down the next day to Newport, and I've been there ever since, admiring the ribbon-planting."

"On the lawns or on the ladies?" asked Sewell.

"Both. And sowing broadcast the seeds of plain speaking. I don't know what Newport will be in another year if they all take root."

"I dare say it will be different," said Sewell. "I'm not sure it will be worse." He plucked up a little spirit, and added: "Now you see of how little importance you really are in the community; you have been gone

these three weeks, and your own pastor didn't know you were out of town."

"Yes, you did, David," interposed his wife. "I told you Miss Vane was away two weeks ago."

"Did you? Well, I forgot it immediately; the fact was of no consequence, one way or the other. How do you like that as a bit of affectionate sincerity?"

"I like it immensely," said Miss Vane. "It's delicious. I only wish I could believe you were honest." She leaned back and laughed into her handkerchief, while Sewell regarded her with a face in which his mortification at being laughed at was giving way to a natural pleasure at seeing Miss Vane enjoy herself. "What do you think," she asked, "since you're in this mood of exasperated veracity,—or pretend to be,—of the flower charity?"

"Do you mean by the barrel, or the single sack? The Graham, or the best Haxall, or the health-food cold-blast?" asked Sewell.

Miss Vane lost her power of answering in another peal of laughter, sobering off, and breaking down again before she could say, "I mean cut flowers for patients and prisoners."

"Oh, that kind! I don't think a single pansy would have an appreciable effect upon a burglar; perhaps a bunch of forget-me-nots might, or a few lilies of the valley carelessly arranged. As to the influence of a graceful little *boutonnière*, in cases of rheumatism or cholera morbus, it might be efficacious; but I can't really say."

"How perfectly cynical!" cried Miss Vane. "Don't you know how much good the flower mission has accomplished among the deserving poor? Hundreds of bouquets are distributed every day. They prevent crime."

"That shows how susceptible the deserving poor are. I don't find that a bowl of the most expensive and delicate roses in the center of a dinner-table tempers the asperity of the conversation when it turns upon the absent. But perhaps it oughtn't to do so."

"I don't know about that," said Miss Vane; "but if you had an impulsive niece to supply with food for the imagination, you would be very glad of anything that seemed to combine practical piety and picturesque effect."

"Oh, if you mean that," began Sewell more soberly, and his wife leaned forward with an interest in the question which she had not felt while the mere joking went on.

"Yes. When Sibyl came in this morning with an imperative demand to be allowed to go off and do good with flowers in the homes of virtuous poverty, as well as the hospitals and prisons, I certainly felt as if there had been an interposition, if you will allow me to say so."

Miss Vane still had her joking air, but a note of anxiety had crept into her voice.



"I don't think it will do the sick and poor any harm," said Sewell, "and it may do Sibyl some good." He smiled a little in adding: "It may afford her varied energies a little scope."

Miss Vane shook her head, and some lines of age came into her face which had not shown themselves there before. "And you would advise letting her go into it?" she asked.

"By all means," replied Sewell. "But if she's going to engage actively in the missionary work, I think you'd better go with her on her errands of mercy."

"Oh, of course, she's going to do good in person. What she wants is the sensation of doing good—of seeing and hearing the results of her beneficence. She'd care very little about it if she didn't."

"Oh, I don't know that you can say that," replied Sewell in deprecation of this extreme view. "I don't believe," he continued, "that she would object to doing good for its own sake."

"Of course she wouldn't, David! Who in the world supposed she would?" demanded his wife, bringing him up roundly at this sign of wandering, and Miss Vane laughed wildly.

"And is this what your doctrine of sincerity comes to? This fulsome! You're very little better than one of the wicked, it seems to me! Well, I *hoped* that you would approve of my letting Sibyl take this thing up, but such *unbounded* encouragement!"

"Oh, I don't wish to flatter," said Sewell, in the spirit of her raillery. "It will be very well for her to go round with flowers; but don't let her," he continued seriously—"don't let her imagine it's more than an innocent amusement. It would be a sort of hideous mockery of the good we ought to do one another if there were supposed to be anything more than a kindly thoughtfulness expressed in such a thing."

"Oh, if Sibyl doesn't feel that it's real, for the time being she won't care anything about it. Shelves to lose herself in the illusion, she says."

"Well!" said Sewell with a slight shrug, "then we must let her get what good she can out of it as an exercise of the sensibilities."

"Oh, my dear!" exclaimed his wife. "You don't mean anything so abominable as that! I've heard you say that the worst thing about fiction and the theater was that they brought emotions into play that ought to be sacred to real occasions."

"Did I say that? Well, I must have been right. I——"

Barker made a scuffling sound with his boots under the table, and rose to his feet. "I guess," he said, "I shall have to be going."

They had all forgotten him, and Sewell felt

as if he had neglected this helpless guest. "Why, no, you mustn't go! I was in hopes we might do something to make the day pleasant to you. I intended proposing——"

"Yes," his wife interrupted, believing that he meant to give up one of his precious afternoons to Barker, and hastening to prevent the sacrifice, "my son will show you the Public Garden and the Common, and go about the town with you." She rose too, and young Sewell, accustomed to suffer, silently acquiesced. "If your train isn't to start very soon——"

"I guess I better be going," said Barker, and Mrs. Sewell now gave her husband a look conveying her belief that Barker would be happier if they let him go. At the same time she frowned upon the monstrous thought of asking him to stay the night with them, which she detected in Sewell's face.

She allowed him to say nothing but, "I'm sorry; but if you really must——"

"I guess I better," persisted Barker. He got himself somehow to the door, where he paused a moment, and contrived to pant "Well, good-day," and without effort at more cordial leave-taking, passed out.

Sewell followed him, and helped him find his hat, and made him shake hands. He went with him to the door, and, beginning to suffer afresh at the wrong he had done Barker, he detained him at the threshold. "If you still wish to see a publisher, Mr. Barker, I will gladly go with you."

"Oh, not at all, not at all. I guess I don't want to see any publisher this afternoon. Well, good-afternoon!" He turned away from Sewell's remorseful pursuit, and clumsily hurrying down the steps, he walked up the street and round the next corner. Sewell stood watching him in rueful perplexity, shading his eyes from the mild October sun with his hand; and some moments after Barker had disappeared, he remained looking after him.

When he rejoined the ladies in the dining-room they fell into a conscious silence.

"Have you been telling, Lucy?" he asked.

"Yes, I've been telling, David. It was the only way. Did you offer to go with him to a publisher again?"

"Yes, I did. It was the only way," said Sewell.

Miss Vane and his wife both broke into a cry of laughter. The former got her breath first. "So *that* was the origin of the famous sermon that turned all our heads gray with good resolutions." Sewell assented with a sickly grin. "What in the world *made* you encourage him?"

"My goodness of heart, which I didn't take the precaution of mixing with goodness of head before I used it."



Everything was food for Miss Vane's laugh, even this confession. "But what is the natural history of the boy? How came he to write poetry? What do you suppose he means by it?"

"That isn't so easy to say. As to his natural history, he lives with his mother in a tumble-down, unpainted wooden house in the deepest fastness of Willoughby Pastures. Lucy and I used to drive by it and wonder what kind of people inhabited that solitude. There were milk-cans scattered round the door-yard, and the Monday we were there a poverty-stricken wash flapped across it. The thought of the place preyed upon me till one day I asked about it at the post-office, and the postmistress told me that the boy was quite a literary character, and read everything he could lay his hands on, and 'sat up nights' writing poetry. It seemed to me a very clear case of genius, and the postmistress's facts rankled in my mind till I couldn't stand it any longer. Then I went to see him. I suppose Lucy has told you the rest?"

"Yes, Mrs. Sewell has told me the rest. But still I don't see how he came to write poetry. I believe it doesn't pay, even in extreme cases of genius."

"Ah, but that's just what this poor fellow didn't know. He must have read somewhere, in some deleterious newspaper, about the sale of some large edition of a poem, and have had his own wild hopes about it. I don't say his work didn't show sense; it even showed some rude strength, of a didactic, satirical sort, but it certainly didn't show poetry. He might have taken up painting by a little different chance. And when it was once known about the neighborhood that he wrote poetry, his vanity was flattered——"

"Yes, I see. But wasn't there any kind soul to tell him that he was throwing his time away?"

"It appears not."

"And even the kind soul from Boston, who visited him," suggested Mrs. Sewell. "Go on, David."

"Visited him in spite of his wife's omniscience,—even the kind soul from Boston paltered with this plain duty. Even he, to spare himself the pain of hurting the boy's feelings, tried to find some of the lines better than others, and left him with the impression that he had praised them."

"Well, that was pretty bad," said Miss Vane. "You had to tell him to-day, I suppose, that there was no hope for him?"

"Yes, I had to tell him at last, after letting him waste his time and money in writing more stuff and coming to Boston with it. I've put him to needless shame, and I've inflicted

suffering upon him that I can't lighten in the least by sharing."

"No, that's the most discouraging thing about pitying people. It does them no manner of good," said Miss Vane, "and just hurts you. Don't you think that in an advanced civilization we shall cease to feel compassion? Why don't you preach against common pity, as you did against common politeness?"

"Well, it isn't quite such a crying sin yet. But really, really," exclaimed Sewell, "the world seems so put together that I believe we ought to think twice before doing a good action."

"David!" said his wife warningly.

"Oh, let him go on!" cried Miss Vane, with a laugh. "I'm proof against his monstrous doctrines. Go on, Mr. Sewell."

"What I mean is this," Sewell pushed himself back in his chair, and then stopped.

"Is what?" prompted both the ladies.

"Why, suppose this boy really had some literary faculty, should I have had any right to encourage it? He was very well where he was. He fed the cows and milked them, and carried the milk to the cross-roads, where the dealer collected it and took it to the train. That was his life, with the incidental facts of cutting the hay and fodder, and bedding the cattle; and his experience never went beyond it. I doubt if his fancy ever did, except in some wild, mistaken excursion. Why shouldn't he have been left to this condition? He ate, he slept, he fulfilled his use. Which of us does more?"

"How would you like to have been in his place?" asked his wife.

"I couldn't *put* myself in his place; and therefore I oughtn't to have done anything to take him out of it," answered Sewell.

"It seems to me that's very un-American," said Miss Vane. "I thought we had prospered up to the present point by taking people out of their places."

"Yes, we have," replied the minister, "and sometimes, it seems to me, the result is hideous. I don't mind people taking themselves out of their places; but if the particles of this mighty cosmos have been adjusted by the divine wisdom, what are we to say of the temerity that disturbs the least of them?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Miss Vane, rising. "I'm almost afraid to stir, in view of the possible consequences. But I can't sit here all day, and if Mrs. Sewell will excuse me, I'll go at once. Yes, 'I guess I better be going,' as your particle Barker says. Let us hope he'll get safely back to his infinitesimal little crevice in the cosmos. He's a very pretty particle, don't you think? That thick, coarse, wavy black hair growing in a natural bang

over his forehead would make his fortune if he were a certain kind of young lady."

They followed her to the door, chatting, and Sewell looked quickly out when he opened it for her.

As she shook his hand she broke into another laugh. "Really, you looked as if you were afraid of finding him on the steps!"

"If I could only have got near the poor boy," said Sewell to his wife, as they returned within doors. "If I could only have reached him where he lives, as our slang says! But do what I would, I couldn't find any common ground where we could stand together. We were as unlike as if we were of two different species. I saw that everything I said bewildered him more and more; he couldn't understand me! Our education is unchristian, our civilization is pagan. They both ought to bring us in closer relations with our fellow-creatures, and they both only put us more widely apart! Every one of us dwells in an impenetrable solitude! We understand each other a little if our circumstances are similar, but if they are different all our words leave us dumb and unintelligible."

#### IV.

BARKER walked away from the minister's door without knowing where he was going, and with a heart full of hot pain. He burned with a confused sense of shame and disappointment and anger. It had turned out just as his mother had said: Mr. Sewell would be mighty different in Boston from what he was that day at Willoughby Pastures. There he made Barker think everything of his poetry, and now he pretended to tell him that it was not worth anything; and he kept hinting round that Barker had better go back home and stay there. Did he think he would have left home if there had been anything for him to do there? Had not he as much as told him that he was obliged to find something to make a living by, and help the rest? What was he afraid of? Was he afraid that Barker wanted to come and live off *him*? He could show him that there was no great danger. If he had known how, he would have refused even to stay to dinner.

What made him keep the pictures of these people who had got along, if he thought no one else ought to try? Barker guessed to himself that if that Mr. Agassiz had had to get a living off the farm at Willoughby Pastures, he would have *found* time to make money. What did Mr. Sewell mean by speaking of that Nilsson lady by her surname, without

any Miss or Mrs.? Was that the way people talked in Boston?

Mr. Sewell had talked to him as if he were a baby, and did not know anything; and Barker was mad at himself for having staid half a minute after the minister had owned up that he had got the letter he wrote him. He wished he had said, "Well, that's all I want of *you*, sir," and walked right out; but he had not known how to do it. Did they think it was very polite to go on talking with that woman who laughed so much, and forget all about him? Pretty poor sort of manners to eat with her bonnet on, and tell them she hated their victuals.

Barker tried to rage against them in these thoughts, but at the bottom of all was a simple grief that he should have lost the friend whom he thought he had in the minister; the friend he had talked of and dreamed of ever since he had seen and heard him speak those cordial words; the friend he had trusted through all, and had come down to Boston counting upon so much. The tears came into his eyes as he stumbled and scuffled along the brick pavements with his uncouth country walk.

He was walking up a straight, long street, with houses just alike on both sides, and bits of grass before them, that sometimes were gay with late autumn flowers. A horse-car track ran up the middle, and the cars seemed to be tinkling by all the time, and people getting on and off. They were mostly ladies and children, and they were very well dressed. Sometimes they stared at Barker, as they crossed his way in entering or issuing from the houses, but generally no one appeared to notice him. In some of the windows there were flowers in painted pots, and in others little marble images on stands.

There were more images in the garden that Barker came to presently: an image of Washington on horseback, and some orator speaking, with his hand up, and on top of a monument a kind of Turk holding up a man that looked sick. The man was almost naked, but he was not so bad as the image of a woman in a granite basin; it seemed to Barker that it ought not to be allowed there. A great many people of all kinds were passing through the garden, and after some hesitation he went in too, and walked over the bridge that crossed the pond in the middle of the garden, where there were rowboats and boats with images of swans on them. Barker made a sarcastic reflection that Boston seemed to be a great place for images, and passed rather hurriedly through the garden on the other side of the bridge. There were beds of all kinds of flowers scattered about, and they were hardly

touched by the cold yet. If he had been in better heart, he would have liked to look round a little; but he felt strange, being there all alone, and he felt very low-spirited.

He wondered if this were the Public Garden that Mrs. Sewell had spoken of, and if that kind of grove across the street were the Common. He felt much more at home in it, as he wandered up and down the walks, and finally sat down on one of the iron benches beside the path. At first he obscurely doubted whether he had any right to do so, unless he had a lady with him; most of the seats were occupied by couples who seemed to be courting, but he ventured finally to take one; nobody disturbed him, and so he remained.

It was a beautiful October afternoon; the wind, warm and dry, caught the yellow leaves from the trees overhead in little whiffs, and blew them about the grass, which the fall rains had made as green as May; and a pensive golden light streamed through the long loose boughs, and struck across the slopes of the Common. Slight buggies flashed by on the street near which he sat, and glistening carriages, with drivers dressed out in uniform like soldiers, rumbled down its slope.

While he sat looking, now at the street and now at the people sauntering and hurrying to and fro in the Common, he tried to decide a question that had mixed itself up with the formless resentment he had felt ever since Mr. Sewell played him false. It had got out in the neighborhood that he was going to Boston before he left home; his mother must have told it; and people would think he was to be gone a long time. He had warned his mother that he did not know when he should be back, before he started in the morning; and he knew that she would repeat his words to everybody who stopped to ask about him during the day, with what she had said to him in reply: "You better come home to-night, Lem; and I'll have ye a good hot supper waitin' for ye."

The question was whether he should go back on the five o'clock train, which would reach Willoughby Centre after dark, and house himself from public ignominy for one night at least, or whether self-respect did not demand that he should stay in Boston for twenty-four hours at any rate, and see if something would not happen. He had now no distinct hope of anything; but his pride and shame were holding him fast, while the homesickness tugged at his heart, and made him almost forget the poverty that had spurred him to the adventure of coming to Boston. He could see the cows coming home through the swampy meadow as plain as if they were coming across the Common; his mother was

calling them; she and his sister were going to milk in his absence, and he could see her now, how she looked going out to call the cows, in her bare, gray head, gaunt of neck and cheek, in the ugly Bloomer dress in which she was not grotesque to his eyes, though it usually affected strangers with stupefaction or alarm. But it all seemed far away, as far as if it were in another planet that he had dropped out of; he was divided from it by his failure and disgrace. He thought he must stay and try for something, he did not know what; but he could not make up his mind to throw away his money for nothing; at the hotel, down by the depot, where he had left his bag, they were going to make him pay fifty cents for just a room alone.

"Any them beats 'round here been trying to come their games on you?"

At first Barker could not believe himself accosted, though the young man who spoke stood directly in front of him, and seemed to be speaking to him. He looked up, and the young man added, "Heigh?"

"Beats? I don't know what you mean," said Barker.

"Confidence sharps, young feller. They're 'round everywhere, and don't you forget it. Move up a little!"

Barker was sitting in the middle of the bench, and at this he pushed away from the young man, who had dropped himself sociably beside him. He wore a pair of black pantaloons, very tight in the legs, and widening at the foot so as almost to cover his boots. His coat was deeply braided, and his waistcoat was cut low, so that his plastron-scarf hung out from the shirt-bosom, which it would have done well to cover.

"I tell you, Boston's full of 'em," he said, excitedly. "One of 'em come up to me just now, and says he, 'Seems to me I've seen you before, but I can't place you.' 'Oh yes,' says I, 'I'll tell you where it was. I happened to be in the police court one morning when they was sendin' you up for three months.' I tell you he got round the corner! Might 'a' played checkers on his coat-tail. Why, what do you suppose would be the next thing if I hadn't have let him know I saw through him?" demanded the young man of Barker, who listened to this adventure with imperfect intelligence. "He'd 'a' said, 'Hain't I seen you down Kennebunk waysom'eres?' And when I said, 'No, I'm from Leominster!' or wherever I was from if I was green, he'd say, 'Oh yes, so it *was* Leominster. How's the folks?' and he'd try to get me to think that *he* was from Leominster too; and then he'd want me to go off and see the sights with him; and pretty soon he'd meet a feller that

'ud dun him for that money he owed him; and he'd say he hadn't got anything with him but a check for forty dollars; and the other feller'd say he'd got to have his money, and he'd kind of insinuate it was all a put-up job about the check for forty dollars, any way; and that 'ud make the first feller mad, and he'd take out the check, and ask him what he thought o' that; and the other feller'd say, well, it was a good check, but it wa'n't money, and he wanted money; and then the first feller'd say, 'Well, come along to the bank, and get your money,' and the other'd say the bank was shut. 'Well, then,' the first feller'd say, 'well, sir, I ain't a-goin' to ask any favor of you. How much is your bill?' and the other feller'd say ten dollars, or fifteen, or may be twenty-five, if they thought I had that much, and the first feller'd say, 'Well, here's a gentleman from up my way, and I guess he'll advance me that much on my check if I make it worth his while. He knows me.' And the first thing you know—he's been treatin' you, and so polite, showin' you round, and ast you to go to the theayter—you advance the money, and you keep on with the first feller, and pretty soon he asks you to hold up a minute, he wants to go back and get a cigar; and he goes round the corner, and you hold up, and *hold up*, and in about a half an hour, or may be less time, you begin to smell a rat, and you go for a policeman, and the next morning you find your name in the papers, 'One more unfortunate!' You look out fer 'em, young feller! Wish I *had* let that one go on till he done something so I could handed him over to the cops. It's a shame they're allowed to go 'round, when the cops knows 'em. Hello! There *comes* my mate, *now*.' The young man spoke as if they had been talking of his mate and expecting him, and another young man, his counterpart in dress, but of a sullen and heavy demeanor very unlike his own brisk excitement, approached, flapping a bank-note in his hand. "I just been tellin' this young feller about that beat, you know."

"Oh, he's all right," said the mate. "Just seen him down on Tremont street, between two cops. Must ha' caught him in the act."

"You don't say so! Well, that's good, any way. Why! Didn't you get it changed?" demanded the young man with painful surprise as his mate handed him the bank-note.

"No, I didn't. I been to more'n twenty places, and there ain't no small bills nowhere. The last place, I offered 'em twenty-five cents if they'd change it."

"Why didn't you offer 'em fifty? I'd 'a' give fifty, and glad to do it. Why, I've *got* to have this bill changed."

"Well, I'm sorry for you," said the mate, with ironical sympathy, "because I don't see how you're goin' to git it done. Won't you move up a little bit, young feller?" He sat down on the other side of Barker. "I'm about tired out." He took his head between his hands in sign of extreme fatigue, and drooped forward, with his eyes fixed on the ground.

Lemuel's heart beat. Fifty cents would pay for his lodging, and he could stay till the next day and prolong the chance of something turning up without too sinful a waste of money.

"How much is the bill?" he asked.

"Ten dollars," said the young man despondently.

"And will you give me fifty cents if I change it?"

"Well, I *said* I'd give fifty cents," replied the young man gloomily, "and I *will*."

"It's a bargain," said Lemuel promptly, and he took from his pocket the two five-dollar notes that formed his store, and gave them to the young man.

He looked at them critically. "How do I know they're good?" he asked. "You're a stranger to me, young feller, and how do I know you ain't tryin' to beat me?" He looked sternly at Lemuel, but here the mate interposed.

"How does *he* know that you ain't tryin' to beat *him*?" he asked contemptuously. "I never saw such a feller as you are! Here you make me run half over town to change that bill, and now when a gentleman offers to break it for you, you have to go and accuse him of tryin' to put off counterfeit money on you. If I was him I'd see you fuder."

"Oh, well, I don't want any words about it. Here, take your money," said the young man. "As long as I said I'd do it, I'll do it. Here's your half a dollar." He put it, with the bank-note, into Lemuel's hand, and rose briskly. "You stay here, Jimmy, till I come back. I won't be gone a minute."

He walked down the mall, and went out of the gate on Tremont street. Then the mate came to himself. "Why, I've *let* him go off with both them bills now, and he owes me one of 'em." With that he rose from Lemuel's side and hurried after his vanishing comrade; before he was out of sight he had broken into a run.

Lemuel sat looking after them, his satisfaction in the affair alloyed by dislike of the haste with which it had been transacted. His rustic mind worked slowly; it was not wholly content even with a result in its own favor, where the process had been so rapid; he was scarcely able to fix the point at which the



talk ceased to be a warning against beats and became his opportunity for speculation. He did not feel quite right at having taken the fellow's half-dollar; and yet a bargain was a bargain. Nevertheless, if the fellow wanted to rue it, Lemuel would give him fifteen minutes to come back and get his money; and he sat for that space of time where the others had left him. He was not going to be mean; and he might have waited a little longer if it had not been for the behavior of two girls who came up and sat down on the same bench with him. They could not have been above fifteen or sixteen years old, and Lemuel thought they were very pretty, but they talked so, and laughed so loud, and scuffled with each other for the paper of chocolate which one of them took out of her pocket, that Lemuel, after first being abashed by the fact that they were city girls, became disgusted with them. He was a stickler for propriety of behavior among girls; his mother had taught him to despise anything like carrying-on among them, and at twenty he was as severely virginal in his morality as if he had been twelve.

People looked back at these tomboys when they had got by; and some shabby young fellows exchanged saucy speeches with them. When Lemuel got up and walked away in reproving dignity, one of the hoydens bounced into his place, and they both sent a cry of derision after him. But Lemuel would not give them the satisfaction of letting them know that he heard them, and at the same time he was not going to let them suppose that they had driven him away. He went very slowly down to the street where a great many horse-cars were passing to and fro, and waited for one marked "Fitchburg, Lowell, and Eastern Depots." He was not going to take it; but he meant to follow it on its way to those stations, in the neighborhood of which was the hotel where he had left his traveling-bag. He had told them that he might take a room there, or he might not; now since he had this half-dollar extra he thought that he would stay for the night; it probably would not be any cheaper at the other hotels.

He ran against a good many people in trying to keep the car in sight, but by leaving the sidewalk from time to time where it was most crowded, he managed not to fall very much behind; the worst was that the track went crooking and turning about so much in different streets, that he began to lose faith in its direction, and to be afraid, in spite of the sign on its side, that the car was not going to the depots after all. But it came in sight of them at last, and then Lemuel, blown with the chase

but secure of his ground, stopped and rested himself against the side of a wall to get his breath. The pursuit had been very exhausting, and at times it had been mortifying; for here and there people who saw him running after the car had supposed he wished to board it, and in their good-nature had hailed and stopped it. After this had happened twice or thrice, Lemuel perceived that he was an object of contempt to the passengers in the car; but he did not know what to do about it; he was not going to pay six cents to ride when he could just as well walk, and on the other hand he dared not lose sight of the car, for he had no other means of finding his way back to his hotel.

But he was all right now, as he leaned against the house-wall, panting, and mopping his forehead with his handkerchief; he saw his hotel a little way down the street, and he did not feel anxious about it.

"Gave you the slip after all," said a passer, who had apparently been interested in Lemuel's adventure.

"Oh, I didn't want to catch it," said Lemuel.

"Ah, merely fond of exercise," said the stranger. "Well, it's a very good thing, if you don't overdo it." He walked by, and then after a glance at Lemuel over his shoulder, he returned to him. "May I ask why you wanted to chase the car, if you didn't want to catch it?"

Lemuel hesitated; he did not like to confide in a total stranger; this gentleman looked kind and friendly, but he was all the more likely on that account to be a beat; the expression was probably such as a beat would put on in approaching his intended prey. "Oh, nothing," said Lemuel evasively.

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger, and he walked away with what Lemuel could only conjecture was the air of a baffled beat.

He waited till he was safely out of sight, and then followed on down the street towards his hotel. When he reached it he walked boldly up to the clerk's desk, and said that he guessed he would take a room for the night, and gave him the check for his bag that he had received in leaving it there.

The clerk wrote the number of a room against Lemuel's name in the register, and then glanced at the bag. It was a large bag of oil-cloth, a kind of bag which is by nature lank and hollow, and must be made almost insupportably heavy before it shows any signs of repletion. The shirt and pair of every-day pantaloons which Lemuel had dropped that morning into its voracious maw made no apparent effect there, as the clerk

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held it up and twirled it on the crook of his thumb.

"I guess I shall have to get the money for that room in advance," he said, regarding the bag very critically. However he might have been wounded by the doubt of his honesty or his solvency implied in this speech, Lemuel said nothing, but took out his ten-dollar note

and handed it to the clerk. The latter said apologetically, "It's one of our rules, where there isn't baggage," and then glancing at the note he flung it quickly across the counter to Lemuel. "That won't do!"

"Won't do?" repeated Lemuel, taking up the bill.

"Counterfeit," said the clerk.

(To be continued.)

W. D. Howells.

ANECDOTES OF McCLELLAN'S BRAVERY.



LANCER-SCOUTS.

THE first distinct recollection I have of General McClellan is connected with an incident in the Mexican War which impressed his personality upon my mind so sharply that I have never forgotten it. Of course I had seen him before, as on the occasion referred

to I recognized and spoke familiarly to him, but when and where I cannot with certainty say.

McClellan was attached as a lieutenant to the company of sappers and miners, the first engineer troops raised in our army under the organization of 1821. This company was engaged in 1846-7, soon after its recruitment, in opening the road from Matamoras to Tampico, Mexico; then at the siege of Vera Cruz, and either there or at Cerro Gordo I must have met McClellan for the first time. After the battle of Cerro Gordo Worth's division, to which I belonged, was sent forward in advance, seized the castle and town of Perote, and remained some weeks at Tepeyahualco, twenty miles beyond, while General Scott at Jalapa was reorganizing his army for an advance to Puebla. Near the middle of May, Worth's division resumed its march, followed by a large wagon train, a day in the rear, which was accompanied by General Quitman's small division.

On reaching Amozoque, fifteen miles from Puebla, news was received that Santa Anna with the rear-guard of the Mexican army—a cavalry force—was about withdrawing from Puebla towards the city of Mexico, and a commission from the council arrived to arrange for the surrender of the town. General Worth remained a day to complete arrangements, and in the meantime the troops put themselves in good order for their entrance to so considerable a place. As the

days were long we arranged for a rather late start on the next morning, and as I left my quarters early I saw McClellan riding past in company with a large, fine-looking Mexican officer whom I took for one of the commissioners. They were followed by a mounted orderly. After bowing to the Mexican I said to McClellan, "You are out early this morning." And he replied quietly, "I have been a little way down the road." I was struck with and noted his appearance. A slight, youthful figure which had not yet attained its full growth, for he was not yet twenty-one. He had graduated at West Point the preceding July, with the reputation of having a brilliant as well as a solid mind, and his bright eye and intelligent expression seemed to justify the reputation. They passed on toward General Worth's quarters, and in a few moments the "long-roll" was beaten, taken up by the drums of the different regiments, and in a short time the division was under arms, staff-officers hurrying off; and soon came the report from the pickets that the enemy was advancing in heavy force. On pushing out of the village our eyes were greeted by an imposing spectacle—some 2500 cavalry forming up, apparently for attack. At that time, it may be noted, "a little army went a great way"; and so a good strong brigade of cavalry produced a decided sensation,—no doubt the more impressive from its sudden and wholly unexpected appearance. I heard soon after that "that boy McClellan" had, according to his custom of looking sharply about him, ridden out early on the Puebla road. He soon came to a narrow ridge of high ground or hills at the end of which the road forked. After riding some distance on the main road he turned up a ravine to take a look at the other side of the ridge, when he suddenly came upon a Mexican engineer officer. Taking in the situation at a glance, he dashed forward, and with his large American horse rode down his opponent, disarmed him, and handed him over to his orderly; whilst he himself climbed to the summit and there saw approaching, by

the other and least-used fork, a heavy body of cavalry. Returning at once with his prisoner to headquarters, he reported the facts to General Worth, who immediately turned out his division and sent word to General Quitman, who was now approaching. It seems that Santa Anna thought he had a favorable opportunity to pass Worth on the march unseen and strike the wagon train; so instead of marching west toward the city of Mexico he had marched east, without any regard to the engagements of the town council. The Mexican engineer officer was enacting the same part as McClellan—"scouting." Santa Anna, finding that his *coup* had failed, withdrew after the exchange of a few cannon-shots, resumed his march to the city of Mexico, and General Worth that day occupied Puebla.

In the subsequent operations in the valley of Mexico McClellan's reputation was rather one for personal intrepidity than for other qualities, which was natural in a junior lieutenant of a company. Still he was active in all the duties of an engineer, and was awarded the two brevets of first-lieutenant and captain, the latter of which he declined because, as I heard at the time, his company commander had not received a similar brevet. This omission being corrected so that their relative rank was not changed, he accepted his captaincy.

In 1852 he accompanied Captain Marcy in the exploration of the sources of the Red River, which separates Texas from the Indian Territory. When stationed in this territory a few years after, I was asked by an old hunter what had become of Captain McClellan. 'On my informing him that I had not met the captain since the Mexican War he said, "Well, he is a mighty plucky little man," and gave me an account of a hunt by the two captains. They left camp together, and separating a short distance, Captain Marcy tried his fawn-bleat in hopes of calling up a doe. Hearing a rustle through the prairie grass he thought he had been successful, but found that he had called in another hunter, in the shape of a panther, or, as the man called it, "a big painter, a monstrous ugly customer," which came bounding towards him. Marcy fired and, the beast rolling over, uttered a shout of triumph, which soon called McClellan to his side, when suddenly the "painter," which had only been stunned, made the fact known by a sudden attack, before Marcy had reloaded. McClellan fired, missed, and as promptly as in the case of the Mexican, took in the situation, clubbed his rifle, met the animal half-way, and broke both the animal's head and the rifle, but bagged the game. I heard the incident spoken of repeatedly in that country as one showing great activity, courage, and presence of mind.

He showed this same habit of personal exposure when the circumstances justified it,—and sometimes when they did not,—after he was placed at the head of a great army. He reconnoitered boldly, and none went nearer the enemy nor ran more risks than he on such duty. Of this trait the Prince de Joinville gave an instance in an article printed in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" soon after the Peninsula Campaign. Speaking of the measures taken by McClellan after Fair Oaks, the prince—who was also noted for the freedom with which he exposed himself—continues: "This done, General McClellan endeavored to provoke a general action on the ground between his army and Richmond, which he had thoroughly studied in numerous reconnaissances. These reconnaissances gave rise to many incidents. Once the general climbed with some of his officers to the top of a high tree, and there, each occupying his own branch, field-glass in hand, held a sort of council of war. This was near the enemy's pickets, to whom all our movements were perfectly plain. We trembled lest we should hear the crack of the rifles of these famous squirrel-hunters of the South; but they were magnanimous, and the reconnaissance terminated without disagreeable consequences."

I know of others myself, and am a competent witness to one of them. At Yorktown, being out one day with a member of his staff, I joined them. The general approached closer and closer to the works on which the enemy were engaged, diminishing from time to time the number of his followers, until we two only were left. We dismounted, crept along under cover of the ravines and bushes until close to the works, when he thought it would be imprudent for more than one to advance farther, and directed me to stop and await his return. I remonstrated and told him I would go forward, but he insisted, and leaving me was soon beyond my sight. After a time, much to my relief on my own account as well as his, he returned and we silently withdrew. He had got immediately below the works, got a sight of their armaments, of the character of the works, and could hear the conversation of the men. At a later period of the war this special trait of McClellan's character was once suddenly recalled to my mind by an abrupt speech of an engineer officer, still living, to the then commander of the army. The engineer had made a very close and dangerous reconnaissance and was reporting its result, when the general said he was mistaken on a certain point. The officer insisted that he was right, when the general rather tartly said he was mistaken, and quoted his authority. This nettled the engineer, who replied at once: "I

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don't care what — says; I risked my life to find out how this was. Why don't you examine such an important point yourself? *McClellan always did.*" This closed the discussion very promptly.

This trait, well known to his troops, and the further fact that it was utilized for their benefit,—that he was careful not to expose them

without full knowledge of the work he put them upon, and that intelligent care was taken to provide against the effects of reverses,—were powerful elements in confirming the confidence he had inspired from the beginning, and it fixed the affection and devotion for his person, which has rarely been equaled in the history of armies.

Z.

## THE DANCE IN PLACE CONGO.



A. MANDINGO.

I.

## CONGO SQUARE.

WHOEVER has been to New Orleans with eyes not totally abandoned to buying and selling will, of course, remember St. Louis Cathedral, looking south-eastward — riverward — across quaint Jackson Square, the old Place d'Armes. And if he has any feeling for flowers, he has not forgotten the little garden behind the cathedral, so antique and unexpected, named for the beloved old priest Père Antoine.

The old Rue Royale lies across the sleeping garden's foot. On the street's farther side another street lets away at right angles, north-

westward, straight, and imperceptibly downward from the cathedral and garden toward the rear of the city. It is lined mostly with humble ground-floor-and-garret houses of stuccoed brick, their wooden doorsteps on the brick sidewalks. This is Orleans street, so named when the city was founded.

Its rugged round-stone pavement is at times nearly as sunny and silent as the landward side of a coral reef. Thus for about half a mile; and then Rampart street, where the palisade wall of the town used to run in Spanish days, crosses it, and a public square just beyond draws a grateful canopy of oak and sycamore boughs. That is the place. One may shut his buff umbrella there, wipe the beading sweat from the brow, and fan himself with his

hat. Many's the bull-fight has taken place on that spot Sunday afternoons of the old time. That is Congo Square.

The trees are modern. So are the buildings about the four sides, for all their aged looks. So are all the grounds' adornments. Trémé market, off, beyond, toward the swamp, is not so very old, and the scowling, ill-smelling prison on the right, so Spanish-looking and dilapidated, is not a third the age it seems; not fifty-five. In that climate every year of a building's age counts for ten. Before any of these M. Cayetano's circus and menagerie were here. Cayetano the negroes called him. He was the Barnum of that region and day.

"Miché Cayetane, qui sortie de l'Havane, Avec so chouals et somacaques."



"THE RENDEZVOUS OF THE RICH MAN."

That is, "who came from Havana with his horses and baboons."

Up at the other end of Orleans street, hid only by the old padre's garden and the cathedral, glistens the ancient Place d'Armes. In the early days it stood for all that was best; the place for political rallying, the retail quarter of all fine goods and wares, and at sunset and by moonlight the promenade of good so-

ciety and the haunt of true lovers; not only in the military, but also in the most unwarlike sense the place of arms, and of hearts and hands, and of words tender as well as words noble.

The Place Congo, at the opposite end of the street, was at the opposite end of everything. One was on the highest ground; the other on the lowest. The one was the rendezvous of the rich man, the master, the military

officer — of all that went to make up the ruling class; the other of the butcher and baker, the raffish man, the sailor, the quad-room, the painted girl, and the negro slave. No meaner name could be given the spot. The negro was the most despised of human creatures and the Congo the plebeian among negroes. The white man's plaza had the army and navy on its right and left, the court-house, the council-hall and the church at its back, and the world before it. The black man's was outside the rear gate, the poisonous wilderness on three sides and the proud man's contumely on its front.

Before the city overgrew its flimsy palisade

walls, and closing in about this old stamping-ground gave it set bounds, it was known as Congo Plains. There was wide room for much field sport, and the Indian villagers of the town's outskirts and the lower class of white Creoles made it the ground of their wild ball game of *raquette*. Sunday afternoons were the time for it. Hence, beside these diversions there was, notably, another.

The hour was the slave's term of momentary liberty, and his simple, savage, musical and superstitious nature dedicated it to amatory song and dance tintured with his rude notions of supernatural influences.

## II.

## GRAND ORCHESTRA.

THE booming of African drums and blast of huge wooden horns called to the gathering. It was these notes of invitation, reaching beyond those of other outlandish instruments, that caught the Ethiopian ear, put alacrity into the dark foot, and brought their owners, male and female, trooping from all quarters. The drums were very long, hollowed, often from a single piece of wood, open at one end and having a sheep or goat skin stretched across the other. One was large, the other much smaller. The tight skin heads were not held up to be struck; the drums were laid along on the turf and the drummers bestrode them, and beat them on the head madly with fingers, fists, and feet,—with slow vehemence on the great drum, and fiercely and rapidly on the small one. Sometimes an extra performer sat on the ground behind the larger drum, at its open end, and "beat upon the wooden sides of it with two sticks." The smaller drum was often made from a joint or two of very large bamboo, in the West Indies where such

could be got, and this is said to be the origin of its name; for it was called the *Bamboula*.

In stolen hours of night or the basking-hour of noon the black man contrived to fashion these rude instruments and others. The drummers, I say, bestrode the drums; the other musicians sat about them in an arc, cross-legged on the ground. One important instrument was a gourd partly filled with pebbles or grains of corn, flourished violently at the end of a stout staff with one hand and beaten upon the palm of the other. Other performers rang triangles, and others twanged from jew's-harps an astonishing amount of sound. Another instrument was the jawbone of some ox, horse, or mule, and a key rattled rhythmically along its weather-beaten teeth. At times the drums were reinforced by one or more empty barrels or casks beaten on the head with the shank-bones of cattle.

A queer thing that went with these when the affair was pretentious—full dress, as it were—at least it was so in the West Indies, whence Congo Plains drew all inspirations—was the Marimba brett, a union of reed and string principles. A single strand of wire ran lengthwise of a bit of wooden board, sometimes a shallow box of thin wood, some eight inches long by four or five in width, across which, under the wire, were several joints of reed about a quarter of an inch in diameter and of graduated lengths. The performer, sitting cross-legged, held the board in both hands and plucked the ends of the reeds with his thumb-nails. The result was called—music.

But the grand instrument at last, the first violin, as one might say, was the banjo. It had but four strings, not six: beware of the dictionary. It is not the "favorite musical instrument of the negroes of the Southern States of America." Uncle Remus says truly that



BLOWING THE QUILLS.





A FIELD-HAND.

that is the fiddle; but for the true African dance, a dance not so much of legs and feet as of the upper half of the body, a sensual, devilish thing tolerated only by Latin-American masters, there was wanted the dark inspiration of African drums and the banjo's thrump and strum.

And then there was that long-drawn human cry of tremendous volume, richness, and resound, to which no instrument within their reach could make the faintest approach:

"Eh! pou' la belle Layotte ma mourri 'nocent,  
Oui 'nocent ma mourri!"

all the instruments silent while it rises and swells with mighty energy and dies away distantly, "Yea-a-a-a-a!"—then the crash of savage drums, horns, and rattles—

"For the fair Layotte I must crazy die!  
Yes, crazy I must die!"

To all this there was sometimes added a Pan's-pipe of but three reeds, made from single



Eh-h-h! pou' la belle La-yotte ma mour-ri 'no-cent, Oui, 'no-cent ma mour-ri!  
Yea! For the fair La-yotte I must cra-zy die, Yes, cra-zy I must die.

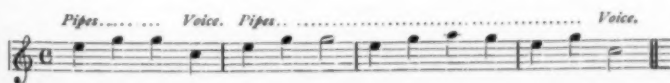


A CONGO WOMAN.

joints of the common brake cane, and called by English-speaking negroes "the quills." One may even at this day hear the black lad, sauntering home at sunset behind a few cows that he has found near the edge of the cane-brake whence he has also cut his three quills, blowing and hooting, over and over,—

But to show how far the art of playing the "quills" could be carried, if we are not going too much aside, see this "quill tune" (page 529), given me by Mr. Krehbiel, musical critic of the "New York Tribune," and got by him from a gentleman who heard it in Alabama.

Such was the full band. All the values of



contrast that discord can furnish must have been present, with whatever there is of ecstasy in maddening repetition, for of this the African can never have too much.

And yet there was entertaining variety. Where? In the dance! There was constant, exhilarating novelty—endless invention—in the turning, bowing, arm-swinging, posturing and leaping of the dancers. Moreover, the music of Congo Plains was not tamed to mere monotone. Monotone became subordinate to many striking qualities. The strain was wild. Its contact with French taste gave it often great tenderness of sentiment. It grew in fervor, and rose and sank, and rose again, with the play of emotion in the singers and dancers.

## III.

## THE GATHERING.

It was a weird one. The negro of colonial Louisiana was a most grotesque figure. He was nearly naked. Often his neck and arms, thighs, shanks, and splay feet were shrunken, tough, sinewy like a monkey's. Sometimes it was scant diet and cruel labor that had made them so. Even the requirement of law was only that he should have not less than a barrel of corn—nothing else,—a month, nor get more than thirty lashes to the twenty-four hours. The whole world was crueler those times than now; we must not judge them by our own.

Often the slave's attire was only a cotton shirt, or a pair of pantaloons hanging in indecent tatters to his naked waist. The bondswoman was well clad who had on as much as a coarse chemise and petticoat. To add a *tignon*—a Madras handkerchief twisted into a turban—was high gentility, and the number of kerchiefs beyond that one was the measure of absolute wealth. Some were rich in *tignons*; especially those who served within the house, and pleased the mistress, or even the master—there were Hagars in those days. However, Congo Plains did not gather the house-servants so much as the "field-hands."

These came in troops. See them; wilder than gypsies; wilder than the Moors and Arabs whose strong blood and features one sees at a glance in so many of them; gangs—as they were called—gangs and gangs of them, from this and that and yonder direction; tall, well-knit Senegalese from Cape Verde, black as ebony, with intelligent, kindly eyes and long, straight, shapely noses; Mandingoes, from the Gambia River, lighter of color,

of cruder form, and a cunning that shows in the countenance; whose enslavement seems specially a shame, their nation the "merchants of Africa," dwelling in towns, industrious, thrifty, skilled in commerce and husbandry, and expert in the working of metals, even to silver and gold; and Foulahs, playfully mis-called "*Poulards*,"—fat chickens,—of goodly stature, and with a perceptible rose tint in the cheeks; and Sosos, famous warriors, dexterous with the African targe; and in contrast to these, with small ears, thick eyebrows, bright eyes, flat, upturned noses, shining skin, wide mouths and white teeth, the negroes of Guinea, true and unmixed, from the Gold Coast, the Slave Coast, and the Cape of Palms—not from the Grain Coast; the English had that trade. See them come! Popoes, Cotocolies, Fidas, Socoes, Agwas, short, copper-colored Mines—what havoc the slaves did make!—and from interior Africa others equally proud and warlike: fierce Nagoes and Fonds; tawny Awassas; Iboes, so light-colored that one could not tell them from mulattoes but for their national tattooing; and the half-civilized and quick-witted but ferocious Arada, the original Voudou worshiper. And how many more! For here come, also, men and women from all that great Congo coast,—Angola, Malimbe, Ambrice, etc.—small, good-natured, sprightly "boys," and gay, garrulous "gals," thick-lipped but not tattooed; chattering, chaffering, singing, and guffawing as they come: these are they for whom the dance and the place are named, the most numerous sort of negro in the colonies, the Congoes and Franc-Congoes, and though serpent worshipers, yet the gentlest and kindest natures that came from Africa. Such was the company. Among these *bossals*—that is, native Africans—there was, of course, an ever-growing number of negroes who proudly called themselves Creole negroes, that is, born in America;\* and at the present time there is only here and there an old native African to be met with, vain of his singularity and trembling on his staff.

## IV.

## THE BAMBOULA.

THE gathering throng closed in around, leaving unoccupied the circle indicated by the crescent of musicians. The short, harsh turf was the dancing-floor. The crowd stood. Fancy the picture. The pack of dark, tattered

\*This broader use of the term is very common. The Creole "dialect" is the broken English of the *Creoles*, while the Creole *patois* is the corrupt French,

not of the Creoles, but rather of the former slave race in the country of the Creoles. So of Creole negroes and Creole dances and songs.

figures touched off every here and there with the bright colors of a Madras *tignon*. The squatting, cross-legged musicians. The low-roofed, embowered town off in front, with here and there a spire lifting a finger of feeble remonstrance; the flat, grassy plain stretching around and behind, dotted with black stumps; in the distance the pale-green willow undergrowth, behind it the *cyprès* — the cypress swamp — and in the pale, seven-times-heated sky the sun, only a little declined to south and westward, pouring down its beams.

With what particular musical movements the occasion began does not now appear. May be with very slow and measured ones; they had such that were strange and typical. I have heard the negroes sing one — though it was not of the dance-ground but of the cane-field — that showed the emphatic barbarism of five bars to the line, and was confined to four notes of the open horn.\*

But I can only say that with some such slow and quiet strain the dance may have been preluded. It suits the Ethiopian fancy for a beginning to be dull and repetitious; at the bottom of the ladder must be on the ground.

The singers almost at the first note are many. At the end of the first line every voice is lifted up. The strain is given the second time with growing spirit. Yonder glistening black Hercules, who plants one foot forward, lifts his head and bare, shining chest, and rolls out the song from a mouth and throat like a cavern, is a *candio*, a chief, or was before he was overthrown in battle and dragged away, his village burning behind him, from the mountains of High Soudan. That is an African amulet that hangs about his neck — a *greegree*. He is of the Bambaras, as you may know by his solemn visage and the long tattoo streaks running down from the temples to the neck, broadest in the middle, like knife-gashes. See his play of restrained enthusiasm catch from one bystander to another. They swing and bow to right and left, in slow time to the piercing treble of the Congo women. Some are responsive; others are competitive. Hear that bare foot slap the ground! one sudden stroke only, as it were the foot of a stag. The musicians warm up at the sound. A smiting of breasts with open hands begins very softly and becomes vigor-

ous. The women's voices rise to a tremulous intensity. Among the chorus of Franco-Congo singing-girls is one of extra good voice, who thrusts in, now and again, an improvisation. This girl here, so tall and straight, is a Yaloff. You see it in her almost Hindoo features, and hear it in the plaintive melody of her voice. Now the chorus is more piercing than ever. The women clap their hands in time, or standing with arms akimbo receive with faint courtesies and head-liftings the low bows of the men, who deliver them swinging this way and that.

See! Yonder brisk and sinewy fellow has taken one short, nervy step into the ring, chanting with rising energy. Now he takes another, and stands and sings and looks here and there, rising upon his broad toes and sinking and rising again, with what wonderful lightness! How tall and lithe he is. Notice his brawn shining through his rags. He too, is a *candio*, and by the three long rays of tattooing on each side of his face, a Kiamba. The music has got into his feet. He moves off to the farther edge of the circle, still singing, takes the prompt hand of an unsmiling Congo girl, leads her into the ring, and leaving the chant to the throng, stands her before him for the dance.

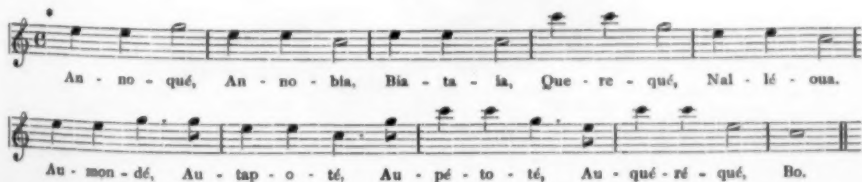
Will they dance to that measure? Wait! A sudden frenzy seizes the musicians. The measure quickens, the swaying, attitudinizing crowd starts into extra activity, the female voices grow sharp and staccato, and suddenly the dance is the furious Bamboula. (See page 529.)

Now for the frantic leaps! Now for frenzy! Another pair are in the ring! The man wears a belt of little bells, or, as a substitute, little tin vials of shot, "bram-bram sonnette!" And still another couple enter the circle. What wild — what terrible delight! The ecstasy rises to madness; one — two — three of the dancers fall — *bloucouloum! boum!* — with foam on their lips and are dragged out by arms and legs from under the tumultuous feet of crowding new-comers. The musicians know no fatigue; still the dance rages on:

"Quand patate la cuite na va mangé li!"

And all to that one nonsense line meaning only,

"When that 'tater's cooked don't you eat it up!"



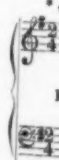


THE BAMBOULA.

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VOL.



It was a frightful triumph of body over mind, even in those early days when the slave was still a genuine pagan; but as his moral education gave him some hint of its enormity, and it became a forbidden fruit monopolized by those of reprobate will, it grew everywhere more and more gross. No wonder the police stopped it in Congo Square. Only the music deserved to survive, and does survive — coin snatched out of the mire. The one just given, Gottschalk first drew from oblivion. I have never heard another to know it as a bamboula; but Mr. Charles P. Ware, in "Slave Songs of the United States," has printed one got from Louisiana, whose characteristics resemble the bamboula reclaimed by Gottschalk in so many points that here is the best place for it: \* As much as to say, in English, "Look at that darky," — we have to lose the saucy double meaning between *mulet* (mule) and *mulâtre* (mulatto) —

"Look at that darky there, Mr. Banjo,  
Doesn't he put on airs!  
Hat cocked on one side, Mr. Banjo,  
Walking-stick in hand, Mr. Banjo,  
Boots that go 'crank, crank,' Mr. Banjo, —  
Look at that darky there, Mr. Banjo,  
Doesn't he put on airs!"



THE LOVE SONG.

It is odd that such fantastical comicality of words should have been mated to such fierce and frantic dancing, but so it was. The reeking faces of the dancers, moreover, always solemnly grave. So we must picture it now if we still fancy ourselves spectators on Congo Plains. The bamboula still roars and rattles, twangs, contorts, and tumbles in terrible earnest, while we stand and talk. So, on and on. Will they dance nothing else? Ah! — the music changes. The rhythm stretches out heathenish and ragged. The quick contagion is caught by a few in the crowd, who take it

up with spirited smittings of the bare sole upon the ground, and of open hands upon the thighs. From a spot near the musicians a single male voice, heavy and sonorous, rises in improvisation, — the Mandingoes brought that art from Africa, — and in a moment many others have joined in refrain, male voices in rolling, bellowing resonance, female responding in high, piercing unison. Partners are stepping into the ring. How strangely the French language is corrupted on the thick negro tongue,

• VOICE. ARR. BY H. E. KREMBIEL. *Fine.*

Vo - yez ce mu - let la, Mi - ché Bain - jo, comme il est in - so - lent. Cha - peau sur co -

PIANO — *Sempre staccato.*

Id, Mi - ché Bain - jo, La canne a la main, Miché Bain - jo, Bottes qui fé crin, crin, Miché Bain - jo.

D. C.

as with waving arms they suit gesture to word and chant (the translation is free, but so is the singing and posturing):

and chanting and swinging and writhing has risen with it, and the song is changed. (See RÉMON, page 530.)

En has hé, en has hé, Par en has yé pé - lé - lé moin, yé pé - lé - lé, Counjaille  
'Way yon - der, 'way yon - der, 'Way down there they're call - ing me, they are calling, but Coonjye,

a dé - baut - ché. Par en haut yé pé - lé - lé moin, yé pé - lé - lé pou' Mom - selle Su-zette,  
has bewitched me, 'Way up there they're call - ing me, They are calling for Mom - selle Su-zette,

Par en has yé pé - lé - le moin, yé pé - lé - lé, Coun - jaille a dé - baut - ché.  
'Way down there they're call - ing me, they are call - ing, (but) Coonjye has be-witched me.

V.

## THE COUNJAILLE.

SUDDENLY the song changes. The rhythm sweeps away long and smooth like a river escaped from its rapids, and in new spirit, with louder drum-beat and more jocund rattle, the voices roll up into the sky and the dancers are at it. Aye, ya, yi!

I could give four verses, but let one suffice; it is from a manuscript copy of the words, probably a hundred years old, that fell into my hands through the courtesy of a Creole lady some two years ago. It is one of the best known of all the old Counjaille songs. The four verses would not complete it. The Counjaille was never complete, and found its end, for the time being, only in the caprice of the improvisator, whose rich, stentorian voice sounded alone between the refrains.

But while we discourse other couples have stepped into the grassy arena, the instrumental din has risen to a fresh height of inspiration, the posing and thigh-beating and breast-patting

But the dance is not changed, and love is still the theme. Sweat streams from the black brows, down the shining black necks and throats, upon the men's bared chests, and into dark, unstayed bosoms. Time wears, shadows lengthen; but the movement is brisker than ever, and the big feet and bent shanks are as light as thistles on the air. Let one flag, another has his place, and a new song gives new vehemence, new inventions in steps, turns, and attitudes.

More stanzas could be added in the original *patois*, but here is a translation into African English as spoken by the Creole negro:

CHORUS. I done been 'roun' to evvy spot  
Don't foun' nair match fo' sweet } *Bis.*  
Layotte.

SOLO. I done hunt all dis settlement  
All de way 'roun' fum Pierre Soniat';  
Never see yalla gal w'at kin  
'Gin to lay 'longside sweet Layotte.  
I done been, etc.

SOLO. I yeh dey talk 'bout 'Loise gal—  
Loise, w'at b'long to Pierre Soniat';  
I see her, but she can't biggin  
Stan' up 'longside my sweet Layotte.  
I done been, etc.

Inne, dé, trois, Caroline, Qui ci ça yé comme ça ma chère ? Mo l'aimé toé,  
Inne, dé, trois, Caroline, Quo fère t'apé crié ma chère ?

to conné ça, Si - yé to zé - é et vien bo moin ; Mo l'aimé toé, to conné ça, Si - yé to zé - é et vien bo moin.



A MARCHANDE DES CALAS.

SOLO. I been meet up wid John Bayou,  
Say to him, "John Bayou, my son,  
Yalla gal nevva meet yo' view  
Got a face lak dat chahmin' one!"  
I done been, etc.

The fair Layotte appears not only in other versions of this *counjaille* but in other songs. (See MA MOURRI, page 531.)

Or in English:

Well I know, young men, I must die,  
Yes, crazy, I must die.  
Well I know, young men, I must crazy die,  
Yes, crazy, I must die. Eh-h-h-h!  
For the fair Layotte, I must crazy die,— Yes, etc.  
Well I know, young men, I must die,— Yes, etc.  
Well I know, young men, I must crazy die,  
I must die for the fair Layotte.

## VI.

## THE CALINDA.

THERE were other dances. Only a few years ago I was honored with an invitation, which I had to decline, to see danced the Babouille, the Cata (or Chacta), the Counjaille, and the Calinda. Then there were the

Voudou, and the Congo, to describe which would not be pleasant. The latter, called Congo also in Cayenne, Chica in San Domingo, and in the Windward Islands confused under one name with the Calinda, was a kind of Fandango, they say, in which the Madras kerchief held by its tip-ends played a graceful part.

The true Calinda was bad enough. In Louisiana, at least, its song was always a grossly personal satirical ballad, and it was the favorite dance all the way from there to Trinidad. To dance it publicly is not allowed this side the West Indies. All this Congo Square business was suppressed at one time; 1843, says tradition.

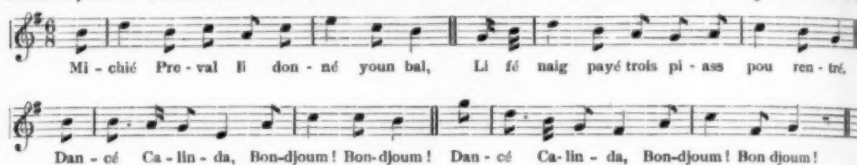
The Calinda was a dance of multitude, a sort of vehement cotillion. The contortions of the encircling crowd were strange and terrible, the din was hideous. One Calinda is still familiar to all Creole ears; it has long been a vehicle for the white Creole's satire; for generations the man of municipal politics was fortunate who escaped entirely a lampooning set to its air.

In my childhood I used, at one time, to hear,

every morning, a certain black *marchande des calas* — peddler-woman selling rice croquettes — chanting the song as she moved from street to street at the sunrise hour with her broad, shallow, laden basket balanced on her head.

be covered by the roll of victims. The masters winked at these gross but harmless liberties and, as often as any others, added stanzas of their own invention.

The Calinda ended these dissipations of the



In other words, a certain Judge Preval gave a ball — not an outdoor Congo dance — and made such Cuffees as could pay three dollars a ticket. It doesn't rhyme, but it was probably true. "Dance, dance the Calindá! Boujourn! Boujourn!"

The number of stanzas has never been counted; here are a few of them.

"Dans l'écurie la 'y' avé grand gala;  
Mo cré choual la yé t b'en étonné.

Miché Preval, li té capitaine bal;  
So cocher Louis, té maite cérémonie.

Y avé des négresse belle passé maitresse,  
Qui volé bel-bel dans l'ormoire momeille.

Ala maite la geol: li trouvé si drole,  
Li dii, "moin aussi, mo fé bal ici."

Ouatchman la yé yé tombé la dans;  
Yé fé gran' déga dans léquirie la." etc.

"It was in a stable that they had this gala night," says the song; "the horses there were greatly astonished. Preval was captain; his coachman, Louis, was master of ceremonies. There were negresses made prettier than their mistresses by adornments stolen from the ladies' wardrobes (*armoires*). But the jailer found it all so funny that he proposed to himself to take an unexpected part; the watchmen came down "—

No official exaltation bought immunity from the jeer of the Calinda. Preval was a magistrate. Stephen Mazureau, in his attorney-general's office, the song likened to a bull-frog in a bucket of water. A page might

summer Sabbath afternoons. They could not run far into the night, for all the fascinations of all the dances could not excuse the slave's tarrying in public places after a certain other *bou-djoum*! (that was not of the Calinda, but of the regular nine-o'clock evening gun) had rolled down Orleans street from the Place d'Armes; and the black man or woman who wanted to keep a whole skin on the back had to keep out of the Calaboose. Times have changed, and there is nothing to be regretted in the change that has come over Congo Square. Still a glamour hangs over its dark past. There is the pathos of slavery, the poetry of the weak oppressed by the strong, and of limbs that danced after toil, and of barbaric love-making. The rags and semi-nakedness, the bamboula drum, the dance, and almost the banjo, are gone; but the *bizarre* melodies and dark lovers' apostrophes live on; and among them the old Counjaille song of Aurore Pradère.

#### AURORE PRADÈRE.

CHO. || Aurore Pradère, pretty maid, || (*ter*)  
She's just what I want and her I'll have.  
SOLO. Some folks say she's too pretty, quite;  
Some folks they say she's not polite;  
All this they say — Psha-a-ah!  
More fool am I!  
For she's what I want and her I'll have.

CHO. || Aurore Pradère, pretty maid, || (*ter*)  
She's just what I want and her I'll have.  
SOLO. Some say she's going to the bad;  
Some say that her mamma went mad;  
All this they say — Psha-a-ah!  
More fool am I!  
For she's what I want and her I'll have.



THE CALABOOSE.

Mr. Ware and his associate compilers have neither of these stanzas, but one very pretty one; the third in the music as printed here, and which we translate as follows:

SOLO. A muslin gown she doesn't choose,  
She doesn't ask for broided hose,  
She doesn't want prunella shoes,  
O she's what I want and her I'll have.

CHO. Aurore Pradère, etc.

This article and another on a kindred theme were originally projected as the joint work of Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, musical editor of the "New York Tribune," author of "The History of Choral Music in New York City," etc.; and the present writer. But under the many prior claims of the journalist's profession, Mr. Krehbiel withdrew from the work, though not until he had furnished a number of instrumental accompaniments, as well as the "Quill Song" credited to him, and much valuable coöperation.

As may in part be seen by the names attached to the musical scores, the writer is indebted to a number of friends: Mr. Krehbiel; Miss Mary L. Bartlett,

of Hartford, Conn.; Madame Louis Lejeune, of New Orleans; Dr. Blodgett, of Smith College, Northampton, Mass.; Mr. C. G. Ware, of Brookline, in the same State; Madame Clara Gottschalk Petersen, of Philadelphia; and in his earlier steps—for the work of collection has been slow—to that skillful French translator and natural adept in research, Mr. Lascadio Hearn, of New Orleans; the late Isaac N. Philips, Mr. Louis Powers, Miss Clara Cooper Hallaran, the late Professor Alexander Dimitry, all of the same city; Madame Sidonie de la Houssaye, of Franklin, La.; and, through the editors of THE CENTURY, to Mr. W. Macrum, of Pittsburg.—G. W. C.

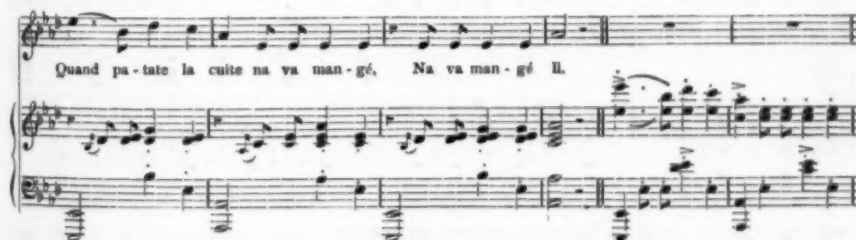
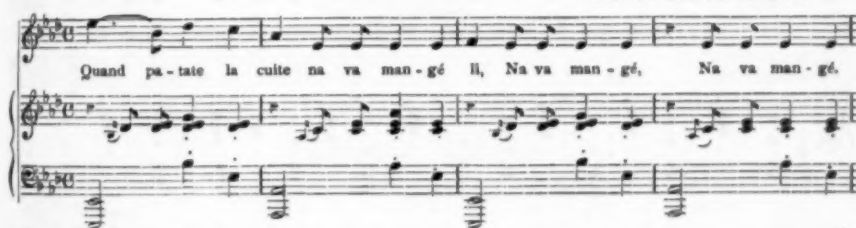
## QUILL TUNE.

NOTED BY H. E. KREHBIEL.

*Quill notes on the staff; voice notes below.*

## THE BAMBOULA.

ARR. BY MISS M. L. BARTLETT.





## RÉMON, RÉMON.

ARR. BY JOHN A. BROCKHOVEN.

Mo parlé Ré-mon, Rémon, Li parlé Si-mon, Si-mon, Li par-lé Ti-tine, Ti-tine li tombé dans chagria. O

femme Romolus, O-o! Belle femme Romolus, O-o! O femme Romolus, O-o! Belle femme, qui ça volez moi.

## BELLE LAYOTTE.

ARR. BY JOHN A. BROCKHOVEN.

Mo de - ja rou - lé tout la côte, Pancore 'oir pa - reil belle La - yotte, Mo de - ja rou - lé

tout la côte, Pancore 'oir pa - reil belle Layotte. Mo rou - lé tout la co - lo - nie, Di - pi cé Mi - ché

Pierre So - niat, Pancore 'oir in grif-fonne comme ça, Com - pa - rabe a mo belle La - yotte.

## MA MOURRI.

ARR. BY H. E. KREHBIEL.

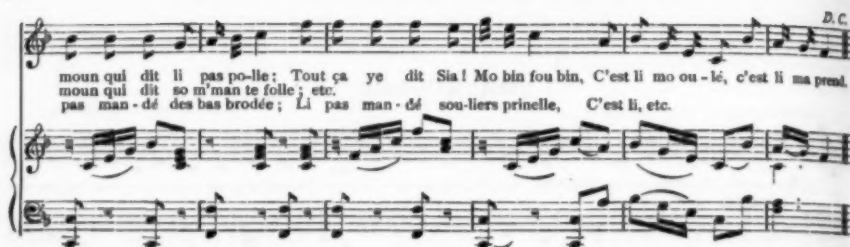
Mo connin, zins zens, ma mourri, Oui, 'nocent, ma mourri; Mo connin, zins zens, ma mourri 'nocent, Oul, 'nocent, ma mour-ri. Eh-h! pou la belle La-yotte ma mour-i 'nocent, Oul, 'no-cent, ma mourri. Mo connin, zins zens, ma mourri, Oul, 'nocent, ma mourri. Mo connin, zins zens, ma mourri 'nocent, Ma mourri pou la belle Layotte.

## AURORE PRADÈRE.

ARR. BY H. E. KREHBIEL.

Au - rore Pra - dère, belle 'ti' fille, Au - rore Pra - dère, belle 'ti' fille, Au - rore Pra - dère, belle 'ti' fille, C'est li mo ou - lé, C'est li ma prend. 1. Ya moun qui di li trop zo - lie; Ya 2. Ya moun qui di li gagne la geole; Ya 3. Li pas man - dé robe mous-se - line, Li

*Fine.*



George W. Cable.

## WILL THE LAND BECOME A DESERT?

**I**N spite of the fact that Americans are really fond of trees, and do not, like Spaniards or Turks, exterminate them wantonly for the sake of exterminating them, the trees will yet be sacrificed under the strong demand for fuel, lumber, and land to cultivate. Forests will not produce bread, and the millions of the future must have bread. The question of forest extermination must be looked at quite unæsthetically. Under such a sacrifice of the woodlands as appears likely to come, will the land become a desert? Is there any less fearful side to the picture than that which Bryant shows us in his "Indian at the Burial-place of his Fathers":

"The springs are silent in the sun;  
 The rivers by the blackened shore  
 With lessened current run;  
 The realm our tribes were crushed to get  
 May be a barren desert yet?"

Our country is not now meagerly provided with forests. In addition to the vast aggregate expanse of woodlands which are the property of private persons or of States of the Union, the timber-lands owned by the Federal Government in 1880 were estimated (no exact account of the matter having ever been made) at 84,000,000 acres. This area is half the size of Texas, and twice the size of Virginia. These woods are widely scattered, 20,000,000 acres being in the Southern States, and a very large proportion of the remainder west of the Mississippi. But this total area falls far short of the one-quarter of the land which, it is held, should be left wooded for climatic reasons. If the land is to become arid for want of timber, it is clear that the Government, without planting trees on its lands or seizing private woodlands, cannot prevent it, though it may preserve in special districts the proportion of timber-land which is deemed desirable.

The forests of the region west of the hundredth meridian, themselves very considerable in extent, though not relatively so, do not prevent that part of the country from being arid as a whole; nor has the destruction of forests on the Atlantic slope made this region arid. In the Far West natural conditions have been undisturbed until very lately. In the East timber-cutting has been unchecked; but the East is vastly better wooded to-day than the West. The aridity of the Western plains cannot be due to their loss of trees at some former epoch, for it does not appear that they have ever been wooded. They are a raw and primitive surface. Our own arid regions, like the other great deserts of the world, are supposed to have been swept together or distributed by marine currents, and to have been elevated above the ocean by the same means as the other upheaved strata.\* Lieutenant Ives, an early explorer of the trans-Mississippi region, found, indeed, in the central basin, near the Mexican border, tracts with trees standing dry and dead, as if killed within a recent period; but such discoveries have been extremely rare. There is no large district in our West (I mean large relatively to the mass of the country) known to owe its aridity to disafforesting. The character of the soil, not the hand of man, has prevented the clothing of a great portion of the Western plains with woods. We find, for instance, that the line upon these plains marking the junction of the carboniferous rocks with the cretaceous and the tertiary is a distinct limitation of many trees. The soil and the underlying rocks are too porous to retain sufficient moisture to nourish forests, † though the earth struggles to clothe itself with trees, and has, where the conditions are in some measure favorable, been able to do so; and the gradual transformation of the surface

\* G. P. Marsh, "The Earth as Modified by Human Action," p. 546.

† "Distribution of the Forests and Trees of America." J. G. Cooper, Smithsonian Report, 1858.

by human occupancy is being followed by the extension of tree-growths. As for the prairie regions proper, further east, we shall presently see how they have spontaneously sought a tree-covering for themselves as their surface grew less primitive, and have been obliged to seek it from neighboring regions.

The soil has as great an influence in the East as in the West, but in a different direction. There can be no phenomenon more striking throughout the whole region east of the prairies than the great vitality and spontaneity of growth of kinds of trees suited to the soil. If a forest in this part of the country is cut down simply for its timber, and not with a view to the use of the soil, the new growth, being left free, springs up immediately. I have stood on the most barren portion of the pine-belt of Michigan, where the timber had all been cut away, and where the soil was clear sand. As far as the eye could reach there was a continuous though scanty stretch of scrub-oaks, thorns, blackberry-bushes, and other more or less stunted growths, interspersed with a crop of coarse weeds,—a poor vegetation, leaving the land unspeakably wearisome to the eye, and yet affording the beginning of a future genuine forest-growth. And in the Old Colony district of Massachusetts I know many stony wastes and hill-sides, never cultivated, but regularly and completely stripped of their timber for fuel as often as it grows large enough to "work up," the last cutting having been within thirty years; yet there is on every hand a most promising growth of young trees of many varieties, deciduous and evergreen. A very large portion of eastern Massachusetts is now covered with a young forest-growth, everywhere vigorous, and sometimes almost impenetrable—a forest which no man planted, and which exists in spite of the most persistent and unsparing felling of the timber. This condition seems to be the rule except upon Cape Cod and other tracts bordering the ocean, where the severity of the winds blights young tree-growths.

If the forests are burned, the new growth asserts itself with astonishing vigor. The late Mr. Marsh, in the invaluable work already mentioned, "The Earth as Modified by Human Action," mentions the case of the great forest fire of Miramichi in 1825, "probably the most extensive and terrific conflagration recorded in authentic history, which spread over six thousand square miles, and was of such intensity that it seemed to consume the very soil itself; but in twenty-five years the ground was thickly covered with trees of fair dimensions." The same phenomenon has occurred in the case of forest fires throughout our eastern and central regions.

And if the original forest is cut down in order that the soil may be tilled or grazed, it need not suffer deterioration. The effect of tillage is not desiccation, and the land that is actually tilled must not be begrudged to man, whether it is taken from the forest or the savanna. If the soil is grazed, the covering of turf (except on very steep hill-sides) prevents it from washing away; holds the rain as it falls more readily than the forest itself, though it afterward throws it off more rapidly by evaporation; and grows richer, deeper, and more capable of retaining moisture, even though the springs may be "silent in the sun." And if the pastures are not watched and guarded, evergreen-trees, which the cattle will not crop, quickly cover the ground, if there are trees of the sort in the neighborhood to cast the seeds. Hundreds of pastures in Vermont and New Hampshire are becoming pine or spruce forests, because they have been abandoned by farmers moving westward, or not properly cared for by their "shiftless" owners. Indeed, the white pine is now reasserting itself in its old New England habitat to an extent which threatens to turn the land into a wilderness.

Precipitous mountain slopes must, of course, suffer a considerable and rapid erosion during heavy rains if stripped all at once of their timber, the new growth finding it very hard to establish itself. But many of the steepest mountain slopes might lose their covering of soil without sensibly altering the climatic conditions of the surrounding regions. The space above the timber-line cannot be clothed with woods. The area of totally bare rock surface in the White and Green mountains and their spurs, which has been bare from a time antedating our knowledge, is sufficient to cause inundations which could not be prevented by any amount of reafforestation, though they may be aggravated by an increase of the area of bare surface. The bare faces of Lafayette and Moosilauke alone must pour down into the streams below a vast volume of water in every heavy rain. If inundations are to be prevented in the districts below mountains, reservoirs must be constructed to retain the water; and these, it has been demonstrated, will perform this work more effectively than the forests themselves.

We can only conclude that the region of the Appalachians and the Atlantic coast are not in danger of falling into aridity through loss of trees from any process now going on. What is the condition and prospect with regard to the great Mississippi Valley, west of the wooded foot-hills of the Alleghanies and east of the arid plains? This region was not originally wooded. This is proved not only by the story told by the soil, but by the fact

that, though it was not without its woodlands at the time of its settlement, it *has no characteristic trees*. All are derived either from the Appalachian region or from the west and north, ninety varieties coming from the east, and only nine or ten from the west and north.\* The great prairie region has sought all the trees it possesses from adjoining regions. Does it lose these under occupancy? The testimony of the inhabitants is strongly to the effect that there are more trees in the prairie States than have ever been there at any previous epoch. Tree-planting is encouraged in many ways, and is a prevailing fashion. There is no systematic forest-planting worthy the name, but there is going on a process of spontaneous growth or spreading of certain kinds of trees upon the prairies, especially of cottonwoods, which may some time produce genuine forests. This large section is gaining trees, not losing them.

And here we reach the consideration of a highly important fact, which seems to teach us that the greater part of our national territory is beyond the danger of a serious change in its character. The fact that permanence of conditions may be reached is shown by Marsh, who says on the subject:

"If the precipitation, whether great or small in amount, be equally distributed through the seasons, so that there are neither torrential rains nor parching droughts, and if, further, the general inclination of ground be moderate, so that the superficial waters are carried off without destructive rapidity of flow, and without sudden accumulation in the channels of natural drainage, there is little danger of the degradation of the soil in consequence of the removal of forest or other vegetable covering, and the natural face of the earth may be considered as virtually permanent. These conditions are well exemplified in Ireland, in a great part of England, in extensive districts in Germany, and, fortunately, in an immense proportion of the valley of the Mississippi, and the basin of the great American lakes."

As for the South, it is still a land abounding in forests. Its great woods have scarcely been touched, save where the turpentine industry has stripped some of the more accessible districts of their pines. But this immunity is, unfortunately, not likely to continue. The lumbering industry is turning southward from exhausted Northern forests. The Southern hard-wood district extends over large portions of North Carolina, West Virginia, Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky. About one-half of the last-named State is said to be covered with fine and valuable forests. West Virginia has enormous forests of cherry, walnut, white

oak, maple, ash, and black spruce timber. In North Carolina there yet remain at least forty thousand square miles of fine forests. In that State and Tennessee there are white pine and the much-valued long-leaf pine in abundance, and further south is a vast area of yellow pine and cypress. But already inroads are being made in the Southern forests. A recent number of the Boston "Commercial Bulletin" names five places in Kentucky where large saw-mills have been erected within the last eighteen months. It adds that numerous wood-working establishments have been erected there and elsewhere in the South. This need not be a melancholy assurance, as it certainly is now, if the forests were to be *used* instead of destroyed; but the American woodman does not understand the distinction. Other Southern States will doubtless soon join Kentucky in the wood-working industry, and the Government timber will be taken first, because it is cheaper to "take" than to buy. It remains to be seen whether the South, with its fiercer sun, can stand the cutting down of its forests without unfavorable climatic effect. But there is little reason to suppose that the timber-growth of the South would not be found at least as persistent as that of the North and West.

At about the hundredth meridian west from Greenwich the prairies give way to the plains, so called, and new conditions begin. But the prairies, as we have already seen, are encroaching upon the plains; the latter are losing their buffalo-grass, even in advance of cultivation, exchanging it for the rich, sharp-bladed, thick, and tall prairie-grass, which covers the ground when it falls in masses, and around the roots of which a moss-like undergrowth forms and *humus* is created. The earth, with the true wild prairie-grass growing upon it, becomes as spongy as in a forest.† The shifty soil becomes fixed; the rainfall is equalized; roadside shade-trees and even orchards are planted, and begin to thrive under the new conditions. Very many of the people familiar with these changes believe that eventually the cultivated belt will extend to the base of the Rocky Mountains. An extravagant prediction, perhaps; but it is, at least, certain that the cultivated and measurably humid region is extending westward.

Forests grow upon the Rocky Mountains at an altitude of eleven thousand feet above the sea, and are often very extensive. More serious consequences follow their destruction

\* "Distribution of Forests and Trees of North America." J. G. Cooper, Smithsonian Report, 1858.

† This condition is perhaps reached only where the prairie-grass is left uncut for a few years. I have

known a prairie fire in southern Wisconsin, in an exceptionally dry season, to burn away two feet of the surface soil, because the soil for that depth was little else than a mass of roots of the grass, mingled with moss and light loam.



than follow the similar process on the Appalachian ranges. The spontaneity of reafforestation characteristic of the more humid regions does not seem to prevail; very destructive avalanches and land-slides are the first effect of the destruction of these woods. The chief danger here is the drying up of the streams, upon which agriculture at the base of the mountains is wholly dependent for irrigation. Agriculture there does not thrive without artificial irrigation; a constantly increasing supply of water is needed, and vast sums are expended in making great irrigating canals. But if the sources of the streams are dried up by the destruction of the mountain forests, these great ditches, upon which millions are to be spent, will be useless. The people of Colorado, New Mexico, and other Western States and Territories dependent upon irrigation, appear quite indifferent to forest destruction; but it is the duty of Congress to be watchful in this respect, even if the people chiefly interested are not. All the Western mountain forests should be withdrawn at once from preemption or sale—a step which would not, of course, prevent the Government from deriving a considerable revenue, in time, from the sale of the timber which could be spared.

It appears to be quite within the bounds of possibility, if the proper efforts of the settlers to water and cultivate the soil are seconded by prudent legislation, while such legislation is possible,—the work of both citizens and Government being still further advanced, as it would surely be, by the kindly efforts of nature,—to make the Western arid region no longer arid, and to render it fit for the occupancy of millions of people where thousands now subsist. Would not such a transformation be a result worthy of the efforts of the greatest statesmen? Would not the forwarding of such a work be a noble feature in the policy of any political party?

But with the destruction of the forests now on the mountains which are robbed by the Sierras of the moisture of the Pacific winds, we must look for the end of all possibility of successful irrigation in the entire region, except in certain favored valleys; for the relapse to a desert state of tracts already reclaimed; for the enlargement of the area of desolation; and for the aggravation of every climatic evil that now afflicts the region.

The Pacific coast proper has many advantages in climate, but the irregularity in precipitation that now constitutes so great a menace to the agriculture of California would, no doubt, be aggravated by loss of the forests now standing. In Oregon and Washington Territory the moisture is certainly abundant, and the immense forests, as yet almost un-

touched, exercise a beneficial effect upon the climate.

HAVING completed this rapid survey of our own country, with a result possibly in some degree reassuring, though not altogether so, we may with profit, I believe, note certain considerations of a general nature bearing on the question under examination. We have been told often that the Mediterranean countries indicate what the face of our own country may become through disafforesting. The conditions of that region, however, are not like those of any considerable portion of the United States. Parching winds from the African deserts tend to prevent reafforestation, as the winds from the Australian deserts blight the vegetation of the Timor group of the Malay Archipelago, while all the islands protected from these winds are marked by a luxuriance and vigor of vegetation not equaled elsewhere.

True desert lands are the result of geologic causes; or, where lands have become desert through loss of forests and erosion, such lands have generally been within the reach of the parching influence of neighboring deserts. This is exemplified in the desolation of a large area upon the slopes of the Atlas Mountains in northern Africa. The breath of the Sahara has not only seconded the destructive agencies of man—and in this instance of the camel and goat, which crop all young vegetation—in rendering desolate a large portion of northern Africa, once fruitful, but is now, as we have seen, withering the shores of southern Europe. It is a significant fact that while the southern slopes of the Pyrenees are bare, the northern are wooded. On the other hand, lesser areas, arid from original causes, tend to clothe themselves with vegetation. The plains of Hungary were, within a recent geological period, a desert. They are now almost unwatered save by streams from the mountains which traverse them; the water in the wells and occasional pools is very brackish, and great sand-storms even now sometimes fill the streets of Debreczin and Pesh. Yet these plains are the most fruitful region of Austria-Hungary, producing immense crops of grain. They are treeless, and always have been; but nature has reclaimed them.

There is no proof that the amount of rainfall is diminished by destruction of forests, nor has any forest destruction in the United States, where summer rains fall, put an end to those rains; and we have good authority for assuming that "in the United States, where summer rains are abundant, the quantity of water furnished by deep wells and natural streams depends almost as much upon the

rains of summer as those of the rest of the year, and consequently a large portion of the rain of that season must find its way into strata too deep for the water to be wasted by evaporation."\*

Inundations certainly do result from the destruction of forests at the head-waters of rivers, but these and other resulting evils are curable in a very great degree, as a last resort, by the systematic cultivation of forests there. Even partial reafforestation in Brescia, Bergamo, and other Italian provinces, is said to have stopped the inundations in their streams. The Landes or sand-wastes of Gascony have, to a great extent, been rendered once more inhabitable by the planting of woods.

Totally unwooded districts in a humid region, conditions of soil being favorable, are in no danger of becoming arid. Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, Rhode Island, Block Island, and other islands on the Atlantic coast are practically treeless, but are no more subject to droughts than wooded districts on the mainland. On these islands, however, the natural water-courses are to a great extent dried up.

Inundations, it has been proved, can be prevented by artificial reservoirs upon the head-waters of rivers.

Nature appears to pass through periods of loss and recovery. In France, where a sentiment has, during the present generation, been aroused in behalf of forest preservation, destruction is no new thing. "Under the reign of Augustus," says Ribbe, in "La Provence," "the forests which protected the Cévennes were felled or destroyed by fire in mass. A vast country, before covered with impenetrable woods, was suddenly swept bare, and soon after a scourge hitherto unknown struck terror over the land — the mistral." Provence, however, was once more thickly clothed with

woods. Once more a large part of it has been stripped with disastrous results. In the great alluvial plain of northern Italy the superficial stratum of fine earth and vegetable mold is very extensively underlaid with beds of pebbles and gravel, brought down by mountain torrents at a remote epoch.† Now the torrents are again overlaying the mold with gravel. This points to an ancient erosion from which there was recovery.

THE reasonable conclusion of the whole matter would seem to be that while there is no present serious menace to the eastern half of the United States through the loss of forests, there is good reason to urge the preservation of as much of them as possible and the encouragement of new plantations; while in the western half of the country the immediate withdrawal from sale of the whole body of forests belonging to the Government is highly desirable. There should be an exhaustive inquiry, at the hands of a competent Government commission, into the subject of the extent of forests belonging to the Government, their location, value, character, etc., the proportion of private lands now wooded, and the apparent dependence or independence, as the case may be, of all sections of the country upon the modifying effect of forests. Exact information is now needed, which could scarcely be obtained except through the efforts of such a commission.

Sentimental considerations, I suppose, are to be held secondary to the practical in the matter; but they are powerful, and should be aroused in behalf of no object more readily than the woods, which have occupied so large a place in the sentimental life of man from the earliest times.

*Joseph Edgar Chamberlin.*

\* Marsh, p. 217. † Baird Smith, "Italian Irrigation."

## RETROSPECT.

*Los Angeles.*

A BREATH of balm,— of orange bloom!

By what strange fancy wafted me,  
Through the lone starlight of the room?

And suddenly I seem to see

The long, low vale, with tawny edge

Of hills, within the sunset glow;

Cool vine-rows through the cactus hedge,

And fluttering gleams of orchard snow.

Far off, the slender line of white

Against the blue of ocean's crest;

The slow sun sinking into night,

A quivering opal, in the west.

Somewhere a stream sings, far away;

Somewhere from out the hidden groves,

And dreamy as the dying day,

Comes the soft coo of mourning doves.

One moment all the world is peace!

The years like clouds are rolled away,

And I am on those sunny leas,

A child, amid the flowers at play.

*Ina D. Coolbrith.*

## A BORROWED MONTH.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" etc.

EAST.

I AM a painter of landscapes, and my brethren in the craft, as well as all those who delight in the beauties of lake and valley, the grandeur of snowy mountain-peaks, and the invigoration of pure mountain air, can imagine the joy with which I found myself in Switzerland on a sketching tour. It had not been easy for me to make this, my first visit to Europe. Circumstances, which the very slightly opened purses of my patrons had not enabled me to control, had deferred it for several years. And even now my stay was strictly limited, and I must return by a steamer which sailed for America early in the autumn. But I had already traveled a good deal on the Continent; had seen Italy; and now had six summer weeks to give to Switzerland. Six months would have suited me much better, but youth and enthusiasm can do a great deal of sketching and nature-reveling in six weeks.

I began what I called my Alpine holidays in a little town not far from the upper end of Lake Geneva, and at the close of my second day of rambling and sketching I was attacked by a very disagreeable and annoying pain in my left leg. It did not result, so far as I could ascertain, from a sprain, a bruise, or a break, but seemed to be occasioned by a sort of tantalizing rheumatism; for while it entirely disappeared when I remained at rest, its twinges began as soon as I had taken half-a-dozen steps in walking. The next day I consulted a doctor, and he gave me a lotion. This, however, was of no service, and for three or four days he made use of other remedies, none of which were of the slightest benefit to me.

But, although I was confined to the house during this period, I did not lose my time. From the windows of my room in the hotel I had a series of the most enchanting views, which I sketched from early morning until twilight, with an earnest and almost ecstatic zeal. On the other side of the lake rose, ten thousand feet in the air, the great Dent du Midi, with its seven peaks clear and sharp against the sky, surrounded by its sister mountains, most of them dark of base and white of tip. To the east stretched the

beautiful valley of the Rhone, up which the view extended to the pale-blue pyramid of Mont Vélán. Curving northward around the end of the lake was a range of lower mountains, rocky or verdant; while at their base, glistening in the sun, lay the blue lake reflecting the white clouds in the sky, and dotted here and there with little vessels, their lateen-sails spread out like the wings of a descending bird.

I sketched and painted the lake and mountains, by the light of morning, in their noontide splendors, and when all lay in shadow except where the highest snowy peaks were tipped with the rosy afterglow. My ailment gave me no trouble at all so long as I sat still and painted, and in the wonderful opportunity afforded by nature to my art I forgot all about it.

But in the course of a week I began to get very impatient. There was a vast deal more of Switzerland to be seen and sketched; my time was growing short, and the pain occasioned by walking had not abated in the least. I felt that I must have other views than those which were visible from my window, and I had myself driven to various points accessible to vehicles, from which I made some very satisfactory sketches. But this was not roaming in Alpine valleys and climbing mountain-peaks. It was only a small part of what brought me to Switzerland, and my soul rebelled. Could any worse fate befall a poor young artist, who had struggled so hard to get over here, than to be thus chained and trammelled in the midst of the grandest opportunities his art life had yet known?

My physician gave me but little comfort. He assured me that if I used his remedies and had patience, there would be no doubt of my recovery; but that it would take time. When I eagerly asked how much time would be required, he replied that it would probably be some weeks before I was entirely well, for these disorders generally wore off quite gradually.

"Some weeks!" I ejaculated when he had gone. "And I have barely a month left for Switzerland!"

This state of affairs not only depressed me, but it disheartened me. I might have gone by rail to other parts of Switzerland, and made other sketches from hotels and carriages,

but this I did not care to do. If I must still carry about with me my figurative ball and chain, I did not wish to go where new temptations would beckon and call and scream to me from every side. Better to remain where I was; where I could more easily become used to my galling restraints. This was morbid reasoning, but I had become morbid in body and mind.

One evening I went in the hotel omnibus to the Kursaal of the little town where I was staying. In this building, to which visitors from the hotels and *pensions* of the vicinity went in considerable numbers every afternoon and evening, for the reason that they had nothing else to do, the usual concert was going on in the theater. In a small room adjoining, a company of gentlemen and ladies, the latter chiefly English or Russian, were making bets on small metal horses and jockeys which spun round on circular tracks, and ran races which were fairer to the betters than the majority of those in which flesh-and-blood animals, human and equine, take part. Opening from this apartment was a large refreshment-room, in which I took my seat. Here I could smoke a cigar and listen to the music, and perhaps forget for a time the doleful world in which I lived. I had not been long seated before I was joined by a man whom I had met before, and in whom I had taken some interest. He was a little man with a big head, on which he occasionally wore a high-crowned black straw hat; but whenever the sun did not make it absolutely necessary he carried this in his hand. His clothes were black and of very thin material, and he always had the appearance of being too warm. In my occasional interviews with him I had discovered that he was a reformer, and that his yearnings in the direction of human improvement were very general and inclusive.

This individual sat down at my little table and ordered a glass of beer.

"You do not look happy," he said. "Have you spoiled a picture?"

"No," I replied, "but a picture has been spoiled for me." And, as he did not understand this reply, I explained to him how the artistic paradise which I had mentally painted for myself had been scraped from the canvas by the knife of my malicious ailment.

"I have been noticing," he said,—he spoke very fair English, but it was not his native tongue,—"that you have not walked. It is a grand pity." And he stroked his beard and looked at me steadfastly. "An artist who is young is free," he said, after some moments' reflection. "He is not obliged to carry the load of a method which has grown upon him

like the goitre of one of these people whom you meet here. He can despise methods and be himself. You have everything in art before you, and it is not right that you should be held to the ground like a serpent in your own country, with a forked stick. You have some friends, perhaps?"

I replied, a little surprised, that I had a great many friends in America.

"It is of no import where they are," he said. And then he again regarded me in silence. "Have you a good faith?" he presently asked.

"In what?" said I.

"In anything. Yourself, principally."

I replied that just now I had very little faith of that sort.

His face clouded; he frowned, and, pushing away his empty glass, he rose from the table. "You are a skeptic," he said, "and an infidel of the worst sort."

In my apathetic state this remark did not annoy me. "No man would be a skeptic," I said carelessly, "if other people did not persist in disagreeing with him."

But my companion paid no attention to me, and walked away before I had finished speaking. In a few minutes he came back, and, leaning over the table, he said in low but excited tones: "It is to yourself that you are an infidel. That is very wrong. It is degrading."

"I do not understand you at all," I said. "Won't you sit down and tell me what you mean?"

He seated himself, and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. Then he fixed his eyes upon me, and said: "It is not to everybody I would speak as I now speak to you. You must believe something. Do you not believe in the outstretching power of the mind; of the soul?"

My ideas in this regard were somewhat chaotic. I did not know what was his exact meaning, but I thought it best to say that it was likely that some souls could outstretch.

"And do you not believe," he continued, "that when your friend sleeps, and your thoughts are fixed upon him, and your whole soul goes out to him in its most utter force and strength, that your mind becomes his mind?"

I shook my head. "That is going rather far," I said.

"It is not far," he exclaimed emphatically. "It is but a little way. We shall go much farther than that when we know more. And is it that you doubt that the mind is in the brain? And where is pain? Is it in the foot? In the arm? It is not so. It is in the brain. If you cut off your wounded foot, you have



the pain all the same; the brain remains. I will say this to you. If it were I who had soul-friends, it would not be that every day I should shut the door on my art. Once it happened that I suffered—not like you, much worse. But I did not suffer every day. No, no, my friend, not every day. But that was I; I have faith. But I need speak no more to you. You are infidel. You do not believe in yourself."

And with this he suddenly pushed back his chair, picked up his black straw hat from the floor, and walked out of the room, wiping his forehead as he went. I am not given to sudden reciprocations of sentiment, but what this man had said made a good deal of impression upon me. Not that I had any confidence in the value of his psychological ideas, but his words suggested a train of thought which kept me awake a long time after I had gone to bed that night; and gradually I began to consider the wonderful advantage and help it would be to me if it were possible that a friend could bear my infirmity even for a day. It would inconvenience him but little. If he remained at rest he would feel no pain, and he might be very glad to be obliged to take a quiet holiday with his books & family. And what a joy would that holiday be to me among the Alps, and relieved of my fetters! The notion grew. One day one friend might take up my burden, and the next another. How little this would be for them; how much for me! If I should select thirty friends, they could, by each taking a day of pleasant rest, make me free to enjoy to the utmost the month which yet remained for Switzerland. My mind continued to dwell on this pleasing fancy, and I went to sleep while counting on my fingers the number of friends I had who would each be perfectly willing to bear for a day the infirmity which was so disastrous to me, but which would be of such trifling importance to them.

I woke very early in the morning, and my thoughts immediately recurred to the subject of my ailment and my friends. What a pity it was that such an advantageous arrangement should be merely whim and fancy! But if my companion of the night before were here, he would tell me that there was no impossibility, only a want of faith—faith in the power of mind over mind, of mind over body, and, primarily, of faith in my own mind and will. I smiled as I thought of what might happen if his ideas were based on truth. There was my friend Will Troy. How gladly would he spend a day at home in his easy-chair, smoking his pipe and forgetting, over a novel, that there were such things as ledgers, day-books, and columns of figures, while I

strode gayly over the mountain-sides. If Troy had any option in the matter, he would not hesitate for a moment; and, knowing this, I would not hesitate for a moment in making the little arrangement, if it could be made. If belief in myself could do it, it would be done; and I began to wonder if it were possible, in any case, for a man to believe in himself to such an extent.

Suddenly I determined to try. "It is early morning here," I said to myself, "and in America it must be about the middle of the night, and Will Troy is probably sound asleep. Let me then determine, with all the energy of my mental powers, that my mind shall be his mind, and that he shall understand thoroughly that he has some sort of trouble in his left leg which will not inconvenience him at all if he allows it to rest, but which will hurt him very much if he attempts to walk about. Then I will make up my mind, quite decidedly, that for a day it shall be Will who will be subject to this pain, and not I."

For half an hour I lay flat on my back, my lips firmly pressed together, my hands clinched, and my eyes fixed upon the immutable peaks of the Dent du Midi, which were clearly visible through the window at the foot of my bed. My position seemed to be the natural one for a man bending all the energies of his mind on a determinate purpose. The great mountain stood up before me as an example of the steadfast and immovable. "Now," said I to myself, over and over again, "Will Troy, it is you who are subject to this trouble. You will know exactly what it is, because you will feel it through my mind. I am free from it; I will that, and it shall be so. My mind has power over your mind, because yours is asleep and passive, while mine is awake and very, very active. When I get out of bed I shall be as entirely free from pain and difficulty in walking as you would have been if I had not passed my condition over to you for one short day." And I repeated again and again: "For one day; only for one day."

The most difficult part of the process was the mental operation of believing all this. If I did not believe it, of course, it would come to nothing. Fixing my mind steadfastly upon this subject, I believed with all my might. When I had believed for ten or fifteen minutes, I felt sure that my faith in the power of my mind was well grounded and fixed. A man who has truly believed for a quarter of an hour may be considered to have embraced a faith.

And now came the supreme moment, and when I arose would I be perfectly well and strong? The instant this question came into



my mind I dismissed it. I would have no doubt whatever on the subject. I would *know* that I would be what I willed I should be. With my mind and my teeth firmly set, I got out of bed, I walked boldly to the window, I moved about the room, I dressed myself. I made no experiments; I would scorn to do so. Experiments imply doubt. I believed. I went down several flights of stairs to my breakfast. I walked the whole length of the long *salle-à-manger*, and sat down at the table without having felt a twinge of pain or the least discomfort.

"Monsieur is better this morning," said the head-waiter, with a kindly smile.

"Better," said I; "I am well."

When I returned that evening after a day of intoxicating delight, during which I had climbed many a mountain path, had stood on bluffs and peaks, had gazed over lake and valley, and had breathed to the full the invigorating upper air, I stood upon the edge of the lake, just before reaching the hotel, and stretched forth my hands to the west.

"I thank you, Will Troy," I said, "from the bottom of my heart I thank you for this day; and if I ever see my way to repay you, I will do it, my boy. You may be sure of that."

I now resolved to quit this place instantly. I had been here too long; and before me was spread out in shadowy fascination the whole of Switzerland. I took a night-train for Berne, where I arrived early the next day. But before I descended from the railway carriage, where I had managed to slumber for part of the night, I had determinately willed an interchange of physical condition with another friend in America. During the previous day I had fully made up my mind that I should be false to myself and to my fortunes if I gave up this grand opportunity for study and artistic development, and I would call upon my friends to give me these precious holidays, of which, but a little while ago, I believed myself forever deprived. I belonged to a club of artists, most of whom were young and vigorous fellows, any one of whom would be glad to do me a service; and although I desired on special occasions to interchange with particular friends, I determined that during the rest of my holiday I would, for the most part, exchange physical conditions with these young men, giving a day to each.

The next week was a perfect success. As Martyn, Jeffries, Williams, Corbell, Field, Booker, and Graham, I walked, climbed, sketched, and, when nobody was near, shouted with delight. I took Williams for Sunday, because I knew he never sketched on that day, although he was not averse to the longest kind of rural ramble. I shall not detail my route.

The Bernese Oberland, the region of Lake Lucerne, the Engadine, and other earthly heavens opened their doors to my joyous anticipations, provided always that this system of physical exchange continued to work.

The Monday after Williams's Sunday I appropriated to a long tramp which should begin with a view of the sunrise from a mountain height, and which necessitated my starting in the morning before daylight. For such an excursion I needed all the strength and endurance of which I could possess myself, and I did not hesitate as to the exchange I should make for that long day's work. Chester Parkman was the man for me. Parkman was a fairly good artist, but the sphere in which he shone was that of the athlete. He was not very tall, but he was broad and well made, with a chest and muscles which to some of his friends appeared to be in an impertinent condition of perfect development. He was a handsome fellow, too, with his well-browned face, his fine white teeth, and his black hair and beard, which seemed to curl because the strength which they imbibed from him made it necessary to do something, and curling is all that hair can do. On some occasions it pleased me to think that when by the power of my will my physical incapacity was transferred for a time to a friend, I, in turn, found myself in his peculiar bodily condition, whatever it might be. And whether I was mistaken or not, and whether this phase of my borrowed condition was real or imaginary, it is certain that when I started out before dawn that Monday morning I strode away with vigorous Parkmanic legs, and inhaled the cool air into what seemed to be a deep Parkmanic chest. I took a guide that day, and when we returned, some time after nightfall, I could see that he was tired, and he admitted the fact; but as for me, I ate a good supper, and then walked a mile and a half to sketch a moonlight effect on a lake. I will here remark that, out of justice to Parkman, I rubbed myself down and polished myself off to the best of my knowledge and ability before I went to bed.

When, as usual, I awoke early the next morning, I lay for some time thinking. It had been my intention to spend that day in a boat on the lake, and I had decided to direct my will-power upon Tom Latham, a young collegian of my acquaintance. Tom was an enthusiastic oarsman, and could pull with such strength that if he were driving a horse he could almost haul the animal back into the vehicle, but if a stout boy were to be pushed off a horse-block Tom could not do it. Tom's unequally developed muscles were just what I wanted that day; but before I threw out my mind in his direction I let it

dwell in pleasant recollection upon the glorious day I had had with Chester Parkman's corporeal attributes. Thinking of Chester, I began to think of some one else—one on whom my thoughts had rested with more pleasure and more pain than on any other person in the world. That this was a woman I need not say. She was young, she was an artist, and a very good friend of mine. For a long time I had yearned with all my heart to be able to say that she was more than this. But so far I could not say it. Since I had been in Europe I had told myself over and over that in coming away without telling Kate Balthis that I loved her I made the greatest mistake of my life. I had intended to do this, but opportunity had not offered. I should have made opportunity.

The reason that the thought of Chester Parkman made me think of Kate was the fact that they occupied studios in the same building, and that he was a great admirer not only of her work, but of herself. If it had not been for the existence of Parkman, I should not have blamed myself quite so much for not proposing to Kate before I left America. But I consoled myself by reflecting that the man was so intent upon the development of his lungs that his heart, to put it anatomically, was obliged to take a minor place in his consideration.

Thinking thus, a queer notion came into my head. Suppose that Kate were to bear my troubles for a day! What friend had I who would be more willing to serve me than she? And what friend from whom I would be more delighted to receive a favor? But the next instant the contemptibleness of this idea flashed across my mind, and I gritted my teeth as I thought what a despicable thing it would be to deprive that dear girl of her strength and activity, even for a day. It was true, as I honestly told myself, that it was the joy and charm of being beholden to her, and not the benefit to myself, that made me think of this thing. But it was despicable, all the same, and I utterly scouted it. And so, forgetting as far as possible that there was such a person in the world as Kate, I threw out my mind, as I originally intended, towards Tom Latham, the oarsman.

I spent that day on the lake. If I had been able to imagine that I could walk as far as Chester Parkman, I failed to bring myself to believe that I could row like young Latham. I got on well enough, but rowed no better than I had often done at home, and I was soon sorry that I had not brought a man with me to take the oars, of which I had tired.

Among those I called upon in the next few days was Professor Dynard, a man who

was not exactly a friend, but with whom I was very well acquainted. He was a scientific man, a writer of books, and an enthusiastic lover of nature. He was middle-aged and stooped a little, but his legs were long, and he was an unwearied walker. Towards the end of the very pleasant day which I owed to my acquaintance with him, I could not help smiling to find that I had thought so much of the professor during my rambles that I had unconsciously adopted the stoop of his shoulder and his ungainly but regular stride.

The half-starved man to whom food is given eats too much; the child, released from long hours of school, runs wild, and is apt to make himself objectionable; and I, rising from my condition of what I had considered hopeless inactivity to the fullest vigor of body and limb, began to perceive that I had walked too much and worked too little. The pleasure of being able to ramble and scramble wherever I pleased had made me forget that I was in Switzerland not only for enjoyment, but for improvement. Of course I had to walk and climb to find points of view, but the pleasure of getting to such places was so great that it overshadowed my interest in sitting down and going to work after I had reached them. The man who sketches as he walks and climbs is an extraordinary artist, and I was not such a one.

It was while I was in the picturesque regions of the Engadine that these reflections forced themselves upon me, and I determined to live less for mere enjoyment and more for earnest work. But not for a minute did I think of giving up my precious system of corporeal exchange. I had had enough of sitting in my room and sketching from the window. If I had consented to allow myself to relapse into my former condition, I feared that I would not be able to regain that firm belief in the power of my mental propulsion which had so far enabled my friends to serve me so well, with such brief inconvenience to themselves. No. I would continue to transfer my physical incapacity, but I would use more conscientiously and earnestly the opportunities which I thus obtained.

Soon after I came to this determination, I established myself at a little hotel on a mountain-side, where I decided to stay for a week or more and do some good hard work; I was surrounded by grand and beautiful scenery, and it was far better for my progress in art to stay here and do something substantial than to wander about in search of fresh delights. As an appropriate beginning to this industrious period, I made an exchange with my friend Bufford, one of the hardest-working painters I knew. His industry as well as his

genius had brought him, when he had barely reached middle life, to a high position in art, and it pleased me to think that I might find myself influenced by some of his mental characteristics as well as those of a physical nature. At any rate, I tried hard to think so, and I am not sure that I did not paint better on the Bufford day than on any other. If it had not been that I had positively determined that I would not impose my ailment upon any one of my friends for more than one day, I would have taken Bufford for a week.

There were a good many people staying at the hotel, and among them was a very pretty English girl, with whom I soon became acquainted; for she was an enthusiastic amateur artist, and was engaged in painting the same view at which I had chosen to work. Every morning she used to go some distance up the mountain-side, accompanied by her brother Dick, a tall, gawky boy of about eighteen, who was considered to be a suitable and sufficient escort, but who was in reality a very poor one, for no sooner was his sister comfortably seated at her work than he left her and rambled away for hours. If it had not been for me I think she would sometimes have been entirely too lonely and unprotected. Dick's appetite would generally bring him back in time to carry down her camp-chair and color-box when we returned to dinner; and as she never complained of his defections, I suppose her mother knew nothing about them. This lady was a very pleasant person, a little too heavy in body and a little too large in cap for my taste, but hearty and genial, and very anxious to know something about America, where her oldest son was established on a Texas ranch. She and her daughter and myself used to talk a good deal together in the evenings, and this intimacy made me feel quite justified in talking a good deal to the daughter in the mornings as we were working together on the mountain-side. The first thing that made me take an interest in this girl was the fact that she considered me her superior, and looked up to me. I could paint a great deal better than she could, and could inform her on a lot of points, and I was always glad to render her such service. She was a very pretty girl,—the prettiest English girl I ever saw,—with large, gray-blue eyes, which had a trustfulness about them which I liked very much. She evidently had a very good opinion of me as an artist, and paid as much earnest and thoughtful attention to what I said about her work as if she had really been the scholar and I the master. I tried not to bore her by too much technical conversation, and endeavored to make myself as agreeable a companion as I could. I found that fellowship of

some kind was very necessary to a man so far away from home, and so cut off from social influences.

Day after day we spent our mornings together, sketching and talking; and as for Dick, he was the most interesting brother I ever knew. He had a great desire to discover something hitherto unknown in the heights above our place of sketching. Finding that he could depend on me as a protector for his sister, he gave us very little of his company. Even when we were not together I could not help thinking a great deal about this charming girl. Our talks about her country had made me remember with pride the English blood that was in me, and revived the desire I had often felt to live for a time, at least, in rural England, that land of loveliness to the Anglo-Saxon mind. And London too! I had artist friends, Americans, who lived in London, and such were their opportunities, such the art atmosphere and society, that they expected to live there always. If a fellow really wished to succeed as an artist, some years' residence in England, with an occasional trip to the Continent, would be a great thing for him. And, in such a case—well, it was a mere idle thought. If I had been an engaged man, I would not have allowed myself even such idle thoughts. But I was not engaged; and alas! I thought with a sigh, I might never be. I thought of Parkman and of Kate, and how they must constantly see each other; and I remembered my stupid silence when leaving America. How could I tell what had happened since my departure? I did not like to think of all this, and tried to feel resigned. The world was very wide. There was that English brother, over on the Texas ranch; he might marry an American girl; and here was his sister—well, this was all the merest nonsense, and I would not admit to myself that I attached the slightest importance to these vague and fragmentary notions which floated through my mind. But the girl had most lovely, trustful eyes, and I felt that a sympathy had grown up between us which must not be rudely jarred.

We had finished our work at the old sketching-place, and we proposed on the morrow to go to a higher part of the mountain, and make some sketches of a more extended nature than we had yet tried. This excursion would require a good part of the day, but we would take along a luncheon for three, and no doubt nothing would please Dick better than such a trip. The mother agreed, if Dick could be made to promise that he would take his sister by the hand when he came to any steep places. But, alas! when that youngster was called upon to receive his injunctions, he

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declared he could not accompany us. He had promised, he said, to go on a tramp with some of the other men, which would take him all day. And that, of course, put an end to our expedition. I shall not soon forget the air, charming to me, of evident sorrow and disappointment with which Beatrice told me this early in the evening. The next day was the only one for which such a trip could be planned, for, on the day following, two older sisters were expected, and then everything would be different. I, too, was very much grieved and disappointed, for I had expected a day of rare pleasure; but my regret was tempered by an intense satisfaction at perceiving how sorry she was. The few words she said on the subject touched me very much. She was such a true, honest-hearted girl that she could not conceal what she felt; and when we shook hands in bidding each other good-night, it was with more warmth than either of us had yet shown at the recurrence of this little ceremony. When I went to my room I said to myself: "If she had not been prevented from going, I should never have known how glad she would be to go." The thought pleased me greatly, but I had no time to dwell upon it, for in came Dick, who, with his hands in his pockets and his legs very wide apart, declared to me that he had found his sister was so cut up by not being able to make those sketches on the mountain the next day, that he had determined to go with us.

"It will be a beastly shame to disappoint her," he said; "so you can get your traps together, and we will have an early breakfast and start off."

"Now," said I, when he had shut the door behind him, "I know how much she wanted to go, and she is going! Could anything be better than this?"

In making the physical transfers which were necessary at this period for my enjoyment of an outdoor excursion, I did not always bring my mental force to work upon an exchange of condition. Very often I was willing to send out my ailment to another, and to content myself with being for the day what I would be in my ordinary health. But in particular instances, such as those of Parkman and Bufford, I willed—and persuaded myself that I had succeeded—that certain desirable attributes of my benefactor for the day, which would be useless to him during his period of enforced restfulness, should be attracted to myself. Before I went to sleep I determined that on the following day I would exchange with my brother Philip, and would make it as absolute an exchange as my will could bring about. Phil was not an athlete,

like Parkman, but he was a strong and vigorous fellow, with an immense deal of go in him. He was thoroughly good-natured, and I knew that he would be perfectly willing, if he could know all about it, to take a day's rest, and give me a day with Beatrice. And what a charming day that was to be! We did not know exactly where we were going, and we would have to explore. There would be steep places to climb, and it would not be Dick who would help his sister. We would have to rest, and we would rest together. There would be a delightful lunch under the shade of some rock. There would be long talks, and a charming coöperation in the selection of points of view and in work. Indeed, there was no knowing what might not come out of a day like that.

In the morning I made the transfer, and soon afterwards I arose. Before I was ready to go down-stairs I was surprised by an attack of headache, a thing very unusual with me. The pain increased so much that I was obliged to go back to bed. I soon found that I must give up the intended excursion, and I remained in bed all day. In the course of the afternoon, while I lay bemoaning my present misery as well as the loss of the great pleasure I had expected, a thought suddenly came into my mind, which, in spite of my miseries, made me burst out laughing. I remembered that my brother Phil, although enjoying, as a rule, the most vigorous good health, was subject to occasional attacks of sick headache, which usually laid him up for a day or two. Evidently I had struck him on one of his headache days. How relieved the old fellow must be to find his positive woe changed to a negative evil! It was very funny!

In the evening came Dick with a message from his mother and his sister Beatrice, who wanted to know how I felt by this time, and if I would have a cup of tea, or anything. "It's a beastly shame," said he, "that you got yourself knocked up in this way."

"Yes," said I, "but my misfortune is your good fortune, for, of course, you had your tramp with your friends."

"Oh, I should have had that any way," replied the good youth, "for I only intended to walk a mile or two up the mountain, just to satisfy the old lady, and then, without saying whether I was coming back or not, I intended to slip off and join the other fellows. Wouldn't that have been a jolly plan? Beatrice would have had her day, and I would have had mine. But you must go and upset her part of it."

When Dick had gone I reflected. What a day this would have been! Alone so long with Beatrice among those grand old moun-



tains! As I continued to think of this I began to tremble, and the more I thought the more I trembled; and the reason I trembled was the conviction that if I had spent that day with her, I certainly should have proposed to her.

"Phil," I said, "I thank you. I thank you more for your headache than for anything else any other fellow could give me."

A sick headache, aided by conscience, can work a great change in a man. My soul condemned me for having come so near being a very false lover, and my mind congratulated me upon having the miss made for me, for I never would have been strong enough to make it for myself.

The next day the sisters arrived, and I saw but little of Beatrice, for which, although quite sorry, I was also very glad; and after a day on the mountain which I owed to Horace Bartlett, the last man in our club on whom I felt I could draw, I returned to the hotel, and wrote a long letter to Kate. I had informed my friends in America of the ailment which had so frustrated all my plans of work and enjoyment, but I had never written anything in regard to my novel scheme of relief. This was something which could be better explained by word of mouth when I returned. And, besides, I did not wish to say anything about it until the month of proposed physical transfers had expired. I wrote to Kate, however, that I was now able to walk and climb as much as I pleased, and in my repentant exuberance I hinted at a great many points which, although I knew she could not understand them, would excite her curiosity and interest in the remarkable story I would tell her when I returned. I tried to intimate, in the most guarded way, much that I intended to say to her when I saw her concerning my series of deliverances; and my satisfaction at having escaped a great temptation gave a kindly earnestness to my

manner of expressing myself, which otherwise it might not have had.

There were now six days of my Swiss holiday left; and during these I threw myself upon the involuntary kindness of Mr. Henry Brinton, editor of a periodical entitled "Our Mother Earth," and upon that of his five assistants in the publishing and editorial departments. Brinton was a good fellow, devoted to scientific agriculture and the growing of small fruits; a man of a most practical mind. I knew him and his associates very well, and had no hesitation in calling upon them.

At the end of the month, as I had previously resolved, I brought my course of physical transfers to a close; and it was with no little anxiety that I arose one morning from my bed with my mind determined to bear in my own proper person all the ills of which I was possessed.

I walked across the room. It may appear strange, but I must admit that it was with a feeling of satisfaction that I felt a twinge. It was but a little twinge, but yet I felt it, and this was something that had not happened to me for a month.

"It was not fancy then," I said to myself, "that gave me this precious relief, this month of rare delight and profit; it was the operation of the outstretching power of the mind. I owe you much happiness, you little man with the big head whom I met in the Kursaal, and if you were here I would make you admit that I can truly believe in myself."

The next day I was better, with only an occasional touch of the old disorder; and in a few days I was free from it altogether, and could walk as well as ever I could in my life.

I returned to America strong and agile, and with a portfolio full of suggestive sketches. One of these was the back hair and part of the side face of a girl who was engaged in sketching in a mountainous region. But this I tore up on the voyage.

(To be concluded.)

Frank R. Stockton.

## CAMPION.

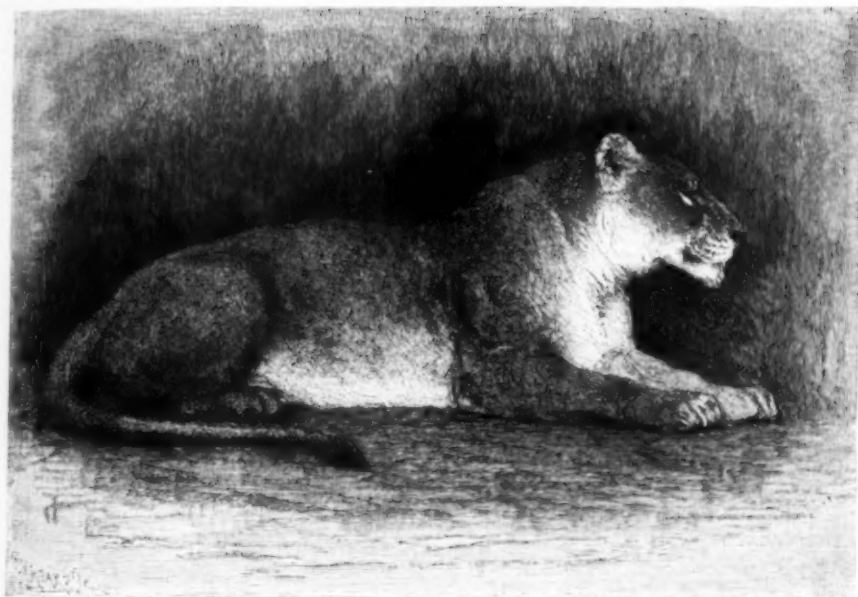
I PLACED a scarlet campion flower  
In the wreathed tresses of my head.  
"No damsel in hall or bower  
Is fairer than my love," he said.

Years after, in a folded book,  
I found a withered campion flower,  
And paled with that swift backward look  
That ghost-seers have at twilight hour.

O withered heart, O love long dead!  
"Poor faded flower that shone so fair,  
Well suits thy phantom bloom," I said,  
"With the white tresses of my hair."

Alice Williams Brotherton.





#### HEBE.

SEE, what a beauty! Half-shut eyes,—  
Hide all buff, and without a break  
To the tail's brown tuft that mostly lies  
So quiet one thinks her scarce awake;  
But pass too near, one step too free,  
You find her slumber a devil's truce:  
Up comes that paw,—all plush, you see,—  
Out four claws, fit for Satan's use.

'Ware! Just a sleeve's breadth closer then,  
And your last appearance on any stage!  
Loll, if you like, by Daniel's Den,  
But clear and away from Hebe's cage:—  
That's Hebe! listen to that purr,  
Rumbling as from the ground below:  
Strange, when the ring begins to stir,  
The fleshings always vex her so.

You think 'twere a rougher task by far  
To tame her mate with the sooty mane?  
A splendid bronze for a showman's car,  
And quiet enough for bit and rein.  
But Hebe is—just like all her sex—  
Not good, then bad,—be sure of that:  
In either case 'twould a sage perplex  
To make them out, both woman and cat.

A curious record, Hebe's. Reared  
 In Italy; age,—that's hard to fix;  
 Trained from a cub, until she feared  
 The lash, and learned her round of tricks;  
 Always a traveler,—one of two  
 A woman-tamer took in hand,  
 Whipped them, coaxed them,—and so they grew  
 To fawn or cower at her command.

None but Florina—that was her name  
 And this the story of Hebe here—  
 Entered their cage; the brutes were tame  
 As kittens, though, their mistress near.  
 A tall, proud wench as ever was seen,  
 Supple and handsome, full of grace:  
 The world would bow to a real queen  
 That had Florina's form and face.

Her lover—for one she had, of course—  
 Was Marco, acrobat, circus-star,  
 The lightest foot on a running horse,  
 The surest leap from a swinging bar;  
 And she,—so jealous he dared not touch  
 A woman's hand, and, truth to say,  
 He had no humor to tease her much  
 Till a girl in spangles crossed their way.

'Twas at Marseilles, the final scene:  
 This pretty rider joined the ring,  
 Ma'am'selle Céleste or Victorine,  
 And captured him under Florina's wing.  
 They hid their meetings, but when, you see,  
 Doubt holds the candle, love will show,  
 And in love's division the one of three,  
 Whose share is lessened, needs must know.

One night, then, after the throng outpoured  
 From the show, and the lions my Lady's power  
 Had been made to feel, with lash that scored  
 And eye that cowed them, a snarling hour;—  
 (They were just in the mood for pleasantry  
 Of those holidays when saints were thrown  
 To beasts, and the Romans, entrance-free,  
 Clapped hands;)—that night, as she stood alone,

Florina, Queen of the Lions, called  
 Sir Marco toward her, while her hand  
 Still touched the spring of a door that walled  
 Her subjects safe within Lion-land.  
 He came there panting, hot from the ring,  
 So brave a figure that one might know  
 Among all his tribe he must be king,—  
 If in some wild tract you met him so.

"Do you love me still," she asked, "as when  
 You swore it first?" "Have never a doubt!"  
 "But I have a fancy—men are men,  
 And one whim drives another out,—"

"What fancy? Is this all? Have done:  
You tire me." "Look you, Marco! oh,  
I should die, if another woman won  
Your love,—but would kill you first, you know!"

"Kill me? and how,—with a jealous tongue?"  
"Thus!" quoth Florina, and slipped the bolt  
Of the cage's door, and headlong flung  
Sir Marco, ere he could breathe, the dolt!  
Plump on the lion he bounced, and fell  
Beyond, and Hebe leapt for him there,—  
No need for their lady's voice to tell  
The work in hand for that ready pair.

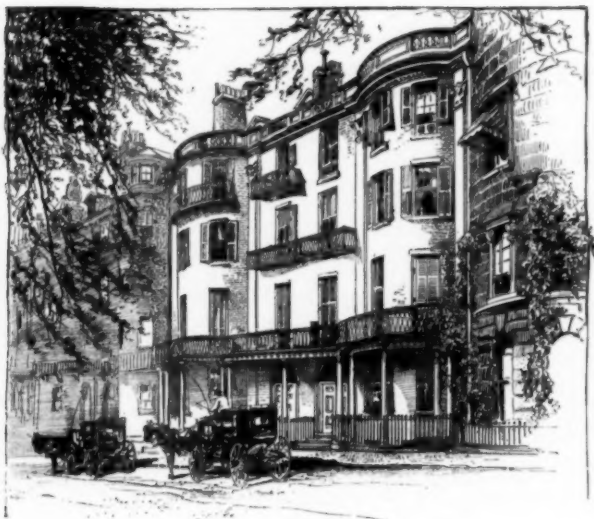
They say one wouldn't have cared to see  
The group commingled, man and beast,  
Or to hear the shrieks and roars,—all three,—  
One red, the feasters and the feast!  
Guns, pistols, blazed, till the lion sprawled,  
Shot dead, but Hebe held to her prey  
And drank his blood, while keepers bawled  
And their hot irons made yon scars that day.

But the woman? True, I had forgot:  
She never flinched at the havoc made,  
Nor gave one cry, but there on the spot  
Drove to the heart her poniard-blade,  
Straight, like a man, and fell, nor stirred  
Again;—so that fine pair were dead;  
One lied, and the other kept her word,—  
And death pays debts, when all is said.

So they hustled Hebe out of France,  
To Spain, or may be to England first.  
Then hitherward over seas, by chance,  
She came as you see her, always athirst,—  
As if, like the tigresses that slink  
In the village canes of Hindostan,  
Of one rare draught she loves to think,  
And ever to get it must plan and plan.

*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*





THE APPLETON HOUSE, 54 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

## RECENT ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA. V.

### CITY DWELLINGS.

THE days are long since past when the temple or cathedral, the royal palace, the feudal castle, or the civic hall overshadowed the homes of men as the oak-tree overshadows the grasses of the field. The progress of modern civilization has meant the growing importance of the average individual, and this can nowhere more clearly be traced than in the history of architecture. It is true that even in our republican land the average does not mean the noblest, either among men or buildings. But it means that which is *collectively* most prominent. The general effect of a modern town depends less upon its monumental structures than upon the aggregate of its dwellings, humble in comparison though these individually may be. So there is no architectural branch in which success is more desirable than in the domestic branch. And there is none, perhaps, where it is so difficult of attainment. For here success can mean only a very *general* success—must mean that a hundred artists are working together without discord, and a thousand patrons are harmoniously minded.

It may seem at first sight an earnest of success that this branch should be more universally interesting than any other; that while the majority of men feel no responsibility for monumental undertakings, and care

so little for art as to be indifferent even in face of their results, every man has a home or hopes to have one; and that—if not for the love of art, then for some other equally potent though less admirable reason—he will wish his home to present a beautiful appearance. But, we must remember, almost all men think that here at least they are entitled to suggest how beauty should be wrought; and amateur ideas are apt to be all the more obstinate when very vague, all the more decided when very ignorant. And this will lead us to suspect that popular interest may, in fact, have tended to retard, not hasten, progress. And it will convince us, too, that in this branch especially we must be careful not to identify the architect too closely with his architecture, lest we should impute to him alone transgressions for which his patron has been in great part responsible.

It is not necessary for me to speak of the older domestic building of New York—Mr. White has described it so sympathetically in these same pages.\* I will but pick up the story's thread where he let it drop,—in the neighborhood of Washington Square, and of the year 1840,—premising that I cannot hope in the strict sense to complete the tale of so delightful an historian.

More than fifty years ago the old Dutch

\* See CENTURY MAGAZINE for October, 1883.

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influence had ceased to reign alone. English examples had been widely followed, though never so as to subordinate those of New York's true mother-country. For example, prototypes of the "Colonnade" on Lafayette Place are to be found in London squares and "crescents," and English inspiration

frequent in our newer Western towns as is the high-stoop pattern.

In the neighborhood of Fourteenth street we come upon work of a later day, of that which as yet must be called our most characteristic epoch — work which was soon to give our city an individual aspect that it has not



THE SOMERSET CLUB, BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

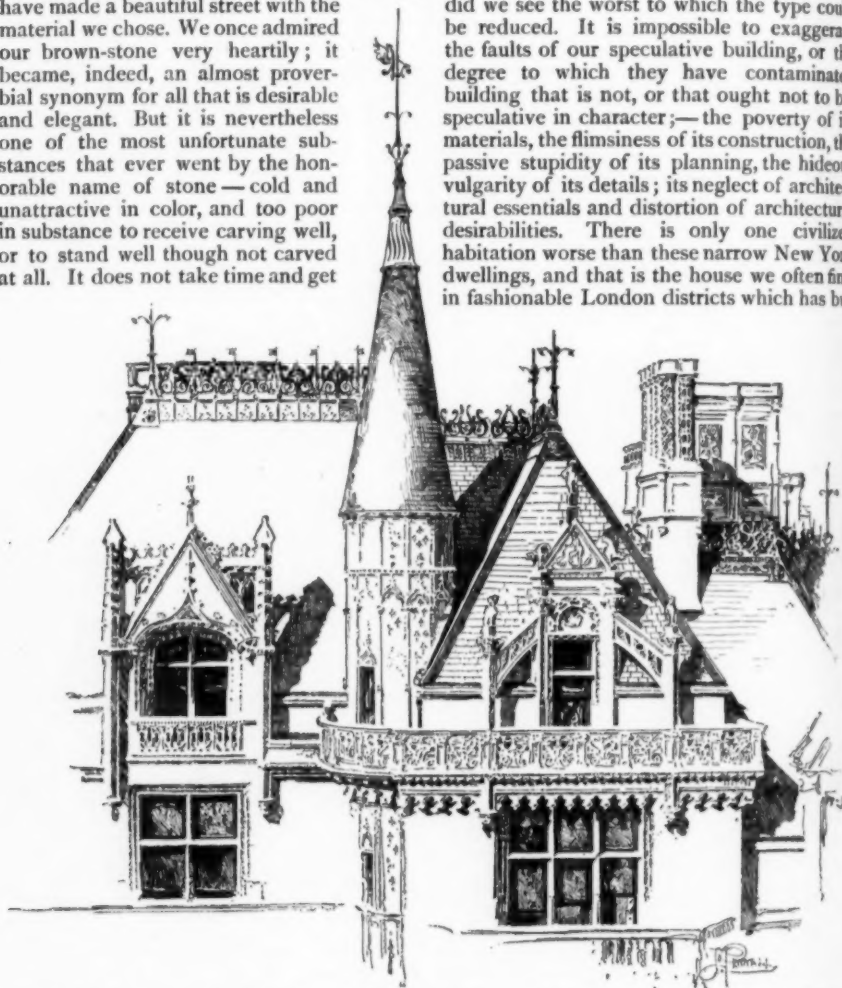
shows in those houses on the lower part of Fifth Avenue which by courtesy we call Gothic. But the most conspicuous importation from Britain was the house New Yorkers call the "English basement" — the house which has its entrance at the level of the street and its drawing-rooms upstairs, as distinguished from the Dutch type with its "high stoop" giving immediate access to the chief apartments. We have since built basement-houses in not inconsiderable numbers, but they have never been really popular in New York, and the demand for them seems to be waning now. Nor are they nearly as

wholly lost even in its newest portions. The "brown-stone front" was as barren of true architectural ideas as the older brick box, but it sought stateliness by the aid of pedimented windows, of columned porticoes, and of heavy overhanging cornices of — zinc. It is "a poor thing, but mine own," a style — or, much more properly, a *pattern* — that we did not borrow ready-made, but formed by retaining the Dutch high-stoop, joining it to a provincial translation of Italian Renaissance ornament, and executing the result in a local material. The type has spread far and wide — is visible even at the Golden Gate. But *we* are respon-



sible for its every appearance, and he is no true-souled New Yorker who does not feel a homesick thrill whenever in his Western travels he meets its ugly, stupid, but familiar face. Even if the pattern had been better, we could hardly have made a beautiful street with the material we chose. We once admired our brown-stone very heartily; it became, indeed, an almost proverbial synonym for all that is desirable and elegant. But it is nevertheless one of the most unfortunate substances that ever went by the honorable name of stone—cold and unattractive in color, and too poor in substance to receive carving well, or to stand well though not carved at all. It does not take time and get

tious nullity they have often the merit of a comfortable spaciousness;—not until the real-estate speculator began to raven in our midst, not until his ally, the cheap-building contractor, began to follow Mr. Thomas's lead, did we see the worst to which the type could be reduced. It is impossible to exaggerate the faults of our speculative building, or the degree to which they have contaminated building that is not, or that ought not to be, speculative in character;—the poverty of its materials, the flimsiness of its construction, the passive stupidity of its planning, the hideous vulgarity of its details; its neglect of architectural essentials and distortion of architectural desirabilities. There is only one civilized habitation worse than these narrow New York dwellings, and that is the house we often find in fashionable London districts which has but



WINDOW AND TOWER OF MR. W. K. VANDERBILT'S HOUSE, FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK.

decently weather-worn; it simply cracks and splits and scales to pieces.\*

Mr. Griffith Thomas was the most conspicuous among those who established this "New York vernacular." The brown-stone fronts he built are innumerable, and one scarcely differs from the other. But in spite of their preten-

one room on a floor, and out of that room a great corner cut to make place for the stairway. And there is, I may add, at least one material worse than our poorest brick or stone—the wretched kind of stucco that has been so generally used in London.

The old domestic architecture of Boston

\* See, for instance, the stoop of the Manhattan Club-house on the south-west corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifteenth street. No stone worthy of the name should look like this—not though it had stood three hundred years instead of thirty.

and its neighborhood naturally followed English models. Very attractive are its relics—even more worthy, I think, of such a commentator as Mr. White than the old homes of New York. A good local feature was the bowed front, which gave a pleasant room within and supplied variety to the unornamented façade. A good example of such a Boston exterior is to be seen in our illustration of the Appleton house on Beacon street; a still better one in that of the Somerset Club near by. This is finer, not only because a beautiful light-colored granite has been used, but because the proportions are more agreeable, and dignity is increased by its elevation above the street level. There is no better house than this in Boston, and it is peculiarly instructive as showing how beauty may result from almost unornamented construction. It is not an old house, either, but an exceptional example, dating from only some thirty years ago. It was built for a private residence, and, I believe, by a Frenchman, who must have been liberally minded, since he was inspired to work with variations after the good old local type rather than to import the manner of his own land.

In our dark ages Boston never did quite such dreadful things as New York. Or, at least, it never did so many of them—doubtless because it was not the scene of so much speculative work. Yet the Bostonians were pretty stupid too at times, as when they degraded their bowed front into a cramped angular bay, and repeated it along rows of narrow houses, thus producing an effect as of corrugated iron on a large scale.

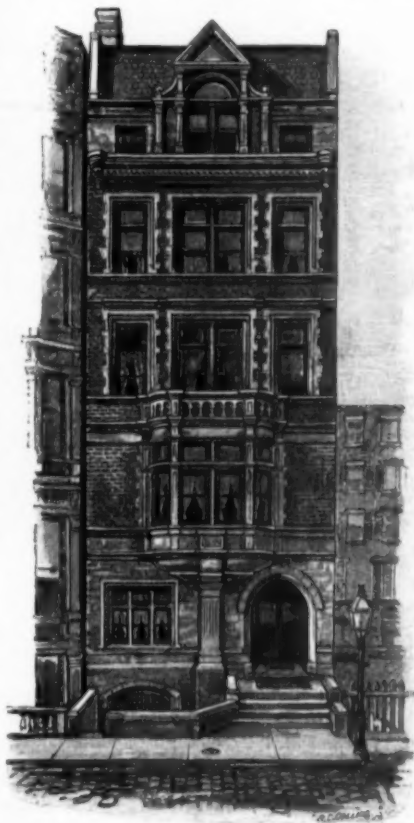
English parentage is, of course, apparent in Philadelphia too. The basement house is again the rule, though when small it is differently disposed inside. The New York high-stoop has been generally preferred in Washington, where, except in the suburbs, we find no houses that can be called old even in the limited American sense. Nothing could be more comfortable-looking than a few of the larger homes near Lafayette Square, nothing more ugly or mean than many streets where the ubiquity of the boarding-house seems only too well expressed.

Let us now look at some of our most recent dwellings, giving the first word to New York.

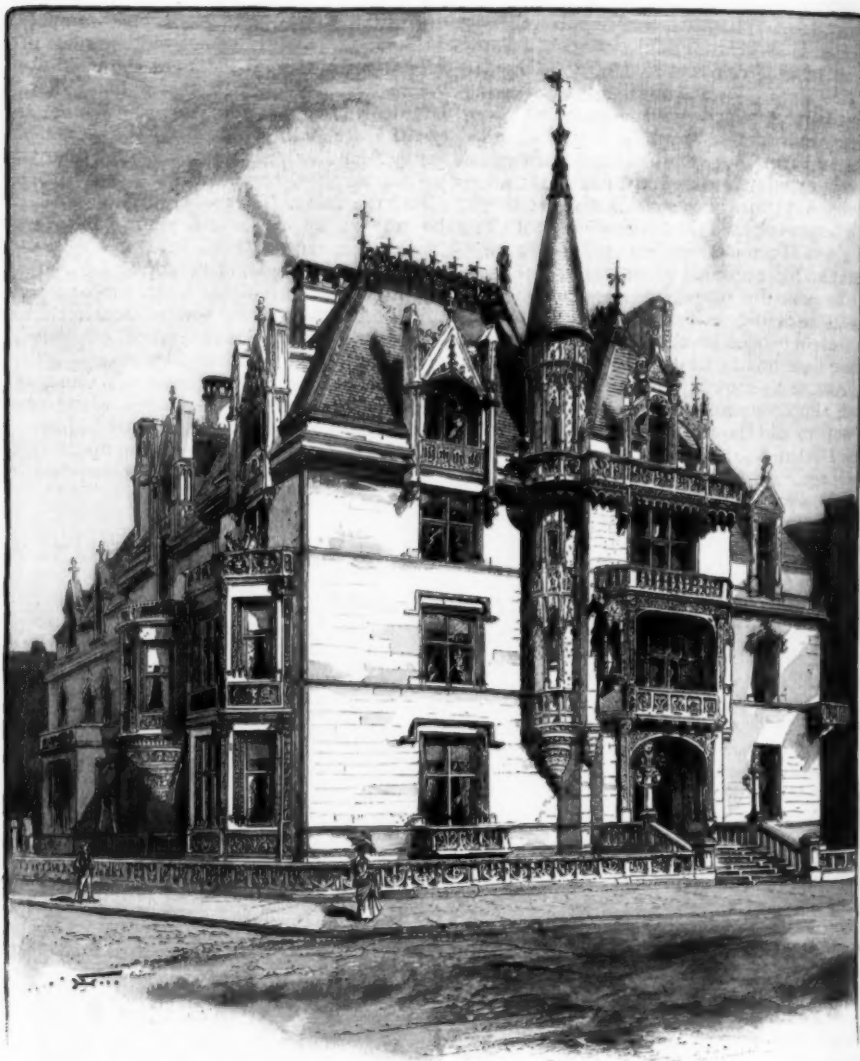
When our conventional pattern was broken in upon some fifteen years ago,—when we first began to look about for more varied materials, to try sometimes for at least partial isolation, and to remember that there were other available fashions besides the “vernacular,”—what was the immediate result? It was an increase of display, but not always an improvement in art. Indeed, we felt very

often that art must have been left entirely out of the calculation. We felt inclined to apply a quotation from the genial old chronicle of “Tom Jones,” which speaks of the buildings “with which some unknown hand hath adorned the rich clothing town, *where heaps of brick are piled up to show that heaps of money have been piled up before.*” The sin is, we see, no novel one; but it is a sin to blush for all the same. That is, unless its iniquity be purged by *art* in the result. In every land and in every age the love of display—the delight in spending money and in *proving* its expenditure—has been perhaps the mightiest motive force toward architectural creation. But the fact is masked, condoned, forgotten,—nay, approved,—when it is artistically expressed. Fortunately we too may already count dwellings not a few where evident costliness is amply justified by beauty.

The great marble house on the north-west corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth



HOUSE OF MRS. CHARLES KNEELAND, 6 EAST FIFTY-FIFTH STREET.

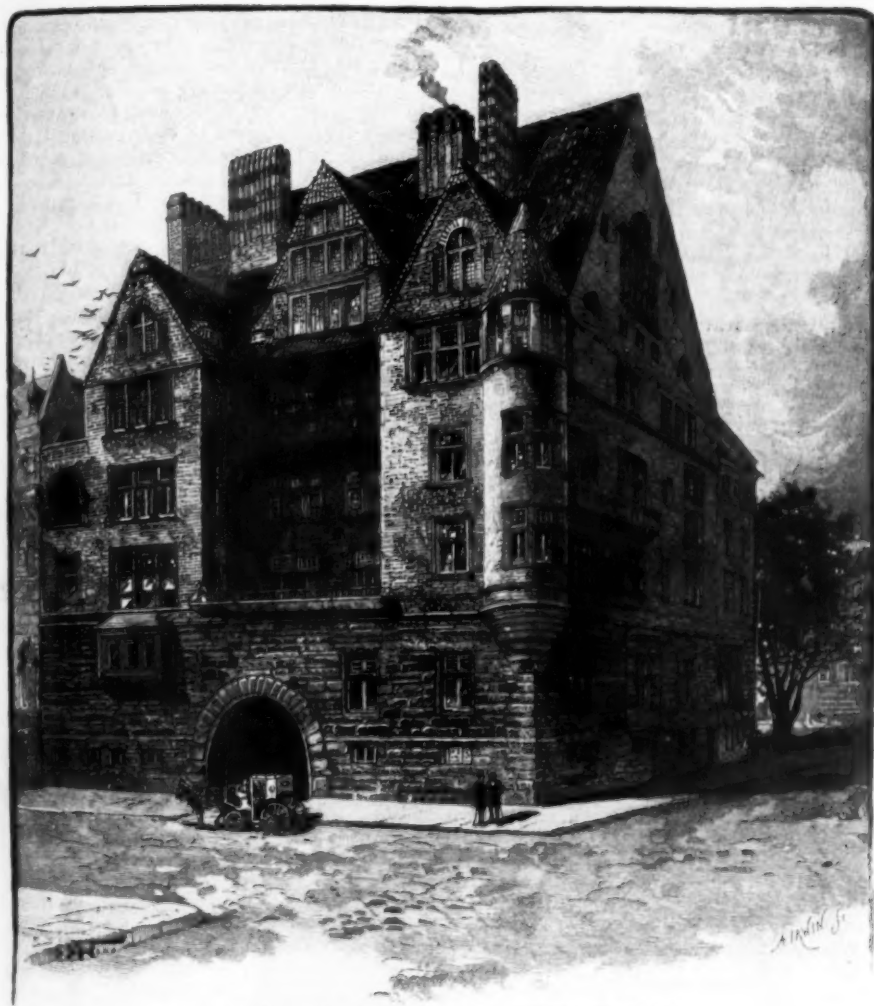


MR. W. K. VANDERBILT'S HOUSE, FIFTY-SECOND STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE.

street was one of our earliest attempts at novelty, and in ambition it has certainly not since been surpassed. But it was not really a new departure—it was merely an effort to glorify the “vernacular” by increase of size, by isolation, and by change of material. In the last-named respect the effort was commendable. Under our bright sky and with our sootless atmosphere, white stone is very well in place and might much more often be employed. But not in just this fashion. For

here we have no good proportioning and no skillful composition either with masses or with features. Beauty has been sought only in the applied columnar decoration, and this is not architecturally valuable because it has been used without moderation, without care for contrast or relief or structural subordination, and without artistic knowledge in design or artistic grace in execution. We can only call it a very showy house, and add that to some eyes it may seem imposing—may seem to

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MR. TIFFANY'S HOUSE, MADISON AVENUE AND SEVENTY-SECOND STREET.

deserve the epithet "palatial," which epithet, I imagine, it was the first New York home to suggest to the reportorial pen.

But a little later we really did begin to build in more unfamiliar ways. "Queen Anne," for instance, became very popular. It has wrought some not unpleasing results, but has often been conspicuously misconceived and misapplied — as, for example, in the Union League Club-house, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fortieth street. Picturesqueness seems to have been the chief desire, and picturesqueness was an unworthy aim in a building of this size, in this position,

and devoted to this purpose. If it had really been secured, however, we should not grumble greatly. But we find instead a restlessness, a want of unity, an unmotivated variety, which strike us as irrational, and which are peculiarly unfortunate with features so large in scale. The great roof is simple and imposing, but the rest of the work cannot be said — either in general effect or in detail — to satisfy the mind or to please the eye. Is it a better building than, for instance, the Union Club at the corner of Twenty-first street, which is a good example of the "vernacular"? Hardly, I think, except as a sign of

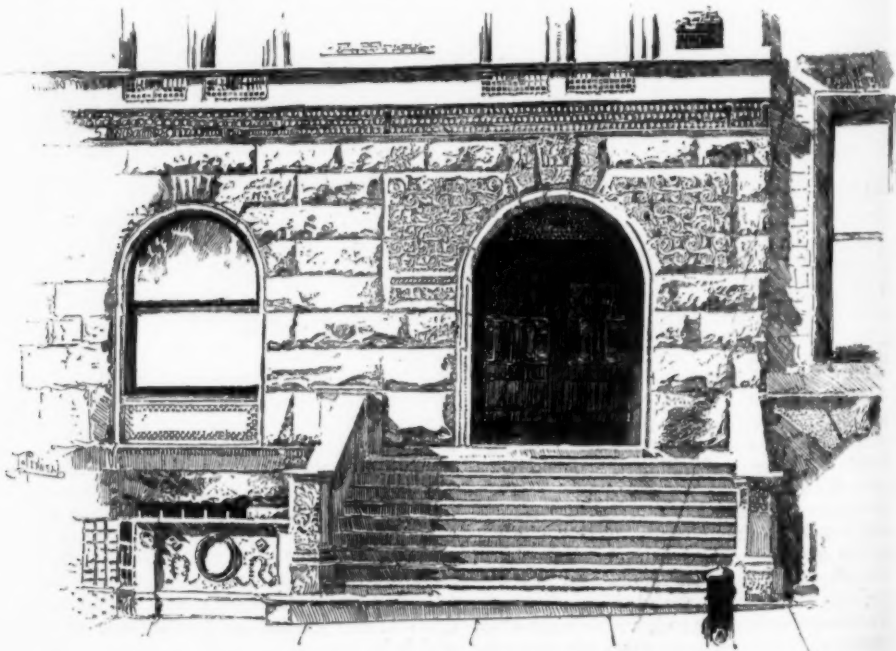


MR. J. COLEMAN DRAYTON'S HOUSE.

effort, a sign of commendable discontent with the old *régime*.

Pass now a little farther up the avenue, and we shall see the famous twin Vanderbilt

houses, where we have brown-stone again, though not of the old poor quality, and used in a very different manner. They are not ostentatious or vulgar or distressingly ugly houses, but neither are they really good or beautiful. In their quieter way they are great architectural sinners too. Stripped of their carving, they would be, as I have heard it expressed, merely "brown-stone packing-boxes." And their carving does not help them save to a superficial eye. We know that decoration is not *architectural* decoration unless it emphasizes construction. I may add that it is not architectural decoration unless it is *itself constructed*. Here neither requirement is fulfilled. The carving — one must not call it by any nobler name — is applied in just those places where it does not belong, and where it hurts, not helps, the structural expression. And it is not itself in any sense constructed. It consists simply of broad bands (of naturalistic foliage for the most part) which have no beginnings or endings, no moldings or framings, nothing to prove that they were designed for the rôle which they attempt, much less for the places that they fill. Their relief, moreover, is so low and uniform that they suffer doubly from want of proper setting, and utterly fail to perform not only the first purpose of ornament, structural emphasis, but the second



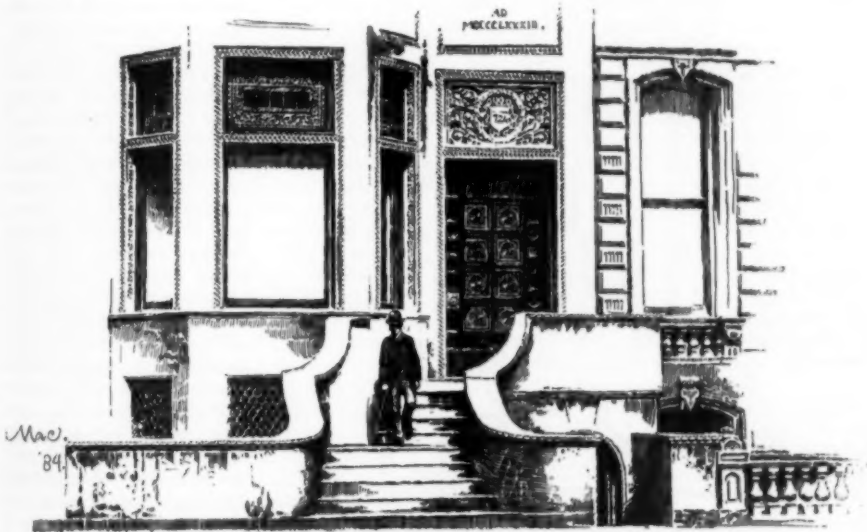
ENTRANCE TO MR. J. COLEMAN DRAYTON'S HOUSE.



also, the creation of effects of light and shadow. Abstractly considered, the carving is pretty enough in design and quite charming in execution; but in both respects it is carving such as a cabinet-maker might use in wood, not such as an architect should use in stone. And, I repeat, it is displayed for its own sake only. It is an interesting testimony to the fact that these dwellings were built, in truth, not by an architect, but by a clever decorator of interiors.

On the corner above we see another Vanderbilt house, built of light gray limestone,

the roof. We may feel, again, that since it is a city house its ornamentation is rather too profuse and delicate. But it is so skillfully applied and so charmingly executed, is so *architectural* in spite of its delicacy, that we have not the heart to wish it altered. Indeed, I think we may greatly rejoice in this sumptuous accumulation of beauty; for, while it is necessary that the virtues and possibilities of simplicity should be preached, it is well to be reminded occasionally that they are not the only virtues or the finest possibilities. It is well that we should see that the richest



ENTRANCE TO MR. E. FULTON CUTTING'S HOUSE, 724 FIFTH AVENUE.

which is a house and not a carven chest. I think, too, that it is the most beautiful house in New York. Mr. Hunt has long stood at the head of his profession in America, his preëminence acknowledged not only by ourselves, but by the Frenchmen who elected him one of the seven foreign members of their Academy. So long had we known his learning, his taste, and his ability, that it was an oft-mentioned subject of regret that he should have found no favorable opportunity to show what his idea of a city home would be. So we are all the more thankful that it should have come to him at last. We may pick little faults in his building if we will. We may say — and the more we admire it the more apt we are to say, I think — that it would be better as a country than as a city house. We may think, too, that it has an overabundance of features; yet unity of effect has not been sacrificed to them — unless, perhaps, in the treatment of

elaboration need not be ostentatious, much less vulgar; that lavish art may be as refined as modest art; that excess means *wrong* work, not always *much* work. I am sure the most captious critic cannot deny that Mr. Hunt has carried out a very ambitious and elaborate design in a very successful way — in a way that is marvelously successful considering what the level of our art has been. If we examine his decoration closely, moreover, we shall see how great an improvement we have made in manual skill. What would have been the use had Mr. Hunt designed such work even a dozen years ago? Can we think with tolerance of how it would then have been translated into stone?

There are many large houses a little farther up the avenue which have the advantage of comparative isolation, or at least of a corner site. Where all are very ambitious, it is much to say that some — not all — are good; as,



HOUSE OF MR. R. FULTON CUTTING, 724 FIFTH AVENUE.

for instance, the one that Mr. Harney has built on the south-west corner of Fifty-seventh street. The old brown-stone front is prominent still in less conspicuous residences, but "Queen Anne" and French Renaissance fashions crowd it close.

Two houses of brick and stone on the lower corner of Fifth Avenue and Sixty-third street seem to me to merit mention, as does also Messrs. McKim, Mead and White's light-brick house near Seventy-fifth street, which, with its doubly bowed front, recalls the old Boston type. And then, if we turn into Madison Avenue, we shall see on the corner of Seventy-second street another and a very different work by the same hands.

It is a huge house extending a hundred feet on either street and holding three homes, which are disposed neither in flats nor in ver-

tical sections, but which (being intended for members of the same family) share the various floors between them in a more irregular way. Below, the structure is of rock-faced blue-stone, and is pierced with a broad, low archway leading to an interior court; above, we find the beautiful and novel brick-work to which I have already referred in an earlier chapter, harmonizing well with the ruggedly treated basement; and the great steep roof is of very dark-toned tiles. There is scarcely anything that can be called detail, the windows being simply framed in molded brick, and the stone being quite innocent of the chisel. I need not enumerate the various features upon which the effect wholly depends, for they are at least suggested in the illustration. I will only call attention to the design of the upper portion of the main front, where one side balances the other sufficiently well to secure harmony and avoid restlessness, but where, nevertheless, there is enough variation to obviate monotony and produce an allowable, desirable, moderate degree of picturesqueness; and add that if we examine the dif-

ferent features with the key afforded by interior necessity, we find them dictated by common sense, and not by fantasy. For example, the whole upper floor immediately beneath the roof is an enormous studio; and this explains not only the prominence of the roof itself, but also the great dormer with its many lights, which might seem "willful" did they illuminate an attic merely. In color I think the building very successful — alike in the blue and brown tones of its stone, in the yellow and brown gradations of its brick-work, in the rich duskiess of its tiling, and in the harmonious way these all work in together. Nor must we fail to mark how very quiet the color is, for it is well to know that architectural color worthy of the name may be attained without vivid tints or pronounced oppositions.

To me this is a very beautiful house as well

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as a very good one. But I know there are many eyes which, while acknowledging its excellence as a piece of construction and an architectural design (as to this there can hardly be serious question), find it too uncompromisingly massive, too grave and somber, too forbidding, almost, to fit in with the idea of what is beautiful in domestic building. I can but reiterate that I myself do not feel thus about it, and then explain why, whether it be very beautiful or not, it seems to me the most interesting and most promising house we have yet constructed—more interesting even and much more promising than Mr. Hunt's indisputably beautiful French château. This is because when we come into its presence we do not for a moment think of asking what "style" it follows, or care a whit whether it follows none or draws inspirations from a dozen. Style it has—that style which means harmony of proportions, accord of features, unity of effect; which means that the artist has had a definite, homogeneous conception to express, and has expressed it clearly, coherently, and in each and every proportion, form, and detail. But it is a style of its own—one which must be judged by intrinsic standards, and not by reference to bygone fashions and antiquarian dogmas. For this reason I believe it must have a good influence upon our art; not as inciting to direct imitation,—that would perhaps be a dangerous essay,—but as showing that it is possible to be "original" without being fantastic or unscholarly (no work is unscholarly which is perfectly coherent and harmonious), and to build admirably without a particle of ornamentation. Nothing could be more instructive than to compare (or, rather, to *contrast*) the two finest houses New York has yet to show—this house and Mr. Hunt's. They prove how wide are the limits that bound architectural excellence even in the one branch of city domestic work; how foolish it is to try and fetter effort with narrow artistic creeds, with rigid dogmas as to style and treatment and amount of decoration. Each is an admirable house in its own way—I am almost afraid to say how admirable in my eyes when judged by the standard of current performance even in its better phases, and even in Europe as well as here. Yet no two houses could well be more unlike in idea, in material, in treatment, or in degree of ornamentation.

Continue down Madison Avenue now, and at the corner of Sixty-seventh street we shall find three houses built by Mr. Hunt—again in a rich and charming French transitional style. Here, too, we see the *artist*, and in work that has much beauty. Yet certain parts of it are, I think, inferior to the rest. The

Madison Avenue side contents us thoroughly as a piece of composition, the Sixty-seventh street side less entirely; and the corner, which should have been the strongest, is the weakest portion of the whole.

Farther on, just back of the cathedral, we find Messrs. McKim, Mead and White once more. The whole block is occupied by four houses treated as a single composition. In happy variation on our usual arrangement, the central ones are thrown far back, giving space for a turfed court with a fountain in the middle, while the others form projecting wings on either hand. The southerly wing contains Mr. Villard's house, so justly famed for its interior beauty. The external treatment is throughout very simple, after an Italian Renaissance fashion which wins a local flavor from the use of "brown-stone,"—better, however, than the average, both in quality and in color. The broad plain walls and regularly spaced and delicately ornamented windows are enlivened by the introduction of a *loggia* in the central portion, and are *composed*, moreover, by intelligent proportioning. The effect is very quiet, a little cold, perhaps a little tame; but it is extremely refined, and affords an interesting contrast to the effect of those "vernacular" examples whose inspiration was drawn from similar sources. Perhaps a careless eye will not see at first all the difference between the two; but it is there, both in structure and in decoration,—all the difference that marks off art from no art. As in their great house just described, so here as well, though in a very different language, these artists seem to be protesting against frivolity, tawdriness, unrest, and ostentation.

These have all been exceptional houses as to situation, or, at least, as to size. Individually they are, of course, more interesting than their humbler neighbors. But collectively considered, our average homes are the most important and should be most carefully studied. If *they* cannot be made good, then our city will never really be redeemed from the reproach of its ugly monotony.

The old average house is an unsuccessful thing indeed. In fact, it is not a *thing* at all, for a thing, at least in architecture, means an organism, and this house is merely a mechanical accumulation of spaces and openings, unbeautiful in themselves and uncombined with one another. For too long a time we apathetically excused it as the result of unalterable and unfortunate conditions. What could we do with a façade that was sixty feet or more in height and but twenty-five feet—as often, indeed, but twenty or even less—in width? We might have answered *much* if we had cared to use, not even our imagination,

but our memory merely. For the same problem had been at least agreeably treated in almost every foreign town. The "obelisque style" of house, as Balzac calls it, was characteristic of the old Paris that he loved. It was very lofty, often only three windows in width, and commonly built of but humble materials. Yet it was an organic structure and a picturesque. It was not a lifeless screen like ours. And similar houses in countless European streets have such charming fronts that they find illustration in every architectural hand-book.

Nor was another familiar plaint any more reasonable than this. It was very untrue that we could not light our houses better and yet give sufficient solidity of effect. I think the open, late-gothic façades of Venice look strong enough; and I know of many an old German house-front which is almost all windows, yet which looks delightfully secure,—as, for instance, the beautiful Leibnitz house in Hanover, pictured in Lübke's "History of Architecture."\*

It has often been said, again, that New York building was bad chiefly because it showed no roofs. Surely there has often enough been good street architecture without visible roofs, and surely there is no possible reason why we might not have had as many roofs and gables and dormers and chimneys as heart could wish. They already exist to-day on most of the large houses I have named, and we find them modestly apparent in the three narrower façades that are among our illustrations.

I have heard Mr. Haight's basement house on East Fifty-fifth street described as "Queen Anne." If the reader cares to see how widely

things may differ that are called by this one name, he has only to contrast it with a group of four houses—*not* by Mr. Haight—at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-seventh street. These were built at the same time and by the same hands, yet each is as different as possible from its neighbors, and each is as distressingly fantastic as a house well could be.

Messrs. McKim, Mead and White's two houses on Fifth Avenue show varying adaptations of a delicate early Renaissance style that has refinement as its very essence. These three dwellings, together with others not a few, prove that composition *is* possible even with our average proportions. They prove, too, that composition does not mean a multitude of features—an idea that has too often found expression since we began to have ideas at all. There are scores and scores of houses in our up-town streets which have tried to be more "architectural" than the brown-stone front, but which show almost less of definite conception on their designers' part and visibly less of unity in their results—which are mere medleys of as many alien "things" as could be crowded into the given surface. There are but few "things" in our illustrated examples, but these few express structure and are combined with one another. Neither of them, perhaps, can we call quite perfect; yet we should be glad enough if all our houses were as good. And we should hardly complain if none of them were less attractive than a still simpler work of Messrs. McKim, Mead and White's—the Mercantile Library office on Fifth Avenue near Thirty-eighth street.

charming, and they are lofty, narrow, and almost made up of windows. And, moreover, they reveal the Dutch high stoop, modified in the most sensible and attractive ways.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

#### FOR OTHERS.

WEeping for another's woe,  
Tears flow then that would not flow  
When our sorrow was our own,  
And the deadly, stiffening blow  
Was upon our own heart given  
In the moments that have flown!

Cringing at another's cry  
In the hollow world of grief,  
Stills the anguish of our pain  
For the fate that made us die  
To our hopes as sweet as vain;  
And our tears can flow again!

One storm blows the night this way,  
But another brings the day.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

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## JOHN BODEWIN'S TESTIMONY.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "Friend Barton's Concern," etc.

XV.

### CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

EARLY on the morning after Bodewin's disappearance a telegram from Mr. Craig was received at the mine, asking news of Bodewin. Two men had already set out from the camp to search the trail for signs which might lead to some conclusion as to what had become of him. None were found, nor was there evidence of any kind indicating a struggle by the wayside. Various theories were advanced as to Bodewin's fate, but the general opinion in the camp, in view of his known reluctance to appear on the trial, was what he himself had expected it would be. The pistol-mark on Baldy's hip was pronounced, by experts in such matters, the work of a hand that had been careful not to aim too well — probably the hand of Baldy's master. If Bodewin had been stopped on the road by persons who had reasons for not wishing their business with him to be known, they would never have allowed his horse to escape, especially with that mark upon him. So said the men of experience. That any such persons would have allowed the horse to get beyond range of a dead-sure shot was too wild an improbability altogether. Bodewin, no doubt, was hiding out until after the trial, and had sent Baldy home with a blood-stain on him to lead conjecture astray.

In these days Josephine felt strongly drawn towards Hillbury. She saw him frequently, but he never spoke to her of Bodewin, even when the latter's disappearance was the one topic in the camp, and she believed that his silence, like her own, covered a heart-ache to which words could give no relief. Hillbury was no less drawn towards Josephine. She was more beautiful than ever, he thought. She had the look of one who was suffering. He would have been glad to believe it was not for Bodewin's sake — from no reason personal to himself, — so he assured himself, — but from a lamentable suspicion, that cut him very deep on the score of friendship, that Bodewin was unworthy. Hillbury was not yet willing to believe him so, but the doubt was in itself a trouble. It was also a responsibility, for while

he harbored it he felt like a traitor to his friend; yet he could not free himself from it.

A few days before Bodewin took his ride up the pass, Hillbury had made a second search for the mysterious cabin. He had found it, and there began his sadness. He had come upon it as unexpectedly as if it had sprung up out of the earth. Some accident of the location had the curious effect to render it invisible from any point of view that was not very near. There had been no one at home, or so Hillbury had supposed. Finding himself out of matches and in urgent want of a smoke, he pushed open the door, after the unceremonious fashion of the region, and looked about within for what he required. He had expected to find a match or two without any trouble, then quietly to go his ways and pass on his obligation to some other needy wayfarer. But the matches were not in any of the usual places. He found them at last in an Indian basket of braided grasses, made in the shape of half a hollow sphere, that rocked when he touched it, on the corner of a high wooden shelf. Poking about in it for a match with a buckskin glove on, he upset it and spilled its contents on the floor, — sewing materials, a woman's thimble, the matches, an imperfect pack of cards, one of them cut as for the measure of a hem or tuck, and — a photograph of John Bodewin! An old and faded picture of him in his cavalry uniform, slim in figure, with the boyish face fixed in that slightly exaggerated look of determination which characterized the pictures of our young volunteers. The mustache was faintly perceptible, the hair a little longer than Bodewin's present cut, but it was Bodewin, without the shadow of a doubt. Hillbury was touched at seeing the face of his friend as he had known it fifteen years before; it sobered him with a rush of recollections; and then came the cold conjecture, how should it be there — in the cabin which Bodewin had declared was purely of Craig's invention? Hillbury hated mysteries. He wished his friends' lives to be, like his own, in no need of explanation or defense. Here was something to be accounted for. While he stood musing, with the picture in his hand, the outer door of the cabin was pushed open, and a girl, bareheaded, carrying an apronful of pine chips, entered the



room. Hillbury was not as surprised to see her as she evidently was to see him. He had recognized her at once as the girl of Craig's adventure. He apologized for his intrusion. The girl had let fall her apron-load on the hearth, and stood as if waiting for him to take his departure. Her beauty corresponded to Craig's description better than her *manner*. That "sweet, stolid way" he had spoken of was not conspicuous to Hillbury's notice. At that moment, certainly, she looked neither sweet nor stolid, but rather keenly and resentfully observant of her visitor. There was in Hillbury's manner a certain superiority, as a matter of course, which his equals admitted and even liked, if he happened to like them, but which his inferiors, socially speaking, were apt to find as uncompanionable as a "no trespass" on a signboard. Hillbury appreciated the girl's beauty, in the abstract, as he would have appreciated the beauty of a perfect crystal; as a woman she had no existence for him, and, as a woman, she instantly felt it.

"Pardon me," said Hillbury, suddenly aware that he was still holding the photograph. "Is this a picture of a friend of yours?"

"No," said the girl,—she seemed to hesitate, and then added,— "not to say a friend."

Hillbury could not help seeing that she was blushing, and that some excitement made her breath come deep and short. It might be anger, but it did not look like it.

"Is it—pardon me again—a friend of your father's?" The girl did not reply, and Hillbury added: "I take the liberty of asking because it is a picture of a friend of mine, and I cannot help being surprised to find it here."

Hillbury could not help laying a slight emphasis on the last word. The girl's color deepened as she said:

"I do' know as you had any call to find it here."

"Very true," Hillbury admitted, smiling in acknowledgment of the just retort. "But you see I have found it, as it happens, and really I would like to know how it came here."

"Well, then, I can't tell you."

"Do you mean you cannot tell me because you do not know?"

"I mean you needn't ask me no more questions for I won't answer 'em."

"Very well," said Hillbury. "Here is the picture,—and here is my card. When you see this gentleman again, please hand it to him, will you?"

The girl took the picture, and the card he gave her. She looked doubtfully at the words, "U. S. Geological Survey," engraved beneath the name. They conveyed to her mind no idea beyond that vague suspicion with which

the pass-words of the educated class are regarded by the ignorant. She was not sure that this easy yet distant stranger was not making her in some way the instrument of his diversion—perhaps at her own expense.

Hillbury stood in the doorway watching her with puzzled, unhappy interest. Her beauty, as of a perfect young animal, a triumphant survival of the fittest feminine type, impressed him the more as he examined it. She was as handsome as Josephine, and as much more dangerous, to the average man, as passion without mental discipline could make her.

The girl found nothing to reassure her in Hillbury's inscrutable dark eyes. He lifted his hat and gravely wished her good-afternoon, and again his courtesy seemed to remind her of the distance between them.

Hillbury had a great fondness for Bodewin. He was quite used to disapproving of him. He was always longing to put him to rights, to rouse his ambition, and make him show for what he was worth. But, illogical as Bodewin's life was, in his friend's opinion, and provoking as were his habits, Hillbury had ever found him one of the most truthful, sensitive, and scrupulous of men. Yet he was aware that there was a side of Bodewin's life he knew nothing of. There had been a journey to Deadwood to which Bodewin had never referred, though it was evident to all who knew him that, in one way or another, it had been a hard trip for him; and there was this trouble with Harkins which Bodewin had gloomily alluded to. Why not go to him frankly and ask him what all this nonsense was about—and what, in particular, he meant by pretending ignorance of a house where a discussion of his picture called up so much feeling on the part of a pretty resident? Decidedly that was the proper thing to do. Since he had spoken of Bodewin in the matter, he could do no less than speak to him. He would open the subject on the first suitable occasion. No such occasion came, however. It seemed, almost, as if Bodewin might be trying to avoid him. Hillbury did not see him again to speak with him before his departure for Denver.

Hillbury had certain convictions which he never expressed because they were incapable of proof. One of these was the conviction that Bodewin was not dead. About two weeks after Bodewin's disappearance, when all efforts to find him or to learn his fate had ceased in the camp, Hillbury set out one day alone in search of his friend. He had mentioned to no one the object of his journey. He took the same way by which he had guided Mrs. Craig's party to the lake. He passed the burnt timber, entered the spruce forest, and,

plodding on through gleam and shadow, kept the trail as far as a certain ridge which he followed, moving now more slowly and looking about him for that little hollow where the cabin lurked and where he expected to find, yet hoped not to find, his friend.

He came upon the cabin from the rear, and finding the ground around the prospect-hole unsuitable for a nearer approach on horse-back, he dismounted and walked around the cabin towards its entrance. He could see the porch while he was still some distance from it,—the long bench, sheltered by the projecting roof,—and seated there, conspicuous in the morning sunlight, he saw John Bodewin. His back was partly turned to Hillbury. Against his shoulder rested a woman's head, a young head, thickly covered with light, shining hair. His hand seemed to press it closer, while his head was bent over the face, beneath his own. An idyllic stillness and peace surrounded the solitary cabin. There seemed no one in the forest but these two silent, lover-like figures,—and Hillbury, who had set his foot within their paradise. Hillbury did not see a man seated, smoking, on the farther end of the bench, where a hop-vine sheltered it. He looked but an instant upon what he believed to be his friend's disgrace, and then tramped fiercely back to the spot where he had left his horse.

As he rode homeward through the melancholy spruces, his hot disgust passed and left a feeling as if he had come from a burial. "I knew he was not dead. Would that he were—would that he were, rather than this!" He lay sleepless in his blankets that night before his camp-fire, going over and over again the evidence against Bodewin, and trying to find some flaw in the chain of proofs against him.

He remembered that Bodewin had not joined in the mirth over Craig's story of the cabin, and the pretty, golden-haired girl who had said she was a stranger in those parts. He had declared there was no such cabin. He had afterwards seemed to waver and half withdraw the assertion. The cabin had been found, and his picture had been seen there. The girl had blushed and refused to talk of it or of him. He had refused to go on the Eagle Bird case because of some mysterious hold Harkins had on him, through a woman. He had been on the verge of a confession, or an explanation which was evidently painful to him. He had at the last moment consented to give his testimony,—had declined to go over the range with the Eagle Bird outfit, had gone alone, and had not been heard from since. He was at the cabin in the woods,—the cabin he had pretended to doubt the existence of,—comfortably secluded, in the society of a hand-

some girl of a class from which he could not take a wife.

Would that he were dead! Hillbury summed up the case against his friend. The sad, pure, sensitive Bodewin, negligent, yet over-scrupulous, whom he had loved and watched over for many years, was no more,—nor had he ever been. The poor fellow had his own strange charm. Hillbury owned it and missed it, even then when he believed that he had long been misled by it. The next evening he went to see Josephine. He went more than once to see her, nor could he yet assure himself that she was not grieving silently for Bodewin. One evening he asked her if she would take a ride with him in the valley. She turned red and then pale.

"No," she said; "I hate the valley!"

"Wherever else you please, then."

"No, not anywhere, thank you. I shall not ride any more while I am here."

When he went home that night, he said to himself, "She too is mourning for the living dead." And when he considered how her thoughts must be dwelling on the recreant Bodewin and idealizing him in his absence, the folly of his friend's conduct seemed to him almost more tragic than its baseness.

XVI.

BABE.

THE Keesner cabin consisted of two rooms, one behind the other, with an unfinished loft above them. The rear room was built into the hill, windowless, and lighted only from the adjoining room. Babe had slept in this part of the cabin, called the "dug-out," until Bodewin became one of the family, when it was given to him, and Babe took the garret for her bedroom.

The Keesners, father and son, slept below in the outer room, across the doorway of Bodewin's room. They lay, with their guns beside them, on a camp blanket sewed to the hem of the calico curtain which covered the doorway. The blanket was an extension of the curtain;—sleeping on it, they were thus in a position to be disturbed by any movement of it from within.

At five o'clock on the morning after his capture Bodewin and his keepers were still asleep. The interior of the cabin was dim and quiet as the gray morning twilight in the woods outside. Babe had been softly moving about overhead, and now she came down the ladder which, propped against a square hole in the floor of the garret, served for a staircase. A few red coals were still winking among the ashes on the hearth. She raked

them out and started a blaze with kindlings laid ready overnight. Then she took the water-pail and went out to fill it at the well. By this time her father and brother were awake. They got up with a noise of boots like horses waking in their stalls, and limped, grumbling and cursing, to the fire.

"Floor gits mighty cold, nights," said the elder Keesner. "Dum nigh par'ized!" he muttered, rubbing his chilled joints. Tony, squatting on the hearth, shoulders drawn together and hands spread to the warmth, spat into the ashes in silence.

Bodewin now came out and asked for water to wash with. Neither of the men stirred, but Dad said:

"Guess Babe ain't done with the basin yet."

Tony, on reflection, went to the door and ordered her to hurry up, and was in turn ordered by his father to "shut that door!"

In a few moments Babe came in, looking pink about the ears and elbows, with damp rings of hair standing out around her forehead, and offered to Bodewin a clean bright tin basin, which had been not only emptied but wiped. She filled it for him as he held it, gave him a coarse clean towel and a square of yellow soap; but not a glance or a word did she bestow upon him.

"Tain't often Babe's mad lasts overnight," her father remarked as she left the room.

When Bodewin, his camp toilet completed, went to the door to empty the tin basin, he was fain to linger there a moment for another look at Babe. She was hanging out the blankets to air, standing a little way off, in the clear morning sunlight, against the bronze and green tones of the forest distance. Her attitude, with both arms lifted, showed the nymph-like proportions of her form. From the back-thrown head, and full short curve of the chin melting into the long white curve of the throat, to the strong-springing line of her instep that lightly upbore her to her fullest height, she was to the eye perfect.

Bodewin prudently reflected that her speech would probably be disillusioning. Dad Keesner and Tony had followed him closely with their rifles in their hands. He turned suddenly from the open door and confronted them, glancing coolly from their faces to their weapons.

"You don't need to go to that door again," said Dad; and Tony added, "We kin empty your slops for you."

At breakfast the three men sat down together, and Babe waited on them. Bodewin thought of those long-haired, white-armed northern captives serving in the tents of their conquerors. Babe's beauty had in it the element of tragedy, as he discovered when he

tried to find her prototype in romance or tradition.

During the next three days Bodewin was confined to the cabin, Dad and Tony relieving each other in the close watch they kept upon him. He saw much of Babe, as she went and came about her housework, but he was far too wise in the ways of all proud, shy, dependent creatures to force himself in the slightest upon her notice. He was tolerably sure that he was observed, and that keenly, but he was not impatient to learn the nature of Babe's conclusions with regard to himself. In small unobtrusive ways he made himself useful to her, but most of the time he was occupied with mild resources of his own to which she was a stranger. He made sketches in his note-book. Happening to have about him a stylographic pen charged with ink, he took advantage of its unexpected fluency and copied some straggling pencil-notes from one book into another. This latter amusement, however, aroused the suspicions of his keepers. Keesner remarked that there wasn't any post-office anywhere in that part of the woods, and that he guessed Bodewin's letters could wait.

Bodewin took the hint good-humoredly enough. It was part of the situation which he had decided to accept. But afterwards, as he sat smoking by the fire, his occupation gone, his face fell into its habitual expression, a sadness which bore no reference to his present circumstances, but was rather an aggregation dating from the time of his moody boyhood. Babe, looking at him wistfully, and forgetting in his evident abstraction to ignore his presence in the room, interpreted it otherwise. Bodewin, having nothing else to do, continued to smoke, and to stare at the water which was beginning to ruffle in a saucepan propped on two stones above a bed of coals. Babe had gone out-of-doors. Shortly she returned with something that moved, bundled in her apron. She came over to the hearth, knelt in front of Bodewin, and lowering her arms showed him a young setter dog, that immediately began whirling about in her lap and caressing her hands and face alternately. She muzzled his nose with both hands.

"Pretty, ain't he?" she asked, smiling down into the creature's face, and trying to fix his soft, restless brown eyes with her own. The dog snuffed and struggled, and tried to free his nose from the pressure of her circling fingers. Bodewin leaned down and admired him, pulling his ears, looking at his teeth, and inquiring his age and name.

"We call him 'Pardner,'" Babe replied to the last question. "Don't you want him to play with? He's heaps of company."

The dog was transferred from Babe's lap to

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Bodewin's knees. As Pardner objected to the smell of tobacco, Bodewin put his pipe in his pocket. Babe stood up, and for a moment lost her shyness of Bodewin in the fond content with which she regarded his wooing of her pet. She remonstrated with Pardner for chewing Bodewin's sleeve-buttons, but evidently thought no less of Bodewin for holding his ornaments so cheap, or the dog so dear.

"You can fool with him all you want to," she said finally. "He don't belong to anybody in this house but me."

After these first few days of confinement Bodewin was allowed to spend his time as he preferred, either in the cabin or outside in the woods, close by. One day Tony was missing, and the next morning Jim Keesner volunteered that Tony had heard from the camp yesterday. The Eagle Bird had obtained a postponement of the trial for a month,— "on account of unavoidable absence of principal witness," Keesner quoted complacently. He then made Bodewin the offer of his liberty, on condition that he would swear not to testify on this or any subsequent trial of the case between the two mines, and that he would keep the secret of his abduction. Bodewin smiled at this proposition.

Keesner admitted that he had not expected him to accept it, and advised him to take his detention as coolly as possible, since it would now necessarily be prolonged until after the trial.

Keesner protested that neither he nor Tony had anything against Bodewin, unless it might be Tony "owed him one on that circus with the horse." And further, he was willing Bodewin should know that, "although they hel' the cards, Harkins was runnin' the game."

While they were on the subject Bodewin asked if it was not Harkins who had planned his capture.

Keesner shut one eye tight and fixed the other on the toe of his uppermost boot, as he sat, with his knees crossed, on the bench by the door. "That there Harkins is jest murmurin' h— when he gits started! He's jest omnivorous!" He rocked himself forward on his crossed arms and laughed with deep and silent enjoyment.

"How did he know I was going alone by the trail?" Bodewin asked.

"How does Harkins know anything! If you'd 'a' went the other way he'd been fixed for you just the same. How'd he git your picture?"

"What!"

Keesner rose up chuckling and went into the cabin, followed by the roused look of inquiry in Bodewin's eyes. He fumbled about

on the mantel-shelf, and came back with a photograph, which he laid on Bodewin's knee.

"There ye are! How'd he git that?"

Bodewin stared at the picture in gloomy amazement. He had not seen it since the day, fourteen years ago, when he stood by the white-draped table in his sister's room at home, talking to her of Frank Eustis, his eyes meanwhile wandering absently from one to another of her innocent girlish trophies. It was the day before Frank Eustis came, at his invitation, on that hapless visit. So all these years of their separation she had kept her brother's picture. Seldom as she might have looked upon it, there must have been some lingering sentiment which had prevented her from parting with it. Bodewin was at no loss to guess how, among her poor belongings, it had passed from the hand of Harkins's lady friend to Harkins himself, to be finally put to this ingenious use. Harkins had certainly a devilish sense of humor.

"Why did Harkins give you this, do you know?" Bodewin asked at length.

"So we wouldn't miss our man," Keesner replied. "I never set eyes on you, and didn't want to, beforehand,—see,—for fear you'd know me when I come to tackle you on the road."

Bodewin tore up the picture, Keesner looking on and making no objection. It had served its purpose, so far as he was concerned.

It had served another purpose. The picture had been sent to the cabin a month or more before Bodewin himself was brought there. Babe had not seen many pictures in her life. She had never known a man's face like the one this picture set before her. Poring over it whenever she could have it to herself unobserved, there had been time enough for the sowing of those seeds of trouble which were now maturing fast.

So, while Tony sulked and Bodewin rested in his brief exemption from responsibility, and Keesner chuckled over Harkins's cleverness and counted the wages of his own iniquity, Babe was the common victim.

## XVII.

### AMATEUR SURGERY.

THAT evening by candle-light in the cabin Bodewin was looking over a collection of "specimens," which represented the financial hopes and disappointments of the Keesner family for the past two or three years. Jim Keesner was trying to get a professional opinion from Bodewin regarding a certain piece of quartz he had at that time a particular interest in. It had been taken from one



of Keesner's numerous "prospects" which Harkins had just bonded for ten thousand dollars. Bodewin's safe-keeping until after the trial had a more important bearing on the sale of Keesner's mine than the value of the property itself.

Keesner was well aware of this fact; but there was the bare possibility that the mine might be worth something like the amount of the bond, in which case Harkins's bounty on Bodewin's capture and detention would not amount to much after all. Highly as Keesner respected his principal's ability, he did not care to furnish an illustration of it in his own person. It was a privilege to be associated in business with a man like Harkins; nevertheless it was a privilege one might, at any moment, be called upon to pay dearly for.

Bodewin turned the quartz specimen over on his palm and tried its weight. In order to obtain a fresh fracture he struck it, as it lay on his open hand, with another piece of stone he had picked up from the table. As the quartz fell in pieces, Babe, who had been leaning over Tony's shoulder, looking on at the inspection of minerals, drew back quickly. She had got a particle of the sharp quartz sand in her eye.

She went away from the light and sat apart with her hand over her face, refusing to have the eye looked at. Her father teased her, and Tony bullied her with various methods of extracting the sand. Babe would have none of them, and finally went to bed, saying "it would work out itself before morning."

She came down early as usual next day and prepared breakfast, making no complaint. She had tied a bandage over the injured eye, and was evidently suffering, though still obstinate when remedies were suggested. After breakfast Tony went to the corral to feed the horses. Dad Keesner had taken his favorite seat for a morning smoke, on the corner of the bench sheltered by a hop-vine, and near the cabin window. He could thus enjoy the still September sunshine and keep, at the same time, an eye on Bodewin, who sat within, whittling, by the hearth. Babe had washed and put away her breakfast things, moving about silently, as she had done ever since the formidable stranger's arrival. She now took down the broom from its nail behind the door, a sign that she wanted the cabin cleared of men.

Bodewin had been at work on a couple of match-sticks, whittling them until each one was as soft and thin at the end as a fine, flat camel's-hair brush. With these frivolous-looking implements in his fingers he approached Babe and said gently, but as if he expected her to listen:

"I want to take that thing out of your eye. It is time it was out."

"How are you going to?" Babe asked.

"Come here to the light, and I will show you."

As she hesitated, Bodewin took the broom out of her hands, keeping his eyes upon her, and motioned towards the door. He waited for her to precede him, grave, courteous, but peremptory, as a physician should be.

She obeyed, laughing a little nervously, perhaps at the novelty of finding herself obedient to masculine direction.

At his command she sat down on the bench outside, turning her face to the light.

"Take off the bandage, please."

She took it off with fingers that were slightly tremulous. Bodewin gave her one of the match-sticks and showed her how to moisten the whittled end in her mouth, until it was soft and pliable as a feather. Then taking her head firmly against his shoulder he pressed her shrinking lids apart, and passed the slip of wood under the lid, from the outer to the inner corner of the eye.

The relief was instantaneous. Babe's head drooped. Helpless tears bathed her cheek where the mounting blood was fast effacing the impress of Bodewin's fingers.

He did not look at her at once, but turning to her father, showed him the speck of quartz on the soft end of the stick he had just used.

"— Hisht!" said Keesner, taking his pipe from his mouth. "Tony!" he called, leaning to look past Bodewin. "Is that you, Tony? I thought I heered a man's feet goin' round the house. Did you hear him?" turning to Bodewin.

"Yes, I heard it; I thought it was Tony," Bodewin replied.

Keesner listened a moment, dubiously, and then resumed his pipe. There was nothing surprising in the silence that had followed Keesner's call. Tony rarely condescended to raise his voice in answer to the paternal summons, but made his appearance in due time when it pleased him to come.

Bodewin, meantime, in whom captivity had bred a habit of restlessness that was not natural to him, had wandered back into the cabin, because he was tired of the porch. He was surprised to see Babe seated by the table, her head bowed low, her face hidden on her crossed arms. He stopped beside her and asked if the wounded eye still gave her pain. She seemed to repel his sympathy by a mute gesture which left him still in doubt as to the cause of her trouble.

"What is it, Babe? What is the matter?" he urged.

Babe had never in her life listened to a



man's voice like Bodewin's, with sensitive inflections, that made her color come and go, and a distinctive quality like that of a musical instrument. His low tones touched her the more keenly now by contrast to that peremptory manner of the physician he had before assumed. They thrilled across her fresh, wild sensibilities as the tenderest-uttered words might have done. She raised her head and looked up at Bodewin, without speaking. Bodewin turned away. He was impatient of this uncalled-for show of feeling in Babe, which seemed to threaten complications in their enforced relation to each other. He was himself intensely, often savagely, preoccupied with thoughts of all that might be doing or done with and finished in that world of his own, from which he had been eliminated as by death. It was irritating to have to think about Babe when he wanted to think about himself. He called it thinking about himself when he dreamed restlessly, in the long, silent hours, of Josephine. He would have had this other girl come and go before his absent gaze in her beauty that was so satisfying in its strength and completeness, and be no more of a problem than the sunlight on the wall.

From some impulse, perhaps to satisfy himself that he had not been making too much of a momentary impression, he went back to where Babe still sat, with her face hidden in her hands.

"Let me see that eye again," he said, resuming the matter-of-fact tone of her physician.

"You don't need to; it's all right," she protested, shrinking away from him.

"Let me see it!" he repeated, authoritatively. "It cannot be all right if you have to keep it covered, like that."

She let her hands fall and submitted to his scrutiny, but it was impossible to meet his eyes, with such a helpless quivering of her lips, and the blood rushing into her face. She drew back, with a quick, gasping sigh, and burst into tears.

"What are you crying about?" said Bodewin, angry with himself, and with Babe for making him feel both foolish and cruel. "Are you crying because the speck is gone? You will have to forgive me;—I cannot put it back again."

During the rest of the day Bodewin made it easy for Babe to avoid him by keeping outside of the cabin himself. At dinner she did not sit at the table with the family. Bodewin was not surprised at her absence. He knew that she had not forgiven him; moreover, he had observed that Babe would never eat with him if she could help it, partly from shyness, partly from pride. She was intensely sure

that in a hundred unknown ways he found her different from the women he was used to. Not to exhibit this difference, she took pains to give him as little of her speech and manners as possible. She had got a step beyond the men of her family, who saw between Bodewin and themselves few differences that were not in their own favor.

At dusk Bodewin found himself alone with Babe, a moment, in the cabin. Tony sat in the doorway, his rifle between his knees, his face turned towards the copper-colored sunset, glowing behind the woods. It was Tony's watch. Dad was relaxing himself with a twilight stroll outside.

Babe had taken this opportunity to give Bodewin the card which Hillbury had left for him.

"Where did this come from?" Bodewin asked.

"He told me to give it to you."

"He? What, this man?" pointing to the card.

Babe looked bewildered.

"I don't know. He was a dark-complexioned man in buckskin clothes. He stopped in here for some matches. There wasn't anybody 'round but me. I found him standing there with your — with that picture of you in his hand."

"And then —?" said Bodewin seeing the whole situation, and now painfully interested.

"He asked me some questions."

"Do you remember what questions?"

Babe repeated the questions, falteringly, though she remembered them well.

"And you did not tell him I had never been to the cabin and you had never seen me before?"

Babe was silent.

"This is the worst yet!" Bodewin groaned.

"Tell him yourself when you see him again, if you're so 'shamed of it!" Babe whispered passionately.

"Yes, when I see him again," Bodewin repeated. "When will that be?"

"Sooner than you think, maybe."

"The sooner the better," he said. Stepping back from the hearth, he trod on Pardner's foot. The dog howled dismally, and Babe, with a look of angry reproach at Bodewin, swept the wailing puppy into her arms and carried him out-of-doors.

When she had prepared supper she set a single candle in a japanned tin candlestick on the table, and, without speaking to any one, went out into the darkness, leaving the men to themselves.

"What ails Babe?" Tony asked.

"She's on her ear about somethin' or other,"

her father explained, between large mouthfuls of beans.

"I'd make her quit her foolishness if I was you," said Tony.

"Yes, you better try a lasso to her; maybe you'll fetch her same's you did that there white-faced hoss o' his'n," said the father, winking at Bodewin and laughing uproariously at his own joke.

Bodewin ate his supper in silence and went to bed early. He was not fond of the "dug-out," but its cave-like darkness and stillness suited him to-night better than the society and candle-light of the outer room.

Hillbury's tacit message by the hand of Babe had given him a bad turn. He could not have known that the keen eyes of his friend had surprised Babe's miserable little secret in her face, and that the man of evidence had for once allowed himself to come to a conclusion without waiting for proof; but without going this length in his apprehensions, there were reasons enough why he should be impatient to explain himself. Small effort as he had ever made to gain it, Bodewin really hungered for Hillbury's cold and tardy approbation. His friend's whole attitude and humor suited him exquisitely in a man; in a woman the effect might be a little meager. A man should never make a fool of himself, but a woman might do so very charmingly, on occasion, with the right person, of course.

The conjunction of ideas was hardly complimentary, but Bodewin's next thought was of Josephine. There comes a time, no doubt, in a man's relations with an attractive woman, when he may yet decide either to take in sail, emotionally speaking, or square away before it, trusting there may be no danger ahead. This time came to Bodewin about the period of those long gallops in the valley and pacings homeward through the pine woods at sunset. Setting his estimate of his own person, attainments, fortune, and prospects against her youth, beauty, and nobleness of character, he had decided to take in sail. Theoretically he had begun to do so before his abduction. It might be questioned how well he would have succeeded in practice had he been left to complete his journey to Denver, and to return with the honors of chief witness on the winning side, to be petted by the Eagle Bird constituency. As it had turned out, Bodewin more than once since his sequestration had sadly congratulated himself on this stroke of fate which had put him out of temptation's way.

But to-night, in the general upheaval, reason could make no headway against the keen and passionate sense of loss with which he counted the days of his absence. After the trial the Newbolds would probably go East

at once; he might never see Josephine again. The break was intolerably sudden. There were things he must say to her before they parted finally. He must clear himself from all injurious, vague suspicions, and establish his good faith in her eyes; then perhaps he might be able to give her up without this clamorous, childish pain.

Bodewin was not the only watcher in the cabin that night. Babe had also gone early to bed, but not to sleep. She had taken Bodewin's last words to her pillow. "The sooner the better," she repeated to herself. It should be soon. It must be soon, for her own sake, if not for his. She heard her father talking with Tony in the room below. Their voices were slightly lowered, as if the conversation had taken a confidential tone. Babe got out of bed, stepped softly across the loose boards of the floor to the open ladder-hole, and laid herself down beside it. She had come to a bitter, costly resolve with regard to Bodewin, but to carry it out she must learn all she could of her father's intentions towards his prisoner.

Tony was speaking now. "Say, do you know what the talk is down to camp?"

"What do I know about camp!" Dad crossly rejoined. "Hain't seen so much as the sign on a gin-mill for six months."

"There's a heap of talk about *him*. They 'low down there he never would 'a' started if it hadn't 'a' been for Newbold's daughter."

"Say Newbold's coin, and you'll be talkin'."

"Same thing"—it was Tony who spoke again. "Newbold gits his case, and *he* gits the girl, and the coin too. That's what they're talkin' down below."

"Thought you said 'twas generally 'lowed he'd lit out by himself, on purpose?"

"That's Sammis's racket. Sammis makes himself a heap of importance 'bout now. He knowed it all beforehand. *He* told 'em just how 'twould be!"

"Well, it don't look onlikely," said Dad, slowly.

"What don't?"

"That there story 'bout the girl."

"Guess you'd think so if you was to see her once!"

"Where'd you ever see her?"

Babe could not see the men, as they crouched forward over the fire, but by their shadows thrown on the opposite wall she could guess at Tony's attitude.

"I looked at her," he said, leaning towards his father, without taking his elbows off his knees, "straight as I'm lookin' at you now, for much as half an hour up there on Mike's claim. I could tell you her p'int's like I could Babe's here."

"She's got p'int's, eh?"

Tony nodded his head, and his giant double on the wall repeated the action impressively.

"What age 'bout?" Dad asked.

"'Bout Babe's age—little older, maybe. She's a different color to Babe. Black eyes, and eyebrows like a streak o' charcoal."

"Sho, I bet she can't hold half a candle to our Babe!"

"I bet she can hold two—ask Bod'in!"

"Durn'd if it ain't a reg'lar circus!" Dad laughed his low-bred, cunning laugh and slapped his knees.

"Can't ye make a little more noise?" Tony whispered savagely.

"Say, Tony!"—Keesner gave his son a shove with his elbow,—“was he long of her up there on the Mike?”

"They was jawin' together, I tell you, the whole durned time. Him a-layin' on his elbow lookin' at her, and her face as red as that coal."

"No! 'Twas the sun likely."

"I tell you, he's dead gone on her. It's all the talk down to camp. She put him up to testifyin'. Harkins must 'a' had that in his head when he told us to say she sent the papers."

"That there Harkins is a reg'lar coon," said Dad, with feeling.

"It's going to be a tough pull on him, hidin' out here for a month. He'll feel mighty ugly when he gits loose," said Tony.

"Harkins has got to settle that bill," Dad replied. "'Tain't none of my funeral!"

"You'll see 'fore we git through whose funeral it will be."

Babe had writhed herself over, prone on the floor, in the darkness. She had no words, no thoughts. She seemed made of one great agony. Nothing was clear to her but the image of Bodewin, his attitude, his eyes. She could feel them resting upon her face as if she had been that other girl whom he was longing to see.

She understood all, now, as one sufferer knows another's pain—his restless days, his days of moody silence. The dull, beseeching pain in his eyes meant no want of his that she could satisfy.

Towards morning she got up from the floor and threw herself on her bed. From complete weariness she lost herself, and slept heavily until awakened by her father, calling and shaking the ladder below.

#### XVIII.

#### ANOTHER OBLIGATION.

THE days of Bodewin's captivity were spent in eating and sleeping, training the setter pup,

arguing with Dad, ignoring Tony, and, over and above his own private fund of sweet and bitter fancy, wondering what could be the matter with Babe. At times, as on the day he had treated the wounded eye, he had fancied he knew what the nature of her trouble was; but the supposition involved such gross and fatuous vanity on his part, that he preferred to reject it, even in the face of symptoms difficult to account for on any other hypothesis.

To keep on the safe side, however, he now spent his days almost entirely out-of-doors.

He had found some amusement in the making of a rude sun-dial on the top of a pine-stump that had been sawed a few feet from the ground. On its tablet of shaded amber-colored rings he had inscribed the hours in a circle. He was now at work on an appropriate motto, which was to form a lesser circle, inclosing the dial-plate. He had first read it, carved on a stone dial that had counted the sunny hours in an old mission garden of lower California. A passion-vine had wound itself about the broken column, and fragrantly closed the record. Bodewin had parted its sprays, heavy with purple blossoms, to read the words:

"Coma la sombra, haya la hora"  
(As the shadow, flies the hour).

Many a time since, in times of waiting or on solitary journeys, they had found their way back to his thoughts and left with him their echo of homesickness.

Bodewin was cutting the last letters of this inscription one day when Babe, on her way to the well, stopped and watched him at his work, and lingered still, with nothing to say, yet as if she wished to say something. After waiting for her to speak, Bodewin asked rather sentimentally—"You will look at my clock in the forest, sometimes, when I am gone, Babe?"

He found it difficult to avoid a half-caressing, half-condescending tone in talking to her. She made him think of those women in Genesis, with perfect bodies, and souls whose history went not back beyond a few generations.

"You want to leave yere mighty bad, don't you?" she asked in a low voice, without looking at him or replying to his speech about the clock.

"I want to get away, of course," Bodewin answered indifferently, and on his guard at once.

"I've been studyin' 'bout a way to help you off. I can't talk now,—after supper maybe, outside."

After supper Bodewin lit his pipe and strolled out of the cabin, attended by the familiar consciousness that he was watched

by one or both of his keepers. It was Dad's watch to-night. Dad was more cunningly vigilant than Tony. He had an air of abstraction when on duty that made his society less of a restraint on the movements of his prisoner. It was thus he kept *en rapport* with Bodewin's varying mood under the pressure of his long waiting. When her evening work was done, Babe came out and sat a little way off from Bodewin on the bench. Dad smoked and paced slowly up and down the cleared space in front of the cabin. As it grew dusk only the red spark of his pipe showed where he moved against the gloom of the trees, and the figures of the two who sat on the bench blended with the shadow of the low projecting roof. Tony was sleeping heavily and audibly on the floor of the cabin. From time to time, in his walk, Dad paused opposite the open door and listened with disgust to the sleeper's breathing, muttering to himself the reproof he was rehearsing for his benefit. Tony was getting slack about his share of the work in hand, and showing besides an inclination to resume his habit of drinking. Dad had unpleasant suspicions as to the cause of this early and profound nap.

This was Babe's opportunity. Speaking low, and with thickening heart-beats, she confided to Bodewin her plan for his escape. The possibility that he might hesitate to avail himself of it had not once occurred to her.

"Thank you, Babe," he said. "It is very sweet of you to want to help me, but I'm not going, you know."

"You ain't a-going? Don't you want to go?"

"Not in that way."

He heard her stir softly beside him as if she sighed.

"I been a-studyin', but I can't think of any other way."

"Never mind, Babe. It's awfully good of you," he said, in that caressing tone which was a fatality of his talk with Babe. "I'll have to see it through, if you can stand having me around."

Babe moved again restlessly beside him. Hope was stirring in her heart, telling her that perhaps he was not so eager to get away after all.

"It is a great temptation," he said at last. "Have you thought what you will say to your father when he questions you to-morrow?"

"I ain't afraid of Dad. You can believe me—it will be worse for me if you keep on stayin' here."

"I thought we were getting to be such good friends, Babe."

Babe was silent a moment; he thought she was not going to answer, when she said, with

an effort at lightness, "You know you don't care for me only to fool with me."

"I care for any girl too much to fool with her. It was only on your account I hesitated. Heaven knows, I want to get away badly enough. If you understand the risk you are taking and are willing to take it for me—"

"I take it for myself," said Babe proudly. "It suits me to have you go, as well as it suits you to go. You can go to-night, if you've a mind to keep awake. When you hear me stirrin' 'round overhead, climb up the logs to a hole in the floor where you'll see a light—"

She was interrupted by Dad's approach. The old man sauntered towards them out of the twilight, knocked the ashes out of his pipe against a post of the porch, and set his heavy foot upon the boards.

"Git in, git in!" he said. "Night's yere and mornin's comin'!"

Tony was still sleeping by the fire. Bodewin had gone to bed, and Babe was stooping over the coals on the hearth to light her candle, when her father signed to her to draw near. He looked at her fixedly a moment as she stood before him, the unlit candle in her hand.

"'Pears to me you and him's gittin' mighty good friends," he said, with a gesture of his head towards the door of Bodewin's room.

Babe winced, but she faced him desperately. "If you don't want us to be friends, what you keepin' him here for?" she said.

"That's my business. Your business is to look out for yourself. I don't want no gal's foolishness 'round yere. You hear me?"

The girl flushed and then turned white.

"Dad," she almost whispered, meeting her father's eyes, shrinkingly, "send him away. He don't ought to be yere. I can't bear the sight of him."

"It looks like you can't bear the sight of him! It looks a heap like it." Dad wagged his head sarcastically. "Now look yere,—I'll tell you somethin' you don't want to forget. He's got his eye on a different piece of goods to what you be."

Babe did not take her eyes from her father's face while he was speaking. She was trembling, and there was a strange, set smile about her mouth.

"You make me feel like I wish I was dead," she said, heavily. She moved a step backwards and her eyes fell. Something seemed to break up within her;—tears came, and hard, choking sobs.

Her father still eyed her sternly, without any movement of relenting towards her; but she found her way into his arms and clung to him, rubbing her face against his, humbly.

"There, there," said Dad, soothingly, "don't talk no more foolishness."



Babe lifted her head.

"It ain't foolishness. Oh, you'll see! All of Harkins's mines and all his money won't pay you for the trouble he's makin' here—no—not if you love your poor old Babe!"

She sobbed, holding him by the shoulders, and fairly rocking his sturdy bulk in the strength of her despair.

"Girl," Keesner said, holding her off from him to give his severity its full effect, "you're talkin' mighty queer. You're gittin' simple. Now, you hear me,—that man stops yere, you understand? It suits me to have him. If you're so durned skeered of his company, I can put you where you'll have a chance to git used to men."

Babe wrenched herself out of his grasp.

"Father!" she cried, in a low, wild voice.

"Don't you come a-fatherin' me!" Keesner interrupted, nodding his big head at her. "You git to bed, and salt down what I been sayin' to you."

When Babe had gone to her room Keesner filled another pipe and smoked it tranquilly, satisfied that he had done a parent's duty, and more than satisfied with the situation, as he regarded it, between Bodewin and his daughter. Nothing would have suited Keesner better than for Bodewin to "take a hankerin' after our Babe." He was willing to use his daughter, but not to sacrifice her. It was not in Keesner's scheme that Babe should suffer any but that intangible harm which would wear out with a few girlish tears and reproaches. He had gone a little too far, perhaps, when he had threatened to send her down to her Aunt Matild', whose husband kept a billiard and drinking saloon in the camp. Babe must have known that that was all a joke. He stirred up Tony with his foot, and made him spread down the camp blankets and fetch in more wood, growling like a Caliban, while he himself covered the fire and bolted the outer door.

About one o'clock Bodewin, lying awake and dressed on his bed, heard cautious footsteps and movements overhead. When all was quiet again he rose, and, groping his way to the corner of the room, climbed up the logs and crawled through an opening in the floor above, where two loose boards had been removed. He found himself close under the rafters of the garret, and across the wide, low-eaved chamber, he saw through a square window in the gable the moonlight on the trees outside. It was a window of but one sash which had been taken out. Bodewin stumbled against it in reaching the window. He heard the stir of the night-breeze and felt its soft suspiration on his face. Somewhere in the shadowy room Babe was lying, breath-

lessly waiting for him to be gone. He dared not speak to her. He looked once toward the white outline of her bed, and with a mute "God bless her," turned his face to the night and liberty. The descent from the window to the ground, seven feet below, was easily made. Moonlight nights had come again. The last one, he remembered most vividly, was when at Josephine's side he had walked his horse through the lights and shadows of the forest trail, on their homeward ride from the lake. The moon was setting behind the low hooded cabin which sat with its shadow at its feet. In one of the bright spots of moonlight, between the cabin and the trees, Bodewin was startled to see a woman's figure, standing as if waiting for him. Raising her hand with a gesture of silence, she came towards him, and he saw that it was Babe. She had a shawl over her head which partly concealed her face. Bodewin protested against this needless risk on her part.

"Your horse is saddled ready here at the corral," she said, without heeding his remonstrance.

Again he insisted that she was doing too much for him.

"The creeturs know me, and you couldn't find the gear," she said.

"Which horse have you given me?"

"The black one. He ain't known yerabouts."

"That was a good thought," said Bodewin.

"I'll see that he gets back. Good-bye, Babe."

He held out his hand. She made no movement to take it.

"You've got to promise me something before you go," she said. Her manner was dull and quiet, as it had been for days past.

"I'll make you any promise in the world that I can honestly keep," Bodewin said.

"This here is between you and Harkins, ain't it? You won't make Dad pay for it?"

"I will swear to you, Babe, that I will take no revenge on any one in this house."

"Nor give us away by name?"

"Your name shall never pass my lips, so help me God."

After a pause she added, "Nor my father's nor Tony's?"

"You may trust me. I will be silent, for your sake, remember—for what you are doing for me to-night."

"I ain't a-doin' it for you," she murmured doggedly, half to herself.

"I may have to explain," Bodewin continued, "that I was detained by force. I must do that to clear myself from ugly suspicions about my absence, you understand?"

"It makes no odds to me what you say, so's you don't name us to no one, nor tell where you was kep'."



"It shall be so. Now run in, quick. God bless you."

She said nothing, but dropped her head an instant against the horse's neck. Bodewin thought she kissed it. When she had turned away, he mounted and rode on slowly, looking back and only half satisfied to go, while Babe still stood where he had left her, with her head down.

She stood there listening until the last light hoof-tread had died away. She then walked slowly around the cabin to the mound behind it, where the platform of boards glistened frosty in the moonlight. Behind the cabin no one, looking out by chance, could see her if she sat awhile and tried to realize what it was she had done. How would it be when her father came to question her as to Bodewin's escape?

The garret floor, once the boards were laid back in their places, would tell no tales, but a young girl's countenance is not so safe a shield to put before a secret. Her heart sank at the thought of her father's eyes resting on her face, as they had the night before, when he had scourged her to bed with his brutal words. The threat, moreover, with which he had dismissed her that night haunted her with a dread worse than that of any imaginable death. It was an overmastering fear, which made the night and the forest seem like home to her, by comparison with the house where her father and her brother lay asleep. Where should she go, along that pathway, wide as the gate and easy as the way of all desperate journeys? She tried her feet upon it as it were. They did not refuse to obey her. She walked on, hardly aware how far she had gone, on the blind forest track Bodewin had taken before her.

On a sudden a thought she had dwelt on often before asserted itself in the dull confusion of her mind. She would see the face of that other girl—the dark-eyed, the chosen one. Perhaps she might have sight of their happiness together. After that, whatever came to her, it would be easy to bear.

The resolve nerved her with sudden strength. She walked on fast, with long, soundless steps. Her head felt clear. Her journey had now an object. By daybreak she would be on the edge of the forest; and then, by the nearest and loneliest trail, she would find her way to the Eagle Bird mine.

## XIX.

## THE PRICE OF BODEWIN'S LIBERTY.

It was evening of the day of Bodewin's return. All that afternoon in Mr. Craig's office he had been in earnest consultation

with Mr. Newbold and his lawyer concerning the part he was to bear in the coming trial. The consultation had warmed into a discussion which was now closing with some excitement on the part of both lawyer and client. Bodewin was quiet and evidently depressed, but in a new and unexpected direction he was, as Craig would have expressed it, as freaky and mulish as ever. Mr. Craig felt entitled, in his professional capacity, to his witness's full confidence. Bodewin, on the contrary, declined to give any explanation of his late disappearance, beyond the fact that he had been captured on the road and forcibly detained. He carried his reticence to the point of making it a condition of his voluntary presence at the trial, that he should not be questioned as to the place where he had been kept a prisoner, or the authors of his detention. All this mystery was excessively irritating to Mr. Craig.

"Do you suppose I don't know what points to bring out and what to leave alone?" he asked impatiently. "Tell me the whole story, and I will know then what questions to ask you."

"I am not at liberty to tell the whole story to you, Craig, or to any one else," Bodewin replied. He hated to have to explain himself to Craig, whose unfortunate manner always made Bodewin forget that gentleman's numerous good and useful qualities, but it was the only alternative to a prolonged agitation of the subject of his testimony. "You will have to forego the sensation my little adventure might make in court. I was not set at liberty; I got off in the night—but not without help. I don't choose that the first use I make of my freedom shall be to retaliate even indirectly upon those who helped me to it. Harkins was at the bottom of the whole thing, and we will beat him at his own game. It would be childish now to try to revenge ourselves for what is past on those who are merely his tools. This little episode of my capture has no bearing on the case beyond its showing to what lengths Harkins will go and what risks he will take to make his point. But you would be giving yourself superfluous trouble to show up Harkins. He is well enough known, and so far from prejudicing a jury against him, in my opinion, such a jury as you will be likely to get would be immensely amused by the whole thing, and look at it only as another daring proof of his cleverness. My relations with Harkins are getting somewhat complicated, I'll admit, but they are after all my own affair. If you meddle with them in court, Craig, let me tell you, you'll be sorry for it."

"Confound it, Bodewin, this is the second

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time you have intimated that you know my business better than I do myself. Perhaps you would like to be witness and counsel both."

Bodewin leaned back in his chair with his hands deep in his pockets and studied the lacing of his shoes in silence. Mr. Newbold interposed with the assurance that he, for his part, admired Bodewin's magnanimity towards his enemies, and would be the last one to try to overcome his scrupulousness.

"They are not my enemies," Bodewin said.

"Are they your friends?" Craig retorted.

"Come, now, Craig," said Mr. Newbold.

"You shall not badger your own witness. Keep that tone for the Uinta men. If Mr. Bodewin is as true to us as he is generous to those fellows who plotted his abduction, we'll have no fault to find with him."

"Thank you, Mr. Newbold, but you give me too much credit," said Bodewin, coldly. "The person or persons concerned in my escape had nothing to do with my capture. As for my truth to you, sir, that means simply my truth to the truth itself, in so far as your case represents it. It means that, or else it means that I am a fool," he added bitterly.

Mr. Craig glanced at his client, as if to say, "You see what an uncomfortable fellow he is, take him any way you like."

Bodewin rose and took up his hat. He was conscious that he had been provoked into saying several extremely foolish things, and was anxious to make his retreat before he said any more.

"I shall stay up at the mine to-night, if Mrs. Sammis can give me a bed," he said, addressing himself to Mr. Newbold; and mentally he resolved that he would remain there until the camp had done asking questions and talking about him. Something new would turn up in a day or two — a suicide, or a street fight, or a stage robbery, or a rich strike of mineral — to divert the public interest from his own affairs.

In the meantime he could get a better grasp over his feelings towards Josephine. It was but a month he had been missed from the little stage of the camp, yet the parts might be all changed. Hillbury and Josephine were perhaps even now riding homewards in the sunset glow after a long gallop in the valley, as he and Josephine had ridden a month ago. The explanation he had longed to make his friend, as to the photograph and the cabin, was now impossible through his promise to Babe the night of his escape. His appearance on the witness-stand with Craig as a questioner was seriously complicated by it.

Why under the heavens had he accepted Babe's help! Was he such a fool as to have forgotten that a man cannot take favors from

a woman who is fond of him unless he returns her fondness? Is even a month's captivity enough to soften a man's brains as well as his muscles? Dad and Tony's rifles no longer restrained his movements, but he was not a free man. His promise was scarcely twenty-four hours old, yet already he hated it worse than he had hated his obligation to Harkins. For it was a promise to a woman, and a woman whose circumstances, compared with his own, made her peculiarly helpless. Harkins could "get even" with him for the slighted obligation in his own way; but Babe could take no reprisals were he to break his promise to her. These thoughts were passing through his mind while Mr. Newbold was saying, "We shall be most happy to have you, my dear fellow; we'll ride up together if you like."

"I beg your pardon," said Bodewin.

"I say, we'll ride up to the mine together, if you've no objection," Mr. Newbold repeated.

"Are you staying at the mine?" Bodewin asked, in surprise and some confusion.

"Yes," said Mr. Newbold. "We have given up our rooms at the Wiltzie. Josephine disliked the restaurant, and she insists that the Sammises need the price of our board, especially as Sammis will probably have to resign. He can't stay, of course, if the mine goes into Harkins's hand, though I have suspected that lately he has been hedging a little; and if we get our case — thanks to you — I shall want a different man altogether."

Mr. Newbold and Bodewin had left the lawyer's office and were now riding slowly up the street.

"I haven't seen Hillbury yet," Bodewin said. "He must have got into his new quarters by this time?"

"Oh, yes — so he has," said Mr. Newbold vaguely. "I believe Mr. Hillbury did say something about his rock specimens the other evening. He asked us to come down and look at them now he has them all boxed and arranged."

"How is Hillbury?" asked Bodewin.

"Oh, he's all right, I guess. We haven't seen much of him. He came up to the mine once or twice; but to tell you the truth, my dear fellow, we have been a house of mourning since you were spirited away. My daughter has been — well — she's been a little absurd about it, I tell her. She seemed to feel that we were somehow accountable for your fate, because it was on our side you were going to testify. I couldn't feel that way myself, but then women will think of more ingeniously disagreeable things once they get low in their minds than any reasonable man can possibly refute. Josephine is a terrible hand to worry

if she thinks she, or any of her family, for that matter, is to *blame* about anything," said Mr. Newbold feelingly.

This phase of Josephine's melancholy was less sweet to Bodewin than her sorrow would have been undiluted with self-blame, but it was enough to set his heart at rest, so far as Hillbury was concerned.

As they passed a quiet corner near the assay office, Bodewin saw Hillbury himself standing in the door of the office. At the sight of his friend's face and characteristic pose, guarded and dignified even in its unconsciousness, a tender, half-humorous enjoyment of him swelled in Bodewin's heart. It gave him a certain surprise to find how fond he was of Hillbury. His desire of the moment was to jump off his horse and seize upon Hillbury and assure him, "It is all right about the cabin, all right about the photograph, all right about everything; I cannot explain, but you must have faith in me, old fellow, as I would have in you if things looked queer."

"Hullo, here is Hillbury!" he called out joyously. "I'll catch up with you on the next block," he said to Mr. Newbold, and turned his horse's head sharply towards the sidewalk. Hillbury's eyes kindled at sight of Bodewin's face, and then grew stern.

"How are you, old man?" said Bodewin, reaching a hand to him from his saddle. "You don't look as if you had mourned for me much."

Hillbury's hands were in the side pockets of his coat; he kept them there, regarding Bodewin calmly. Hillbury's habit of repression deceived people as to his emotional capacity. At the moment he was deeply disturbed, but no trace of his inward struggle betrayed itself.

"I have mourned an old friend lately," he said, with a sad dignity of manner that sobered Bodewin at once. "Can you tell me anything about him?"

"Is he a friend of mine?" asked Bodewin, speaking bewilderedly the first words that came.

"He should be — his name is John Bodewin. I thought I saw him a week ago amusing himself in an idyllic fashion in a cabin in the Lake woods; but as he once assured me there was no such cabin, I must have been mistaken."

Bodewin returned Hillbury's look steadily. "Were you looking for John Bodewin when you saw him as you say?"

"I was."

"Why did you go *there* to look for him? To find out if he was a liar and a scoundrel? I'll tell you where you *were* mistaken, Hillbury — in calling a man you did not trust your friend. When you begin to suspect your friends, you will not lack trifles to confirm your suspicions."

"There may be a difference of opinion as to what are trifles," Hillbury said. Bodewin looked once more at his friend. His dark eyes softened into no returning tenderness, though Bodewin's eyes were smarting with a hot, shameful moisture. The blow had cut him keenly. It was so unexpected — so coolly, neatly delivered. Misunderstandings between friends are not always hopeless things, especially when the friends are men, and capable of reasoning even upon questions of feeling. But how to come to an explanation with a man who is convinced that none is needed? Well, let it go — the friendship that has no foundation in faith is not worth the entreating for. He had thought it seasoned timber that would not give, but it had parted with the first strain. So Bodewin tried to philosophize away his pain; but it stayed. It gnawed into his self-respect, not an over-excessive virtue with Bodewin in his best moods. It took all the sweet excitement out of his meeting with Josephine.

(To be continued.)

Mary Hallock Foote.

## STRUGGLE.

My soul is like the oar that momentarily  
Dies in a desperate stress beneath the wave,  
Then glitters out again and sweeps the sea:  
Each second I'm new-born from some new grave.

Sidney Lanier.

## PREPARING FOR THE WILDERNESS CAMPAIGN.



HEADQUARTERS FLAG, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.\*

MY commission as lieutenant-general was given to me on the 9th of March, 1864. On the following day I visited General Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac, at his headquarters, Brandy Station, north of the Rapidan. I had known General Meade slightly in the Mexican war, but had not met him since until this visit. I was a stranger to most of the Army of the Potomac, I might say to all except the officers of the regular army who had served in the Mexican war. There had been some changes ordered in the organization of that army before my promotion. One was the consolidation of five corps into three, thus throwing some officers of rank out of important commands. Meade evidently thought that I might want to make still one more change not yet ordered. He said to me that I might want an officer who had served with me in the West, mentioning Sherman especially, to take his place. If so, he begged me not to hesitate about making the change. He urged that the work before us was of such vast importance to the whole nation that the feeling or wishes of no one person should stand in the way of selecting the right men for all positions. For himself, he would serve to the best of his ability wherever placed. I assured him that I had no thought of substituting any one for him. As to Sherman, he could not be spared from the West.

This incident gave me even a more favorable opinion of Meade than did his great victory at Gettysburg the July before. It is men who wait to be selected, and not those who seek, from whom we may always expect the most efficient service.

Meade's position afterwards proved embarrassing to me if not to him. He was commanding an army, and, for nearly a year previous to my taking command of all the armies,

\* General Meade adopted solferino as the color of his headquarters flag, and a golden eagle in a silver wreath as the emblem. The latter had already been in use as a badge for headquarters aides. It was a showy standard,

was in supreme command of the Army of the Potomac—except from the authorities at Washington. All other general officers occupying similar positions were independent in their commands so far as any one present with them was concerned. I tried to make General Meade's position as nearly as possible what it would have been if I had been in Washington or any other place away from his command. I therefore gave all orders for the movements of the Army of the Potomac to Meade to have them executed. To avoid the necessity of having to give orders direct, I established my headquarters near his, unless there were reasons for locating them elsewhere. This sometimes happened, and I had no occasion to give orders direct to the troops affected.

On the 11th of March I returned to Washington, and on the day after orders were published by the War Department placing me in command of all the armies. I had left Washington the night before to return to my old command in the West and to meet Sherman, whom I had telegraphed to meet me in Nashville.

Sherman assumed command of the Military Division of the Mississippi on the 18th of March, and we left Nashville together for Cincinnati. I had Sherman accompany me that far on my way back to Washington, so that we could talk over the matters about which I wanted to see him, without losing any more time from my new command than was necessary. The first point which I wished to discuss was particularly about the coöperation of his command with others when the spring campaign should commence. There were also other and minor points,—minor as compared with the great importance of the question to be decided by sanguinary war,—the restoration to duty of officers who had been relieved from important commands; namely, McClellan, Burnside, and Frémont in the East, and Buell, McCook, Negley, and Crittenden in the West.

Some time in the winter of 1863-4, I had been invited by the general-in-chief to give my views of the campaign I thought advisable for the command under me—now Sherman's. General J. E. Johnston was defending Atlanta and the interior of Georgia with an army, the largest part of which was stationed at Dalton,

and A. R. Waud, the war artist, remembers that General Grant when he first saw it unfurled, as they broke camp for the Wilderness campaign, exclaimed: "What's this! —Is Imperial Caesar anywhere about here?"—EDITOR.



about thirty-eight miles south of Chattanooga. Dalton is at the junction of the railroad from Cleveland with the one from Chattanooga to Atlanta.

There could have been no difference of opinion as to the first duty of the armies of the Military Division of the Mississippi. Johnston's army was the first objective, and that important railroad center, Atlanta, the second. At the time I wrote General Halleck giving my views of the approaching campaign, and at the time I met General Sherman, it was expected that General Banks would be through with the campaign which he had been ordered upon before my appointment to the command of all the armies, and would be ready to cooperate with the armies east of the Mississippi; his part in the programme being to move upon Mobile by land, while the navy would close the harbor and assist to the best of its ability. The plan, therefore, was for Sherman to attack Johnston and destroy his army if possible, to capture Atlanta and hold it, and with his troops and those of Banks to hold a line through to Mobile, or at least to hold Atlanta and command the railroad running east and west, and the troops from one or other of the armies to hold important points on the southern road, the only east and west road that would be left in the possession of the enemy. This would cut the Confederacy in two again, as our gaining possession of the Mississippi River had done before. Banks was not ready in time for the part assigned to him, and circumstances that could not be foreseen determined the campaign which was afterwards made, the success and grandeur of which has resounded throughout all lands.

In regard to restoring officers who had been relieved from important commands to duty again, I left Sherman to look after those who had been removed in the West, while I would look out for the rest. I directed, however, that he should make no assignment until I could speak to the Secretary of War about the matter. I shortly after recommended to the Secretary the assignment of General Buell to duty. I received the assurance that duty would be offered to him, and afterwards the Secretary told me that he had offered Buell an assignment and that the latter declined it, saying that it would be a degradation to accept the assignment offered. I understood afterwards that he refused to serve under either Sherman or Canby because he had ranked them both. Both graduated before him and ranked him in the old army. Sherman ranked him as brigadier-general. All of them ranked me in the old army, and Sherman and Buell did as brigadiers.

On the 23d of March I was back in Washington, and on the 26th took up my headquar-

ters at Culpeper Court House, a few miles south of the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac.

Although hailing from Illinois myself, the State of the President, I never met Mr. Lincoln until called to the capital to receive my commission as lieutenant-general. I knew him, however, very well and favorably from the accounts given by officers under me at the West, who had known him all their lives. I had also read the remarkable series of debates between Lincoln and Douglas a few years before, when they were rival candidates for the United States Senate. I was then a resident of Missouri, and by no means a "Lincoln man" in that contest; but I recognized then his great ability.

In my first interview with Mr. Lincoln alone he stated to me that he had never professed to be a military man or to know how campaigns should be conducted, and never wanted to interfere in them; but that procrastination on the part of commanders and the pressure from the people at the North and Congress, *which was always with him*, forced him into issuing his series of "Military Orders"—one, two, three, etc. He did not know but they were all wrong, and did know that some of them were. All he wanted, or had ever wanted, was some one who would take the responsibility and act, and call on him for all the assistance needed, pledging himself to use all the power of the Government in rendering such assistance. Assuring him that I would do the best I could with the means at hand, and avoid as far as possible annoying him or the War Department, our first interview ended.

The Secretary of War I had met once before only, but felt that I knew him better. While commanding in West Tennessee we had occasionally held conversations over the wires at night, when they were not being otherwise used. He and General Halleck both cautioned me against giving the President my plans of campaign, saying that he was so kind-hearted, so averse from refusing anything asked of him, that some friend would be sure to get from him all he knew. I should have said that in our interview the President told me that he did not want to know what I proposed to do. But he submitted a plan of campaign of his own which he wanted me to hear and then do as I pleased about. He brought out a map of Virginia on which he had evidently marked every position occupied by the Federal and Confederate armies up to that time. He pointed out on the map two streams which empty into the Potomac, and suggested that the army might be moved on boats and landed between the mouths of these streams. We would then have the Potomac

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to bring our supplies, and the tributaries would protect our flanks while we moved out. I listened respectfully, but did not suggest that the same streams would protect Lee's flanks while he was shutting us up. I did not communicate my plans to the President, nor did I to the Secretary of War or to General Halleck.

March the 26th, with my headquarters at Culpeper, the work of preparing for an early campaign commenced.

When I assumed command of all the armies the situation was about this: The Mississippi was guarded from St. Louis to its mouth; the line of the Arkansas was held, thus giving us all the North-west north of that river. A few points in Louisiana, not remote from the river, were held by the Federal troops, and also the mouth of the Rio Grande. East of the Mississippi we held substantially all north of the Memphis and Charleston railroad as far east as Chattanooga, thence along the line of the Tennessee and Holston rivers, taking in nearly all of the State of Tennessee. West Virginia was in our hands; and that part of old Virginia north of the Rapidan and east of the Blue Ridge we also held. On the sea-coast we had Fort Monroe and Norfolk in Virginia; Plymouth, Washington, and New-Berne in North Carolina; Beaufort, Folly and Morris islands, Hilton Head, Port Royal, and Fort Pulaski in South Carolina and Georgia; Fernandina, St. Augustine, Key West, and Pensacola in Florida. The rest of the Southern territory, an empire in extent, was still in the hands of the enemy.

Sherman, who had succeeded me in the command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, commanded all the troops in the territory west of the Alleghanies and north of Natchez, with a large movable force about Chattanooga. His command was subdivided into four departments, but the commanders all reported to Sherman, and were subject to his orders. This arrangement, however, insured the better protection of all lines of communication through the acquired territory, for the reason that these different department commanders could act promptly in case of a sudden or unexpected raid within their respective jurisdiction, without waiting the orders of the division commander.

In the East the opposing forces stood in substantially the same relations toward each other as three years before; or when the war began: they were both between the Federal and Confederate capitals. It is true footholds had been secured by us on the sea-coast, in Virginia and North Carolina, but beyond that no substantial advantage had been gained by either side. Battles had been fought of as great severity as had ever been known in war,

over ground from the James River and the Chickahominy, near Richmond, to Gettysburg and Chambersburg, in Pennsylvania, with indecisive results, sometimes favorable to the National army, sometimes to the Confederate army, but in every instance, I believe, claimed as victories for the South, by the Southern press if not by the Southern generals. The Northern press, as a whole, did not discourage their claims; a portion of it always magnified rebel success and belittled ours, while another portion, most sincerely earnest in their desire for the preservation of the Union and the overwhelming success of the Federal arms, would nevertheless generally express dissatisfaction with whatever victories were gained because they were not more complete.

That portion of the Army of the Potomac not engaged in guarding lines of communication was on the northern bank of the Rapidan; the Army of Northern Virginia confronting it on the opposite bank of the same river, was strongly intrenched and commanded by the acknowledged ablest general in the Confederate army. The country back to the James River is cut up with many streams, generally narrow, deep, and difficult to cross except where bridged. The region is heavily timbered, and the roads narrow and very bad after the least rain. Such an enemy was not, of course, unprepared with adequate fortifications at convenient intervals all the way back to Richmond, so that when driven from one fortified position they would always have another farther to the rear to fall back into. To provision an army, campaigning against so formidable a foe through such a country, from wagons alone, seemed almost impossible. System and discipline were both essential to its accomplishment. (See map, page 607.)

The Union armies were now divided into nineteen departments, though four of them in the West had been concentrated into a single military division. The Army of the Potomac was a separate command, and had no territorial limits. There were thus seventeen district commanders. Before this time these various armies had acted separately and independently of each other, giving the enemy an opportunity, often, of depleting one command, not pressed, to reinforce another more actively engaged. I determined to stop this. To this end I regarded the Army of the Potomac as the center, and all west to Memphis, along the line described as our position at the time, and north of it, the right wing; the Army of the James, under General Butler, as the left wing, and all the troops south as a force in rear of the enemy. Some of these latter were occupying positions from which they could not render service proportionate

to their numerical strength. All such were depleted to the minimum necessary to hold their positions as a guard against blockade-runners; when they could not do this, their positions were abandoned altogether. In this way ten thousand men were added to the Army of the James from South Carolina alone, with General Gillmore in command. It was not contemplated that General Gillmore should leave his department. But as most of his troops were taken, presumably for active service, he asked to accompany them, and was permitted to do so. Officers and soldiers on furlough, of whom there were many thousands, were ordered to their proper commands; concentration was the order of the day, and to have it accomplished in time to advance at the earliest moment the roads would permit was the problem.

As a reinforcement to the Army of the Potomac, or to act in support of it, the Ninth Army Corps, over twenty thousand strong, under General Burnside, had been rendezvoused at Annapolis, Maryland. This was an admirable position for such a reinforcement. The corps could be brought at the last moment as a reinforcement to the Army of the Potomac, or it could be thrown on the seacoast, south of Norfolk, in Virginia or North Carolina, to operate against Richmond from that direction. In fact Burnside and the War Department both thought the Ninth Corps was intended for such an expedition up to the last moment.

My general plan now was to concentrate all the force possible against the Confederate armies in the field. There were but two such, as we have seen, east of the Mississippi River and facing north. The Army of Northern Virginia, General Robert E. Lee commanding, was on the south bank of the Rapidan, confronting the Army of the Potomac; the second, under General Joseph E. Johnston, was at Dalton, Georgia, opposed to Sherman, who was still at Chattanooga. Besides these main armies the Confederates had to guard the Shenandoah Valley, a great storehouse to feed their armies from, and their line of communications from Richmond to Tennessee. Forrest, a brave and intrepid cavalry general, was in the West, with a large force, making a larger command necessary to hold what we had gained in Middle and West Tennessee. We could not abandon any territory north of the line held by the enemy, because it would lay the Northern States open to invasion. But as the Army of the Potomac was the principal garrison for the protection of Washington, even while it was moving on Lee, so all the forces in the West, and the Army of the James, guarded their special trusts when advancing

from them as well as when remaining at them. Better, indeed, for they forced the enemy to guard his own lines and resources, at a greater distance from ours and with a greater force. Little expeditions could not so well be sent out to destroy a bridge or tear up a few miles of railroad track, burn a storehouse, or inflict other little annoyances. Accordingly I arranged for a simultaneous movement all along the line.

Sherman was to move from Chattanooga, Johnston's army and Atlanta being his objective points. Crook, commanding in West Virginia, was to move from the mouth of the Gauley River with a cavalry force and some artillery, the Virginia and Tennessee railroad to be his objective. Either the enemy would have to keep a larger force to protect their communications or see them destroyed, and a large amount of forage and provisions, which they so much needed, fall into our hands. Sigel was in command in the valley of Virginia. He was to advance up the valley, covering the North from an invasion through that channel as well while advancing as by remaining near Harper's Ferry. Every mile he advanced also gave us possession of stores on which Lee relied. Butler was to advance by the James River, having Richmond and Petersburg as his objective. Before the advance commenced I visited Butler at Fort Monroe. This was the first time I had ever met him. Before giving him any order as to the part he was to play in the approaching campaign I invited his views. They were very much such as I intended to direct, and as I did direct, in writing, before leaving.

General W. F. Smith, who had been promoted to the rank of major-general shortly after the battle of Chattanooga, on my recommendation, had not yet been confirmed. I found a decided prejudice against his confirmation by a majority of the Senate, but I insisted that his services had been such that he should be rewarded. My wishes were now reluctantly complied with, and I assigned him to the command of one of the corps under General Butler. I was not long in finding out that the objections to Smith's promotion were well founded.

In one of my early interviews with the President I expressed my dissatisfaction with the little that had been accomplished by the cavalry so far in the war, and the belief that it was capable of accomplishing much more than it had done if under a thorough leader. I said I wanted the very best man in the army for that command. Halleck was present and spoke up, saying:

"How would Sheridan do?"

I replied: "The very man I want."

The President said I could have anybody I wanted. Sheridan was telegraphed for that day, and on his arrival was assigned to the command of the cavalry corps with the Army of the Potomac. This relieved General Alfred Pleasonton. It was not a reflection on that officer, however, for I did not know but that he had been as efficient as any other cavalry commander.

Banks in the Department of the Gulf was ordered to assemble all the troops he had at New Orleans in time to join in the general move, Mobile to be his objective.

At this time I was not entirely decided as to whether I should move the Army of the Potomac by the right flank of the enemy or by his left. Each plan presented advantages. If by his right — my left — the Potomac, Chesapeake Bay, and tributaries would furnish us an easy line over which to bring all supplies to within easy hauling distance of every position the army could occupy from the Rappahannock to the James River. But Lee could, if he chose, detach, or move his whole army north on a line rather interior to the one I should have to take in following. A movement by his left — our right — would obviate this; but all that was done would have to be done with the supplies and ammunition we started with. All idea of adopting this latter plan was abandoned when the limited quantity of supplies possible to take with us was considered. The country over which we should have to pass was so exhausted of all food or forage, that we should be obliged to carry everything with us.

While these preparations were going on the enemy was not entirely idle. In the West, Forrest made a raid in West Tennessee up to the northern border, capturing the garrison of four or five hundred men at Union City, and followed it up by an attack on Paducah, Kentucky, on the banks of the Ohio. While he was able to enter the city, he failed to capture the forts or any part of the garrison. On the first intelligence of Forrest's raid I telegraphed Sherman to send all his cavalry against him, and not to let him get out of the trap he had put himself into. Sherman had anticipated me by sending troops against him before he got my order.

Forrest, however, fell back rapidly, and attacked the troops at Fort Pillow, a station for the protection of the navigation of the Mississippi River. The garrison consisted of a regiment of colored troops, infantry, and a detachment of Tennessee cavalry. These troops fought bravely, but were overpowered. I will leave Forrest in his dispatches to tell what he did with them.

"The river was dyed," he says, "with the

blood of the slaughtered for two hundred yards. The approximate loss was upward of five hundred killed; but few of the officers escaped. My loss was about twenty killed. It is hoped that these facts will demonstrate to the Northern people that negro soldiers cannot cope with Southerners." Subsequently Forrest made a report in which he left out the part which shocks humanity to read.

At the East, also, the rebels were busy. I had said to Halleck that Plymouth and Washington, North Carolina, were unnecessary to hold. It would be better to have the garrisons engaged there added to Butler's command. If success attended our arms both places, and others too, would fall into our hands naturally. These places had been occupied by Federal troops before I took command of the armies, and I knew that the Executive would be reluctant to abandon them, and therefore explained my views; but before my views were carried out, the rebels captured the garrison at Plymouth. I then ordered the abandonment of Washington, but directed the holding of New-Berne at all hazards. This was essential, because New-Berne was a port into which blockade-runners could enter.

General Banks had gone on an expedition up the Red River long before my promotion to general command. I had opposed the movement strenuously, but acquiesced because it was the order of my superior at the time. By direction of Halleck I had reinforced Banks with a corps of about ten thousand men from Sherman's command. This reinforcement was wanted back badly before the forward movement commenced. But Banks had got so far that it seemed best that he should take Shreveport, on the Red River, and turn over the line of that river to Steele, who commanded in Arkansas, to hold instead of the line of the Arkansas. Orders were given accordingly, and with the expectation that the campaign would be ended in time for Banks to return. A. J. Smith's command to where it belonged, and get back to New Orleans himself in time to execute his part in the general plan. But the expedition was a failure. Banks did not get back in time to take part in the programme as laid down; nor was Smith returned until long after the movements of May, 1864, had been begun. The services of forty thousand veteran troops over and above the number required to hold all that was necessary in the Department of the Gulf were thus paralyzed. It is but just to Banks, however, to say that his expedition was ordered from Washington, and he was in no way responsible except for the conduct of it. I make no criticism on this point. He opposed the expedition.

By the 27th of April, spring had so far advanced as to justify me in fixing a day for the great move. On that day Burnside left Annapolis to occupy Meade's position between Bull Run and the Rappahannock. Meade was notified and directed to bring his troops forward to his advance; on the following day Butler was notified of my intended advance on the 4th of May, and he was directed to move the night of the same day, and get as far up the James River as possible by daylight, and push on from there to accomplish the task given him. He was also notified that reinforcements were being collected in Washington, which would be forwarded to him should the enemy fall back into the trenches at Richmond. The same day Sherman was directed to get his forces up ready to advance on the 5th. Sigel was in Winchester, and was notified to move in conjunction with the others.

The criticism has been made by writers on the campaign from the Rapidan to the James River that all the loss of life could have been obviated by moving the army there on transports. Richmond was fortified and intrenched so perfectly that one man inside to defend was more than equal to five outside besieging or assaulting. To get possession of Lee's army was the first great object. With the capture of his army Richmond would necessarily follow. It was better to fight him outside of his stronghold than in it. If the Army of the Potomac had been moved bodily to the James River by water, Lee could have moved a part of his forces back to Richmond, called Beauregard from the South to reinforce it, and with the remainder moved on to Washington. Then, too, I ordered a move simultaneous with that of the Army of the Potomac up the James River, by a formidable army already collected at the mouth of the river.

While my headquarters were at Culpeper, from the 26th of March to the 4th of May, I generally visited Washington once a week to confer with the Secretary of War and the President. On the last occasion, a few days before moving, a circumstance occurred which came near postponing my part in the campaign altogether. Colonel John S. Mosby had for a long time been commanding a partisan corps, or regiment, which operated in the rear of the Army of the Potomac. On my return to the field on this occasion, as the train approached Warrenton Junction, a heavy cloud of dust was seen to the east of the road, as if made by a body of cavalry on a charge. Arriving at the junction, the train was stopped and inquiries made as to the cause of the dust. There was but one man at the station, and he informed us that Mosby had crossed a few minutes before at full speed

in pursuit of Federal cavalry. Had he seen our train coming, no doubt he would have let his prisoners escape to capture the train. I was on a special train, if I remember correctly, without any guard. Since the close of the war I have come to know Colonel Mosby personally, and somewhat intimately. He is a different man entirely from what I had supposed. He is slender, not tall, wiry, and looks as if he could endure any amount of physical exercise. He is able, and thoroughly honest and truthful. There were probably but few men in the South who could have commanded successfully a separate detachment, in the rear of an opposing army and so near the border of hostilities, as long as he did without losing his entire command.

On this same visit to Washington I had my last interview with the President before reaching the James River. He had, of course, become acquainted with the fact that a general movement had been ordered all along the line, and seemed to think it a new feature in war. I explained to him that it was necessary to have a great number of troops to guard and to hold the territory we had captured, and to prevent incursions into the Northern States. These troops could perform this service just as well by advancing as by remaining still; and by advancing they would compel the enemy to keep detachments to hold them back or else lay his own territory open to invasion. His answer was: "Oh! yes, I see that. As we say out West, if a man can't skin he must hold a leg while somebody else does."

The following correspondence closed the first chapter of my personal acquaintance with President Lincoln:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, April 30, 1864.

"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT: Not expecting to see you again before the spring campaign opens, I wish to express in this way my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to this time, so far as I understand it. The particulars of your plans I neither know or seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant; and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any constraints or restraints upon you. While I am very anxious that any great disaster or the capture of our men in great numbers shall be avoided, I know these points are less likely to escape your attention than they would be mine. If there is anything wanting which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know it. And now with a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you. Yours, very truly,

"A. LINCOLN."

"HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES, CULPEPER COURT HOUSE, VIRGINIA, May 1, 1864.

"THE PRESIDENT: Your very kind letter of yesterday is just received. The confidence you express for the future and satisfaction for the past in my military administration is acknowledged with pride. It shall be my earnest endeavor that you and the country shall not be disappointed. From my first entrance into the volunteer service of the country to the present day, I have never had cause of complaint—have never ex-

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pressed or implied a complaint against the Administration or the Secretary of War, for throwing any embarrassment in the way of my vigorously prosecuting what appeared to be my duty. And since the promotion which placed me in command of all the armies, and in view of the great responsibility and the importance of success, I have been astonished at the readiness with which everything asked for has been yielded, without even an explanation being asked. Should my success be less than I desire and expect, the least I can say is, the fault is not with you.

"Very truly, your obedient servant.

"U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General."

The armies were now all ready to move for the accomplishment of a single object. They were acting as a unit so far as such a thing was possible over such a vast field. Lee, with the capital of the Confederacy, was the main end to which all were working. Johnston, with Atlanta, was an important obstacle in the way of our accomplishing the result aimed at, and was therefore almost an independent objective. It was of less importance only because the capture of Johnston and his army would not produce so immediate and decisive a result in closing the rebellion as would the possession of Richmond, Lee and his army. All other troops were employed exclusively in support of these two movements. This was the plan; and I will now endeavor to give, as concisely as I can, the method of its execution, outlining first the operations of minor detached but coöperative columns.

As stated before, Banks failed to accomplish what he had been sent to do on the Red River, and eliminated the use of forty thousand veterans whose coöperation in the grand campaign had been expected—ten thousand with Sherman and thirty thousand against Mobile.

Sigel's record is almost equally brief. He moved out, it is true, according to programme; but just when I was hoping to hear of good work being done in the valley, I received instead the following announcement from Halleck: "Sigel is in full retreat on Strasburg. He will do nothing but run; never did anything else." The enemy had intercepted him about New Market and handled him roughly, leaving him short six guns and some nine hundred men out of six thousand.

The plan had been for an advance of Sigel's forces in two columns. Though the one under his immediate command failed ingloriously, the other proved more fortunate. Under Crook and Averell, his western column advanced from the Gauley in West Virginia at the appointed time, and with more happy results. They reached the Virginia and Tennessee railroad at Dublin, and destroyed a depot of supplies besides tearing up several miles of road and burning the bridge over New River. Having accomplished this, they

recrossed the Alleghanies to Meadow Bluffs, and there awaited further orders.

Butler embarked at Fort Monroe with all his command, except the cavalry and some artillery which moved up the south bank of the James River. His steamers moved first up Chesapeake Bay and York River as if threatening the rear of Lee's army. At midnight they turned back, and Butler by daylight was far up the James River. He seized City Point and Bermuda Hundred early in the day, without loss, and no doubt very much to the surprise of the enemy.

This was the accomplishment of the first step contemplated in my instructions to Butler. He was to act from here, looking to Richmond as his objective point. I had given him to understand that I should aim to fight Lee between the Rapidan and Richmond if he would stand; but should Lee fall back into Richmond, I would follow up and make a junction of the armies of the Potomac and the James on the James River. He was directed to secure a footing as far up the south side of the river as he could at as early a date as possible.

Butler was in position by the 6th of May and had begun intrenching, and on the 7th he sent out his cavalry from Suffolk to cut the Weldon railroad. He also sent out detachments to destroy the railroads between Petersburg and Richmond, but no great success attended these latter efforts. He made no great effort to establish himself on that road, and neglected to attack Petersburg, which was almost defenseless. About the 11th he advanced slowly until he reached the works at Drewry's Bluff, about half-way between Bermuda Hundred and Richmond. In the mean time Beauregard had been gathering reinforcements. On the 16th he attacked Butler with great vigor, and with such success as to limit very materially the further usefulness of the Army of the James as a distinct factor in the campaign. I afterwards ordered a portion of it to join the Army of the Potomac, leaving a sufficient force with Butler to man his works, hold securely the footing he had already gained, and maintain a threatening front toward the rear of the Confederate capital.

The position which General Butler had chosen between the two rivers, the James and Appomattox, was one of great natural strength, and where a large area of ground might be thoroughly inclosed by means of a single intrenched line, and that a very short one in comparison with the extent of territory which it thoroughly protected. His right was protected by the James River, his left by the Appomattox, and his rear by their junction—the two streams uniting near by. The bend of the two



streams shortened the line that had been chosen for intrenchment, while it increased the area which the line inclosed.

Previous to ordering any troops from Butler I sent my chief engineer, General Barnard, from the Army of the Potomac to that of the James, to inspect Butler's position and ascertain whether I could again safely make an order for General Butler's movement in co-operation with mine, now that I was getting so near Richmond; or, if I could not, whether his position was strong enough to justify me in withdrawing some of his troops and having them brought round by water to White House to join me, and reinforce the Army of the Potomac. General Barnard reported the position very strong for defensive purposes, and that I could do the latter with great security; but that General Butler could not move from where he was, in co-operation, to produce any effect. He said that the general occupied a place between the James and Appomattox rivers which was of great strength, and where with any inferior force he could hold it for an indefinite length of time against a superior; but that he could do nothing offensively. I then asked him why Butler could not move out from his lines and push across the Richmond and Petersburg railroad to the rear and on the south side of Richmond. He replied that it was impracticable because the enemy had substantially the same line across the neck of land that General Butler had. He then took out his pencil and drew a sketch of the locality, remarking that the position was like a bottle, and that Butler's line of intrenchments across the neck represented the cork; that the enemy had built an equally strong line immediately in front of him across the neck; and it was, therefore, as if Butler was in a bottle. He was perfectly safe against an attack; but, as Barnard expressed it, the enemy had corked the bottle, and with a small force could hold the cork in its place. This struck me as being very expressive of his position, particularly when I saw the hasty sketch which General Barnard had drawn; and in making my subsequent report I used that expression without adding quotation marks, never thinking that anything had been said that would attract attention, as this did, very much to the annoyance, no doubt, of General Butler, and I know very much to my own. I found afterwards that this was mentioned in the notes of General Badeau's book which, when they were shown to me, I asked to have stricken out; yet it was retained there, though against my wishes.

I make this statement here because, although I have often made it before, it has never been in my power until now to place it where it

will correct history; and I desire to rectify all injustice that I may have done to individuals, particularly to officers who were gallantly serving their country during the trying period of the war for the preservation of the Union. General Butler certainly gave his very earnest support to the war; and he gave his own best efforts personally toward the suppression of the rebellion.

The further operations of the Army of the James can best be treated of in connection with those of the Army of the Potomac, the two being so intimately associated and connected as to be substantially one body, in which the individuality of the supporting wing is merged.

I will briefly mention Sheridan's first raid upon Lee's communications which, though an incident of the operations on the main line and not specifically marked out in the original plan, attained in its brilliant execution and results all the proportions of an independent campaign. On the 8th of May, just after the battle of the Wilderness, and when we were moving on Spottsylvania, I directed Sheridan verbally to cut loose from the Army of the Potomac, pass around the left of Lee's army and attack his cavalry; to cut the two roads—one running west through Gordonsville, Charlottesville, and Lynchburg, the other to Richmond; and, when compelled to do so for want of forage and rations, to move on to the James River and draw these from Butler's supplies. This move took him past the entire rear of Lee's army. These orders were also given in writing through Meade.

The object of this move was threefold: 1. If successfully executed—and it was—he would annoy the enemy by cutting his lines of supplies and telegraphic communications, and destroy or get for his own use supplies in store in the rear and coming up; 2. He would draw the enemy's cavalry after him, and thus better protect our flanks, rear and trains, than by remaining with the army; 3. His absence would save the trains drawing his forage, and other supplies from Fredericksburg, which had now become our base. He started at daylight the next morning, and accomplished more than was expected. It was sixteen days before he got back to the Army of the Potomac.

Sheridan in this memorable raid passed entirely around Lee's army; encountered his cavalry in four engagements and defeated them in all; recaptured 400 Union prisoners and killed and captured many of the enemy; destroyed and used many supplies and munitions of war; destroyed miles of railroad and telegraph, and freed us from annoyance by the cavalry for more than two weeks.

I fixed the day for Sherman to start when

Executive Mansion  
Washington, April 30, 1864

Lieutenant General Grant.

Not expecting to see you again before the Spring campaign opens, I wish to express, in this way, my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to this time, so far as I understood it. The particulars of your plans I neither know, or seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant; and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any constraints or restraints upon you. While I am very anxious that any great disaster, or the capture of our men in great numbers, shall be avoided, I know these points are less likely to escape your attention than they would be mine. If there is anything wanting which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know it.

And now with a brave Army, and a just cause, may God sustain you.

Yours very truly  
A. Lincoln.

LINCOLN'S GOD-SPEED TO GRANT. (FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL, SLIGHTLY REDUCED IN SCALE.)

[THIS remarkable letter was received by General Grant on the 1st of May, three days before the Wilderness campaign began. He was always careless about his papers, and private or semi-official ones were often thrust into his pockets, where they remained for months. In some such way Mr. Lincoln's beautiful God-speed was mislaid. General Grant had forgotten

its existence, until in 1866 I came across it in my researches for my history of his campaigns. He was so pleased at the discovery, or recovery, that he gave me the original letter at the time. It is my intention eventually to present it either to the Government or to the family of General Grant.

NEW YORK, November 10, 1885.

Adam Badeau.]

the season should be far enough advanced, it was hoped, for the roads to be in a condition for the troops to march. General Sherman at once set himself to work preparing for the task which was assigned him to accomplish in the spring campaign.

The campaign to Atlanta was managed with the most consummate skill, the enemy being flanked out of one position after another all the way there. It is true this was not accomplished without a good deal of fighting,

some of it very hard fighting, rising to the dignity of very important battles; neither were positions gained in a single day. On the contrary, weeks were spent at some; and about Atlanta more than a month was consumed.

Soon after midnight, May 3d-4th, the Army of the Potomac moved out from its position north of the Rapidan, to start upon that memorable campaign destined to result in the capture of the Confederate capital and the army defending it.

*U. S. Grant.*

#### AN INCIDENT OF THE WILDERNESS.

At the close of the first day's battle in the Wilderness, I was at General Grant's headquarters in the edge of the pine grove west of the Wilderness tavern. General Meade and his chief of staff, General Humphreys, Grant's staff, and Congressman E. B. Washburne were there.



Suddenly there came a yell from the direction of the Sixth Corps on our right; then quick, rapid volleys. We could see a sudden movement of teams to the rear. An officer rode up, much excited, exclaiming that the right flank had been turned, that the enemy had massed their whole force to crush Sedgwick, and that Shaler's brigade had been captured. Grant was

sitting with his back to a pine-tree, whittling a stick (as shown in the picture drawn by Mr. C. W. Reed after a little pencil sketch made by him at the time). Grant said nothing, did not rise, and went on quietly with his whittling.

"Shall I order a diversion by the Ninth Corps in support of the Sixth?" asked Meade.

"If you think best," was Grant's reply.

Humphreys wrote the order, which was sent. The firing was increasing.

After several minutes, Grant turned to Washburne and said, "I don't believe that story. Warren has been fighting all day, and since mid-afternoon Hancock has been at it. Lee hasn't had time to mass his forces in front of Sedgwick. We shall hear a different story."

In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes an officer came in, and reported that a large part of Shaler's brigade had been captured, but that the enemy had been repulsed on the right. During the excitement Grant never rose from his seat.

*Charles Carleton Coffin.*

#### AN "ONFORTUNIT CREETUR."

MRS. UPCHURCH sat in the entry of her house knitting, while down on the step—a rough block of Georgia granite—Mr. Upchurch sat resting and smoking an after-dinner pipe. It was on a summer afternoon, and the hot glare of the sun made a shade gratefully welcome. The house had only the space of an ordinary yard between it and the public country road, but it was on a breezy hill and commanded a fine view of the surrounding country.

Far away above the green, wooded hills and valleys rose the North Georgia Mountains, veiled in misty blue. Those mountains were the boundary line of Mrs. Upchurch's world. She had never gone to them, she never dreamed of going beyond them. Still they were old friends, immovable, unchangeable, upon which she could look when perplexed, sorrowful, or glad. She worked slowly, and often glanced away toward those distant peaks, a very grave meditative light in her eyes.

She was a woman above medium height, and rather dignified in appearance and manner, with a kind, homely face, yellowed and

hardened by sun and wind, and honest, steadfast eyes. She had on a stout, plain cotton dress, and an old brown veil was drawn around her head and tied under her chin. Summer and winter she wore it, to ward off that greatest enemy of her peace—neuralgia.

"He always was an onfortunit creetur," she said abruptly, and with a sigh.

"Who now, Peggy?" inquired Mr. Upchurch in some surprise.

"Why, Ab," and laying her knitting down on her knee, she smoothed it out thoughtfully.

"That brother o' yours?"

"Yes; I said he always was an onfortunit creetur."

"Yes, onfortunitly lazy," her husband dryly observed.

"He all but died w' the measles when he was a sucklin' baby not mo're'n three months old, an' then 'long came the whoopin'-cough on the heels er that, an' liked to 'a' tuk him off. Then you remember ther time he was snake-bit on his big toe, an' how the pizen flew all ovr him like lightenin', an' he would er died if we hadn't er happened ter have some dram in the house. Then he tuk cramp once

in Punkin Vine Creek, an' would er drowned right on the spot if Providence hadn't er sent the singin'-school teacher along for ter fish him out."

The half-forgotten incidents of childhood and youth crowded fresh upon her memory. She leaned forward, resting her elbows on her knees,—a favorite attitude with many country-women when they are smoking their pipes, dipping snuff, or are lost in deep thought,—and thrust a knitting-needle through her hair. But her reminiscences did not impress her husband very deeply. He eyed her kindly, and with a slight touch of pity.

"You hain't seen him sence the war, Peggy. What's got inter you that your mind keeps er runnin' onter him ter-day?"

"I'm shore I don't know, Sam, but it's er fact. I ain't thought as much erbout him these twenty years an' more as I have ter-day. Mebby Ab's a-comin'."

"Mebby he is, but it tain't likely at this late day, an' I wouldn't be a-botherin' erbout it, Peggy," said the farmer, shaking the ashes out of his pipe before placing it in his pocket.

"I ain't exactly botherin', Sam, but I dreamed erbout him las' night, an' takin' it all tergether it jes' pesters me er little."

Mr. Upchurch got up slowly from his resting-place, and, stepping into the west room, took down his gun from over the door.

"B'lieve I'll go a-huntin', Peggy."

"Well," she answered, absently, still thinking of her brother, and wondering if she would ever see him again.

"He's that onfortunit, he might 'a' wandered off an' er died among strangers, with not er soul ter look arter him, or ter put him erway decently," she murmured in a troubled undertone. "I can't fergit the time he stood between me an' old Miss Whitlock's dog, that run mad when me an' him was little fellers. He was always sorter sickly an' quare, but I knowed then he had grit, for there he stood as calm as could be, an' that dog-a-comin' straight for him, or so it 'peared like, jest er-foamin' at the mouth. I thought shore Ab ud be bit plum through, but the critter passed by without techin' him. Them days is all ovr, but I ain't fergot that. I orter love him, poor feller!" And she looked away to those blue mountains with eyes grown dim with sudden tears.

It was Saturday afternoon, and therefore a holiday among the farmers. A man must be hard pushed indeed who will not "knock off" Saturday afternoon.

The Upchurch family were thrifty, industrious people, took care of their not too fertile farm, lived honest lives, and kept peace with their neighbors.

"Upchurch is er smart man, if I do say it," his wife would sometimes proudly remark.

"When me an' him married we 'lowed we'd help one ernuther, an' mebbly we'd git helped; an' so we did, fer Providence always helps them that helps themselves."

Peggy Upchurch was a good woman, and noted among her neighbors and friends for her readiness to visit the sick and the sorrowful. She was a useful woman in her narrow sphere, a strict member of Ebenezer Baptist Church, and while she did not consider it right "fer wimmin to speak out in meetin'," she did a good deal of missionary work quietly.

She rose and glanced around to see if everything had been put in proper order, then sat down again, with her snuff-box and her knitting on her lap.

The house was a double log house—that is, two large rooms with a wide, open entry between, and a loft above. In the furnishing of those rooms the chief consideration seemed to have been beds,—high feather beds, with blue and white checked foot-curtains concealing the unpainted pine posts of the bedsteads, and elaborately fringed "double-wove" counterpanes spread over them. Those beds were the pride of Mrs. Upchurch's heart.

"I raised them feathers myself, an' I know they er fresh enough fer the President ter sleep on."

Doors stood wide open, letting in sunshine and sweet flowers' scents, and George Washington looked down from his rusty frame with a gracious unbending of his dignity.

A few scrubby oaks shaded the clean-swept yard, and a honeysuckle vine had been trained to climb and spread itself over the rough logs of the house. A fine rose-bush bloomed beside the gate, and there were beds of larkspur, pinks, and sweet-williams in the sunnier spots.

It was a home the counterpart of which may be found in almost any portion of Georgia, bare and rather lonely-looking, but clean and healthy, and to the householders acceptable as a kingly palace. It appeared a sorry haven of rest and peace to the tired, dusty tramp toiling up the wide, hot road. His eyes wandered from object to object as though the place was not unfamiliar to him, and a slight quiver of emotion crossed his features when that roving glance fell on Mrs. Upchurch. He carried a small bundle hanging from the end of a knotted hickory stick over his right shoulder, and he walked in a halting, uneven way. He turned from the road and stopped at the gate.

"Good-evenin', ma'am."

"Good-evenin', sir," said Mrs. Upchurch, looking at him with some curiosity.

He opened the gate.

"May I come in an' git er drink er water? Walkin' is pow'ful hot work."

"Ter be shore; jes' walk right in an' take er seat an' rest yerself; you look plum fagged out," said the hospitable woman, rising and placing a chair out in the entry for him.

He walked across the yard in a footsore and weary way, and dropped feebly down on the edge of the floor, laying his stick and

less did he appear, that deep pity stirred Mrs. Upchurch's heart. He stared hard at her, his face working in an agitated manner. She brought him a gourd of water, and taking it in his trembling hands he drank slowly from it.

"That's good," he muttered softly.

"Yes, we've got the best well in this coun-



"HAVE YOU FORGOT YER BROTHER AB, PEGGY?"

meager bundle beside him. He took off his ragged old hat, and wiped his face on a faded cotton handkerchief. He was a sorry-looking case, shabbily dressed, thin, and stooping, and without the color of blood about his sallow face and hardened hands. His eyes were hollow, and he coughed once or twice a dry hacking cough. So utterly forlorn and friend-

try. But won't you take this cheer an' rest? It's better'n the floor," she said compassionately.

"No'm. Is this — where — Sam — Upchurch — lives — that married Peggy Dyer?" he slowly inquired.

"Why, yes; Upchurch bought this place before me an' him was married, an' we've been er-livin' here ever sense," she said, surprised

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and striving to recognize him. He had called her name with the ease and familiarity of one well acquainted with it, but not a friend of her youth could she recall who would bear the slightest resemblance to this poor wanderer. Singularly enough, at that moment she had forgotten the brother Ab who had been haunting her memory all day. "You're not er stranger in this settlement, air you?"

"Yes, it 'pears like I am now. You don't seem to know me, Peggy," he said with a sort of tremble in his voice, his haggard eyes raised to her pleasant, homely face.

She fell to trembling then herself, and her sunburnt face grew pale, for a sudden thought flashed into her mind, a bare possibility that overcame her. She sat down in her chair, with a searching, eager look at the shabby stooping figure, and pallid sickly face.

"I orter know that voice; it 'pears like ——" she faltered unsteadily.

"Have you forgot yer brother Ab, Peggy?"

"Lor', Ab! that ain't possible; it's too good ter be true," she cried, and then burst into joyful tears.

"Yes, it's me," he said quietly, and wiped his own eyes.

There were no open demonstrations of love. They did not even shake hands.

"Air you glad ter see me, Peggy?" he asked in a sort of sad wonder, but no longer doubtful of his welcome.

"Glad! O Ab, ain't I been a-wantin' ter see you for nigh on to twenty years?" she cried, in a voice that might have laid the most subtle doubts at rest. "Come in, brother, and take a cheer, do," wiping her eyes on her knitting, and looking at him tenderly.

"I'm not a-hurtin' here, Peggy. I'm tired enough to rest ennywheres. It's been er hard pull ter git here."

"Praise the Lord that you did git here," she ejaculated fervently.

She took his hat and stick and bundle and put them away, she brought him more water, and when he declined any further service she drew her chair near him, and sat down.

"You look well an' hearty, Peggy."

"Yes, I ain't got nothin' ter complain erbout; but you—you're dreadful peaked, Ab," she faltered, her heart yearning over him.

He drew his handkerchief across his face again, and coughed that dull, hacking little cough.

"I've been a'mos' dead with my liver. Low-country life didn't agree with me, an' I've been onfortunit, Peggy."

"You always was onfortunit, Ab. Me an' Upchurch have jes' been a-talkin' of the many times you came nigh ter losin' yer life when er boy, let erlone the war an' sence the war."

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Upchurch is gone a-huntin' now, an' Tempy an' the boys they er gone over the creek ter town; but as I started ter say, it's cur'us how some folks hev ter live, sorter holdin' on ter life ennyhow. It's er slippery thing at ther best, somethin' like er eel that'll slip through yer fingers jest when you're shore you've got it" (ending with a sigh).

"I've had mysheer er bad luck now, shorely," said Dyer wearily.

"Then you must be a-lookin' out fer the good," said his sister more cheerfully. The deep dejection, the utter hopelessness of tone and appearance troubled her, took away something from her joy. She grew anxious to see him brighten up, raise his head, and speak with animation. She could not keep her eyes off him. His vagabond appearance, his evident ill health roused all her sisterly love, her womanly compassion. Oh, what a hard life he must have lived to be so changed! He had been a weak and ailing child, and odd, extremely odd, in all his ways. She, being the eldest, had watched over him, and had learned to know him better than any one else did, but she never expected to see him so unkempt, neglected, and broken down.

"Oh, brother, what've you been a-doin' with yourself?" she said abruptly, her eyes filling up again.

"A-roamin' up an' down the world. Lately I've been livin' down in south-west Georgia. I married there," he replied.

"Law, you did? Where is your wife?"

"Dead, an' so is my little gal. She was er peart little thing," and he turned his head away, swallowing audibly as though something choked him. "I wish you could 'a' seed her, Peggy," he continued after a slight pause.

"An' I wish it too, Ab. Can't you tell me erbout her?" she said gently, and with deep sympathy.

"She was the smartest little creetur I ever saw, an' knowed the mos' for her age. She use' ter run an' meet me when I came in, an' the fust thing 'ud be, 'Daddy, I love you; do you love me?' Then she'd put her arms round my neck an' lay her face up close ter mine. Then when she got bigger, she was always a-wantin' ter help me, an' I never axed for better comp'ny than my little Sary Jane. O Lord! if she'd only 'a' lived. It fairly tuk the life outen me to see her—to see her ——"

His head dropped on his breast, and again he was silent.

"You er 'bout all the kin I've got, Peggy," he said at last, and there was something in the broken way he uttered the few words that caused her to wipe her eyes again furtively on her knitting.

"You mus' stay with me now, Ab, an' not

go wanderin' off enny more. You've been keardless erbout your health, I know in reason."

"Mebby I have."

He met his brother-in-law rather shrinkingly at first, but Sam Upchurch gave him such a hearty welcome, he seemed to grow more at ease. About sundown the children returned from their holiday visit to Rockymount, a small town two miles away across Bear Creek. There were four — three sturdy sunburnt boys and one handsome sunburnt girl. She was the eldest, and Mrs. Upchurch presented her to her uncle with motherly pride.

"This is our Tempy, Ab."

He looked at the tall, bright-eyed, rose-faced girl with melancholy surprise. He shook hands with her in an awkward, hesitating way.

"Why, she's grown, Peggy."

"Yes, grown, an' talkin' er gitten married," said Peggy with a laugh and a sigh.

"Law, now, ma, jes' lis'en at you!" cried Tempy, blushing crimson and retreating to the kitchen.

The young people eyed the new-comer cautiously, and would have little to say to him; but the elders used all their homely arts to entertain him and make him comfortable. After supper, when they had returned from the kitchen to the entry, he grew more communicative. The boys were off in the thickets bird-thrashing, and Tempy sat in the best room with Jeff Morgan, her sweetheart, who lived in an adjoining settlement, and came on Saturday evening and remained until Monday morning. So the older people were sitting alone in the entry, and Sam Upchurch smoked his pipe, and Peggy dipped snuff, but Dyer declined joining them in using tobacco.

"Had ter quit that years ergo. I have had ups an' downs sence the war. One time I went down inter the piny woods of Alabama an' j'ined the gopher traders, but it wasn't a pay-in' business, an' I quit it an' sot up ter teachin' school. If you can spell baker you can teach school in them diggin's. Then I tuk it inter my head ter settle down an' have er home; but Susan she died, and the little un had ter go too, an' I've jes' been knockin' erbout ever since." His poor thin hands worked nervously, and his head drooped dejectedly again.

How sharply his empty, desolate life contrasted with his sister's busy, useful, happy one. Her husband was beside her; the shouts of her boys floated up from the pine thickets where their torches flashed in and out like the flame of a "Jack-o'-lantern," and occasionally Tempy's full, hearty laugh rang out. The sister thought of it with a sigh, but feeling humbly grateful for her own good fortune. Upchurch, too, vaguely felt the contrast, for he said:

"Well, you've got er home here now if you

er mind ter take it. Peggy'll be doctorin' you up in no time."

He shook his head with a faint, dry smile.

A screech-owl flew into the yard near the house and began a doleful "shir-r-r-r." The men did not seem to notice it, but Mrs. Upchurch moved uneasily, for neither religion nor common sense could rid her of the superstitious feeling that it meant bad luck. That night her short, simple, but earnest prayers included the poor wanderer, and also an entreaty that no bad luck might come to any of them.

On Sunday morning the wagon was brought around, and all the family came out in their "go-ter-meetin'" clothes.

Ab declined accompanying them, although he had partially recovered from the fatigue of the day before, and he obstinately refused to allow one of the family to remain at home with him, to his sister's distress. She would gladly have remained, for there were still many things she wished, to talk over with him, but he would not hear to it.

"I make no pretensions, Peggy, but neither am I goin' ter keep them erway that does," he said more decidedly than she had yet heard him speak.

He was sitting on the fence whittling a stick, and many were the curious glances directed toward the shabby, stooping figure, as the country people passed on their way to Ebenezer.

It was soon known throughout the settlement that Ab Dyer, Peggy Upchurch's brother, had come, and the women discovered they owed Peggy a visit, and the men dropped in to see Upchurch or to borrow some farming tool. Ab did not impress the visitors very favorably. Some regarded him suspiciously, others with more or less contempt.

"He's shore ter be crazy," said old Miss Davis confidentially to Sally Gancey.

"You reckon?" in a shocked tone.

"Yes, an' er tramp, too. Won't you take er dip?" producing the little black snuff-box her grandfather had bequeathed to her.

"B'lieve I will. Po' Mis' Upchurch, how she mus' feel."

"Law, it ain't no new thing. I knowed Ab Dyer when he wasn't much bigger'n er wood-peck, an' he never was right bright. He ain't 'walked fur with Solomon,' I kin tell you," rolling her eyes knowingly.

So the bit of gossip went from house to house, and hints of it reached the Upchurches; but if the poor wanderer ever heard of it, he made no sign. Yet it cut Peggy Upchurch to the heart, and she strove, by additional tenderness and consideration, to make up to him for all he had lost in not gaining the goodwill of the neighbors.

"I've always noticed that them that's talked erbout is apt ter be better than them that does the talkin'," she said privately to Upchurch.

But once she ventured to gently remonstrate with Ab about the palpable lack of pride in his personal appearance.

"Tain't no use, Peggy. I wanted ter be somethin' an' I tried, but ever'thing went ag'in' me."

"You mus'n't be mad erbout that, Ab. It was the Almighty's doin's, though I ain't one er them that lays ever'thing ter Providence. Mebby you didn't start right."

"Mebby I didn't," he replied, spiritlessly, and with a fit of coughing. He sat on the door-step in the sunshine, his shoulders bent over, his chin almost touching his knees, as much of a vagabond as the day on which he walked up the road, seeking the last of his kith and kin.

"It pesters me to see you so down in the mouth. I'm all the time a-wantin' ter see you pearten up. Don't that fat light'ood-splinter tea help yer cough?"

"No; but don't you be a-botherin' erbout me, Peggy. 'Tain't no use."

"Ah, that sayin' o' yourn, 'Tain't no use,' has done a sight er harm in this world. Too many folks say it fer their own good," said Mrs. Upchurch solemnly.

"That may be so, but I ain't been no use ter myself nor nobody else."

"Well, I say you have. Don't forgit your young days an' the time you run between me an' old Miss Whitlock's mad dog. I remember it, an' I'll keep on rememberin' it till I die."

"Lor! that wasn't nothin'," he said, moving uneasily, a sort of flush passing over his face.

"Yet if you hadn't 'a' done it, I might not 'a' been here now," impressively, and with the feeling that she must ever hold him lovingly and gratefully in her heart, no matter how idle and purposeless his life might be—and one had better have been dead than lazy in that community.

"Mebby if the little un had 'a' lived——" he muttered, but leaving the sentence unfinished, he hastily rose and walked away toward the lot.

He grew rather fond of Tempy, after a cautious, undemonstrative fashion. His eyes would follow her in an absorbed, wistful way, for in her he saw, as it were, a pale vision of his own child grown to womanhood;—a pale vision, for no girl can compare with what the reality would have been in his eyes.

Tempy's wedding-day approached, and he astonished her with the gift of ten dollars, all he had.

"Ter help buy yer fixin's," he said, and carefully restored the empty leather purse to his pocket.

The days came and went, and the farmers worked from daylight till dark, but Ab Dyer idled about the house or wandered aimlessly through the woods with a gun. Sometimes he would bring home game, but oftener he would come empty-handed.

"What ails him, Peggy?" Sam Upchurch inquired one evening, after Dyer had gone off to bed. "There ain't nothin' to be got out er him."

"He's give up, that's what ails him, an' it's the worst thing a body could do for themselves. Ab always was easy to git down in the mouth, an' it 'pears like he ain't a-goin' to git over the loss o' his fambly. Poor fellow! he always was an onfortunit creetur," wiping her eyes on her nightcap and sighing deeply.

The summer drew near its end, and one cloudy morning late in August Sam Upchurch pulled out the buggy, harnessed his best horse to it, and invited Ab to go with him over to Rockymount, to buy some things for Tempy's wedding. It had rained torrents the night before, and Bear Creek rushed along turbulent, muddy, and nearly up to the bridge.

"But we'll be all right, if it don't set into rainin' ag'in," said Upchurch, taking a sweeping glance at the clouds rolling so darkly above them.

"An' if it does?" Ab dryly inquired.

"Well, I reckon we will, ennyhow; the bridge is new," Sam easily and carelessly replied.

It did rain again, heavy flooding rains, and they were detained in town until quite late. Indeed they did not realize how swiftly the day passed, until night was upon them.

"Better lie over in town to-night. Bear Creek ain't er pleasant sight jes' now," said an acquaintance, who also lived beyond the creek. But Sam Upchurch shook his head.

"No, Peggy'll be a-lookin' fer us, an' the bridge is strong. There ain't no danger, if the water does run over it."

"You-uns don't know that. My old woman'll be a-lookin' fer me too, but I ain't a-goin' ter risk my life jes' for that," muttered the other countryman, shrugging his shoulders.

It was dark when the belated travelers reached the creek, not the gray darkness of twilight, but the pitchy blackness of a clouded, stormy night. They could hear the rush and roar of the stream, and the horse trembled and shrank back from it in fear, but, urged on by his master's voice, he ventured in. For many a day Sam Upchurch reproached himself for that rash and foolhardy act, but he had

such faith in the strength of the bridge, that he did not think of danger until with a desperate plunge they were floundering in the creek.

"Good God! the bridge is gone!" he groaned, and the next moment felt the buggy swept away from him by the strong current.

"Ab," he shouted loudly.

"Here I am. Can you swim, Sam?"

"Not much here," he cried hoarsely, realizing that only a bare chance of life remained. A vision of his home rose up before him, and of his wife and children; life never seemed so precious and desirable a thing as when death stared him in the face. He groaned aloud; then he heard Ab's voice close beside him.

"Ketch onter this limb."

It was a willow bough half dipping into the water, a slender, flexible thing, not strong enough to bear the weight of both men; but Upchurch did not know that when he clutched so desperately at the frail chance of salvation.

Ab loosened his grasp.

"What's the matter?" cried his brother-in-law in quick alarm, for the poor fellow brushed against him as the strong, swift current carried him away.

"Nothin'! Git home ter Peggy an' the chillun if you can. I'm goin'"—but there his

voice died away, was swallowed up in the confusion of noises around them. Upchurch shouted himself hoarse, but no reply came back to him, and chilled and stiffened he drew himself up out of the water, realizing at last that Ab had given up to him the one chance of life that lay between them.

THEY laid him down within the shadow of Ebenezer Church, along with the other quiet sleepers who rested there, and no one ever again breathed aught against the luckless vagabond; while in one household his memory was gratefully and tenderly cherished. Never did a stormy night come but they would draw up around the flaming pine-knot fire thinking of him, and Mrs. Upchurch would take one of Tempy's children on her knee, to shield her tearful eyes from observation.

Then again she would sit out in the entry on calm, clear summer days, with her knitting and her snuff, just as she sat that day he came up the road footsore and weary with his long tramp, and, recalling all the trials and failures of his life, she would look far away toward those misty blue mountains, softly murmuring:

"Poor Ab! He always was an onfortunit creetur."

*Mat Crim.*

## ZWEIBAK; OR, NOTES OF A PROFESSIONAL EXILE.—II.

I HAVE with me the autobiographical works of Carlyle, edited by Froude, which have attracted so much attention. There are two periods in the history of the world's state of mind towards almost every clever and successful man. One of these is when he is recognized; the other is when he is found out. At the former period his distinctions and peculiar abilities are perceived. The world sees what he is. He may then be said to have been recognized. But along with this recognition the world is apt to bestow a vague and tacit credit for superiority in those qualities in which he has not been tried. There comes a time, however, when his limitations are understood. The world sees what he is not. He may then be said to have been found out. That man is fortunate who is recognized early and found out late. The latter period was much deferred in Carlyle's case, owing to the vigor of the impression which he made upon us. But when the time came for the public to be undeceived with regard to the character of this great and good man, it certainly did not judge him fairly. The ill-nature of these writings of Carlyle is not profound. Carlyle had the presumptuous discon-

tempt of a spoiled child. It was his instinct and habit to "sass" right and left. And the public itself was mainly to blame for the spoiling. The fault in such cases is mainly the public's, on account of the queer exemptions they accord people who are able to "sling ink" particularly well. Authors are spoiled because of the weak supposition of the public that they are as good as they profess to be. The public will not insist upon remembering that great authors are like other people. Has not an author hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions; if you prick them do they not bleed; if you tickle them do they not laugh? Of course, the book reveals Carlyle as an egotist. But are not nearly all recent autobiographers egotists? A number of such works have appeared during the last ten years, and the position of the autobiographer has been in nearly every case the same,—namely, that God did a good thing when he made him; but that he should have made anybody else, and should have taken an interest in the other individual equal to that which he manifested in the autobiographer, is a proposition which he cannot bring himself for a moment to consider. Two books



in which this view is conspicuous are the autobiographies of John Quincy Adams and Miss Harriet Martineau. Carlyle is a mild egotist beside these writers. Adams does not speak of himself as an individual, but as a cause which he has espoused. Of the two, Miss Martineau is the more naïve. She is for arranging the world entirely from her own point of view. For instance, she attacked the late Lord Lytton because he did not carry an ear-trumpet. Lord Lytton was deaf, and preferred not to carry an ear-trumpet. Miss Martineau was deaf also, and did carry one. She did not believe in the immortality of the soul, and was very hard upon any one who was of a contrary opinion. Her Heaven, had her belief permitted her to have one, would have been a place where they all sat round with ear-trumpets and derided the doctrine of the immortality of the soul.

... It is always a matter of surprise to find how tall some very young girls are. You know they are young, and you discount their inches unconsciously. Your knowledge of their age has the effect of an optical illusion. Speaking of tall women, there is here an extraordinarily tall young lady, who is at the same time very pretty. She must be considerably more than six feet, and the fact of her being very slender adds to her apparent height. I was introduced to her the other evening. Her face is remarkably pretty, the features being very regular and perfect, and the expression charming. As I looked up at it, it seemed to me like some beautiful picture at the Academy, which had unfortunately been hung too high.

It is interesting to observe how gentle the minds of many of these tall women are. If there were somewhere a woman a mile high, and you could, by an arrangement of ladders, climb up to a level with her face, I believe that you would there find a sweet and foolish mind, an eye that would sink with giddy pleasure under the glance of admiration.

... I find that certain American women are very hard, or tart, or both. I have spoken of a want of a positive feminine nature which some American women have. It is upon this basis that the character I speak of is produced. Ammonia and Lapidea are both here. Ammonia is a woman who has been so used to thinking tart thoughts and saying tart things that her face has a drawn and puckered expression, like that of a person who has been eating persimmons. Not that I suppose she has ever eaten them. The persimmon is Southern; I have never seen it farther north than Pennsylvania. Ammonia on the other hand is from New York. I have never heard of her farther south than Hudson River. Ammonia, more-

over, is a polite person, while the persimmon is anything but a polite fruit. It is never eaten except by darkies or by very small boys in moments of extreme *ennui*. So I doubt if Ammonia has ever seen a persimmon. Ammonia is unmarried. Lapidea is married. She is a distinguished and handsome creature. She has been a great heiress, but it was not on that account A—— married her. It was her distinction, good connections, and unmistakable fashion that attracted him. He chose her because he is the kind of man who likes to be well turned out. She is ambitious, and I don't doubt will have a career.

I do not mean to accuse ambitious women. I often admire them. There is often a force about them which is admirable. Where the ambitious disposition is based upon a vigorous physique, a practical temper, and an enjoyment of the visible life, the character is a proper and natural one. There always will be such women. In many of them the character is discoverable even as girls. I met such a one recently. I was sitting in a drawing-room in a London hotel when the door opened and there entered an apparition. It was that of a young lady, handsome, prettily dressed, with a perfect hat and an original parasol and the smartest possible boots—altogether a smart apparition. I was unable to guess her nationality or condition. She began to speak in perfect English. She spoke it as I have only heard it spoken by some three or four persons, and these Americans. You could not in the least infer her nationality from her speech. She seemed to speak the original and perfect tongue of which local varieties, whether English or American, are inferior modifications. I supposed at first that she was married, her aplomb was so perfect, her gestures were so easy, and her speeches so pretty. But I presently discovered that she was a very young girl, and soon perceived that her self-possession was due to innocence, was the result not of experience, but of the want of it. The good and clever creature had wandered straight from the school-room or the nursery and had picked up in a day from a single woman of fashion the tricks and tones of Babylon. Later I had some talk with her on the subject of worldliness. She said she could not be worldly because she had not seen enough of the world. I reminded her that experience of the world was not necessary to worldliness, that "worldling" and "duckling" were two words which, besides sounding somewhat alike, had this in common, that a worldling takes to the world, just as a duckling takes to the water.

"Oh," she said, "you would compare me to one of those dirty little fuzzy things."

... The pretty American women here are



much admired by foreigners, especially Englishmen. It is not in the nature of women to resent this kind of thing. American women have, moreover, an adaptability which few other women have, and they like to practice their talents upon the various orders and races of men. But it makes the American men jealous, and it is not surprising that it does. I find that I don't like it. I will own that when I see one of them surrounded by half a dozen foreigners, I feel like Troilus when he saw Cressida flirting in the camp of the Greeks.

But notwithstanding the adaptability of our women, they have a character of their own, of which they are tenacious—often no doubt against their will—amid circumstances most remote from those of their own country. There are various marks of this character. For instance, there is a woman here who lives altogether abroad and at such places as this, and who pursues the life of the third-rate watering-place society to which she devotes herself with the same bustling activity with which, were she amid her native scenes, she would be making pumpkin pies.

There is also a tall, dark, slight girl, Miss B—. She is a young woman of undoubted fashion and perfectly dressed. Yet as I see her walking through a quadrille I observe in her mind a perception so vivacious as to be almost unlady-like. I am aware of a Yankee incisiveness, a keen, dry light like that of her native hills. I am conscious of her New England origin whenever I am in her society. There is somewhere a reminiscence of the ancestral "apple-sass." Beyond her Worth dresses and her bric-à-brac, perfect French, and mundane wit and manners (what a clever and amusing woman of the world she is!) I see a smart white farm-house on a round, clear hill.

But I am just now thinking especially of one characteristic of American women. There is a school-ma'am basis in the character of certain of our women, particularly those of Puritan origin. A peculiarity of them is that they seem to disapprove of you a little, and, if they are pretty, I find that there is something pleasant in being the object of their disapproval. I see this character in women who of course could not have been school-ma'ams, who indeed have hardly lived in America. I know one—and she is very pretty—who even as a girl has passed most of her days abroad. She is married to a German nobleman, and has a castle in Silesia. The whole of the few years of her married life she has

spent about courts. Yet I never meet her, amid scenes so different from those of the land of our common birth, without being conscious that she has this quality. It always seems to me that she is going to "keep me in."

. . . I shall begin to wonder presently who isn't here. I have just met Mildred R—in the Ferdinand Strasse. Mildred is a woman very characteristic of America, but of an entirely different type from those I have just mentioned. She is a Virginian. She is an inevitable flirt, whose coquetry is of the muscular, vigorous kind. I met her first one evening in the parlor of an American house. It was in one of those scenes the participation in which has afforded me the keenest social pleasure I have ever known. She was staying in this house at the time or had dined there. Two youths were sitting on either side of her, one holding a spool of thread, the other playing with the scissors. Miss H— said: "Do you see those two boys? They ought to have gone hours ago to a dance across the street. They promised, and they wanted to go, but they can't get away from Mildred." She is a large, finely proportioned creature, and is particularly grand in such things as cloaks, fan, etc. Her movement is unusually good. I have heard a friend of hers say—it was a woman—that some five years ago, when she was her best, it was a sight to remember to see her walk the length of the room. She is looking very well now. I think she is getting a little affected. Her conversation is beginning to take on an intellectual tone. She is going in for a salon. She now poses as the friend and confidante of statesmen, like those silly women in the novels of Bulwer and Disraeli. I think this is a mistake. She is not clever. Besides it is unnecessary. I will guarantee her a salon on the strength of the qualities she really has. She belongs to a class of women who are perhaps the most effective flirts in existence, women who are about one-fourth or one-sixth man. These women I believe are oftener to be met with in America than elsewhere. A peculiarity of them is a generosity of soul, a good-nature, an almost infantile readiness to like and be pleased which contrasts strangely with their contralto voices and grand size. It is odd to hear the language of gentle and giddy unwisdom from the lips of such tall people. Mildred is like this. Her volatile benevolence is bestowed upon old and young alike. There is no ill-nature in her. I figure her like Ceres holding in her hand a sheaf of the sunny corn-field.

## THE BOSTONIANS.\*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "Portrait of a Lady," "Daisy Miller," "Lady Barberina," etc.

### XLI.

HE walked about for the next two hours, walked all over Boston, heedless of his course, and conscious only of an unwillingness to return to his hotel, and an inability to eat his dinner or rest his weary legs. He had been roaming in very much the same desperate fashion, at once eager and purposeless, for many days before he left New York, and he knew that his agitation and suspense must wear themselves out. At present they pressed him more than ever; they had become tremendously acute. The early dusk of the last half of November had gathered thick, but the evening was fine, and the lighted streets had the animation and variety of a winter that had begun with brilliancy. The shop-fronts glowed through frosty panes; the passers bustled on the pavement; the bells of the street-cars jangled in the cold air; the newsboys hawked the evening papers; the vestibules of the theater, illuminated and flanked with colored posters and the photographs of actresses, exhibited seductively their swinging doors of red leather or baize, spotted with little brass nails. Behind great plates of glass the interior of the hotels became visible, with marble-paved lobbies white with electric lamps, and columns, and Westerners on divans stretching their legs; while behind a counter, set apart and covered with an array of periodicals and novels in paper covers, little boys, with the faces of old men, showing plans of the play-houses, offering librettos, and selling orchestra-chairs at a premium. When from time to time Ransom paused at a corner, hesitating which way to drift, he looked up and saw the stars, sharp and near, scintillating over the town. Boston seemed to him big and full of nocturnal life, very much awake and preparing for an evening of pleasure.

He passed and repassed the Music Hall; saw Verena immensely advertised; gazed down the vista, the approach for pedestrians, which leads out of School street, and thought it looked expectant and ominous. People had not begun to enter yet, but the place was ready, lighted, and opened, and the interval would be only too short. So it appeared to Ransom, while at the same time he wished

immensely the crisis was over. Everything that surrounded him referred itself to the idea with which his mind was palpitating, the question whether he might not still intervene, as against the girl's jump into the abyss. He believed that all Boston was going to see her, or that at least every one was whom he saw in the streets; and there was a kind of incentive and inspiration in this thought. The vision of wresting her from the mighty multitude set him off again, to stride through the population that would fight for her. It was not too late, for he felt strong; it would not be too late even if she should already stand there before thousands of converging eyes. He had had his ticket since the morning, and now the time was going on. He went back to his hotel at last for ten minutes, and refreshed himself by dressing a little and by drinking a glass of wine. Then he took his way once more to the Music Hall, and saw that people were beginning to go in—the first drops of the great stream, among whom there were many women. Since seven o'clock the minutes had moved fast,—before that they had dragged,—and now there was only half an hour. Ransom passed in with the others; he knew just where his seat was; he had chosen it, on reaching Boston, from the few that were left, with what he believed to be care. But now, as he stood beneath the far-away paneled roof, stretching above the line of little tongues of flame which marked its junction with the walls, he felt that this didn't matter much, since he certainly was not going to subside into his place. He was not one of the audience; he was apart, unique, and had come on an altogether special business. It wouldn't have mattered if, in advance, he had got no place at all, and had just left himself to pay for standing-room at the last. The people came pouring in, and in a very short time there would only be standing-room left. Ransom had no definite plan; he had mainly wanted to get inside of the building, so that, on a view of the field, he might make up his mind. He had never been in the Music Hall before, and its lofty vault and rows of overhanging balconies made it to his imagination immense and impressive. There were two or three moments during

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which he felt as he could imagine a young man to feel who, waiting in a public place, has made up his mind, for reasons of his own, to discharge a pistol at the king or the president.

The place struck him with a kind of Roman vastness; the doors which opened out of the upper balconies, high aloft, and which were constantly swinging to and fro with the passage of spectators and ushers, reminded him of the *vomitoria* that he had read about in descriptions of the Colosseum. The huge organ, the background of the stage,—a stage occupied with tiers of seats for choruses and civic worthies,—lifted to the dome its shining pipes and sculptured pinnacles, and some genius of music or oratory erected himself in monumental bronze at the base. The hall was so capacious and serious, and the audience increased so rapidly without filling it, giving Ransom a sense of the numbers it would contain when it was packed, that the courage of the two young women, face to face with so tremendous an ordeal, hovered before him as really sublime, especially the conscious tension of poor Olive, who would have been spared none of the anxieties and tremors, none of the previsions of accident or calculations of failure. In the front of the stage was a slim, high desk, like a music-stand, with a red velvet cover, and near it was a light, ornamental chair, on which he was sure Verena would not seat herself, though he could fancy her leaning at moments on the back. Behind this was a kind of semicircle of a dozen arm-chairs, which had evidently been arranged for the friends of the speaker, her sponsors and patrons. The hall was more and more full of premonitory sounds; people making a noise as they unfolded, on hinges, their seats, and itinerant boys, whose voices as they cried out "Photographs of Miss Tarrant—sketch of her life!" or "Portraits of the speaker—story of her career!" sounded small and piping in the general immensity. Before Ransom was aware of it, several of the arm-chairs in the row behind the lecturer's desk were occupied, with gaps, and in a moment he recognized, even across the interval, three of the persons who had appeared. The straight-featured woman, with bands of glossy hair and eyebrows that told at a distance, could only be Mrs. Farrinder, just as the gentleman beside her, in a white overcoat, with an umbrella and a vague face, was probably her husband Amariah. At the opposite end of the row were another pair, whom Ransom, unacquainted with certain chapters of Verena's history, perceived without surprise to be Mrs. Burrage and her insinuating son. Apparently their interest in Miss Tarrant was more than

a momentary fad, since—like himself—they had made the journey from New York to hear her. There were other figures, unknown to our young man, here and there in the semicircle, but several places were still empty (one of which was of course reserved for Olive), and it occurred to Ransom, even in his preoccupation, that one of them ought to remain so—ought to be left to symbolize the presence, in the spirit, of Miss Birdseye.

He bought one of the photographs of Verena, and thought it shockingly bad, and bought also the sketch of her life, which many people seemed to be reading, but crumpled it up in his pocket for future consideration. Verena was not in the least present to him, in connection with this exhibition of enterprise and puffery; what he saw was Olive, struggling and yielding, making every sacrifice of taste for the sake of the largest hearing, and conforming herself to a great popular system. Whether she had struggled or not, there was a catch-penny effect about the whole thing which added to the fever in his cheek and made him wish he had money to buy up the stock of the vociferous little boys. Suddenly the notes of the organ rolled out into the hall, and he became aware that the overture or prelude had begun. This, too, seemed to him a piece of claptrap, but he didn't wait to think of it; he instantly edged out of his place, which he had chosen near the end of a row, and reached one of the numerous doors. If he had had no definite plan, he now had at least an irresistible impulse, and he felt the prick of shame at having faltered for a moment. It had been his tacit calculation that Verena, still enshrined in mystery by her companion, would not have reached the scene of her performance till within a few minutes of the time at which she was to come forth; so that he had lost nothing by waiting, up to this moment, before the platform. But now he must overtake his opportunity. Before passing out of the hall into the lobby, he paused, and with his back to the stage gave a look at the gathered auditory. It was now densely numerous, and, suffused with the evenly distributed gaslight, which fell from a great elevation, and the thick atmosphere that hangs forever in such places, it appeared to pile itself high and to look dimly expectant and formidable. He had a throb of uneasiness at his private purpose of balking it of its entertainment, its victim—a glimpse of the ferocity that lurks in a disappointed mob. But the thought of that danger only made him pass more quickly through the ugly corridors; he felt that his plan was definite enough now, and he found that he had no need even of asking the way to a certain small door (one or more

of them) which he meant to push open. In taking his place in the morning, he had assured himself as to the side of the house on which (with its approach to the platform) the withdrawing-room of singers and speakers was situated; he had chosen his seat in that quarter, and he now had not far to go before he reached it. No one heeded or challenged him; Miss Tarrant's auditors were still pouring in (the occasion was evidently to have been a tremendous success of curiosity), and had all the attention of the ushers. Ransom opened a door at the end of a passage, and it admitted him into a sort of vestibule, quite bare save that at a second door, opposite to him, stood a figure at the sight of which he paused for a moment in his advance.

The figure was simply that of a robust policeman, in his helmet and brass buttons—a policeman who was expecting him—Ransom could see that in a twinkling. He judged in the same space of time that Olive Chancellor had heard of his having been there and had applied for the protection of this functionary, who was now simply guarding the approach, and was prepared to defend it against all comers. There was a slight element of surprise in this, as he had reasoned that his nervous kinswoman was absent from her house for the day—had been spending it all in Verena's retreat, wherever that was. The surprise was not great enough, however, to interrupt his course for more than an instant, and he crossed the room and stood before the belted sentinel. For a moment neither spoke; they looked at each other very hard in the eyes, and Ransom heard the organ, beyond partitions, launching its waves of sound through the hall. They seemed to be very near it, and the whole place vibrated. The policeman was a tall, lean-faced, sawn man, with a stoop of the shoulders, a small, steady eye, and something in his mouth which made a protuberance in his cheek. Ransom could see that he was very strong, but he believed that he himself was not materially less so. However, he had not come there to show physical fight: a public tussle about Verena was not an attractive idea, except perhaps, after all, if he should get the worst of it, from the point of view of Olive's new system of advertising; and, moreover, it would not be in the least necessary. Still he said nothing, and still the policeman remained dumb, and there was something in the way the moments elapsed, and in our young man's consciousness that Verena was separated from him only by a couple of thin planks, which made him feel that she too expected him, but in another sense; that she had nothing to do with this parade of resistance, that she would know in

a moment, by quick intuition, that he was there, and that she was only praying to be rescued, to be saved. Face to face with Olive she hadn't the courage, but she would have it with her hand in his. It came to him that there was no one in the world less sure of her business just at that moment than Olive Chancellor; it was as if he could see, through the door, the terrible way her eyes were fixed on Verena while she held her watch in her hand and Verena looked away from her. Olive would have been so thankful that she should begin before the hour, but of course that was impossible. Ransom asked no question—that seemed a waste of time; he only said, after a minute, to the policeman:

"I should like very much to see Miss Tarrant, if you will be so good as to take in my card."

The guardian of order, well planted just between him and the handle of the door, took from Ransom the morsel of pasteboard which he held out to him, read slowly the name inscribed on it, turned it over and looked at the back, then returned it to his interlocutor. "Well, I guess it ain't much use," he remarked.

"How can you know that? You have no business to decline my request."

"Well, I guess I have about as much business as you have to make it." Then he added, "You are just the very man she wants to keep out."

"I don't think Miss Tarrant wants to keep me out," Ransom returned.

"I don't know much about her, she hasn't hired the hall. It's the other one—Miss Chancellor; it's her that runs this thing."

"And she has asked you to keep me out? How absurd!" exclaimed Ransom, ingenuously.

"She tells me you're none too fit to be round alone; you have got this thing on the brain. I guess you'd better be quiet," said the policeman.

"Quiet? Is it possible to be more quiet than I am?"

"Well, I've seen crazy folks that were a good deal like you. If you want to see the speaker, why don't you go and set round in the hall, with the rest of the public?" And the policeman waited in an immovable, ruminating, reasonable manner, for an answer to this inquiry.

Ransom had one, on the instant, at his service. "Because I don't want simply to see her; I want also to speak to her—in private."

"Yes—it's always intensely private," said the policeman. "Now I wouldn't lose the lecture if I was you. I guess it will do you good."

"The lecture?" Ransom repeated, laughing. "It won't take place."



"Yes it will — as quick as the organ stops." Then the policeman added, as to himself, "Why the devil don't it?"

"Because Miss Tarrant has sent up to the organist to tell him to keep on."

"Who has she sent, do you s'pose?" And Ransom's new acquaintance entered into his humor. "I guess Miss Chancellor isn't her nigger."

"She has sent her father, or perhaps even her mother. They are in there too."

"How do you know that?" asked the policeman, consideringly.

"Oh, I know everything," Ransom answered, smiling.

"Well, I guess they didn't come here to listen to that organ. We'll hear something else before long, if he doesn't stop."

"You will hear a good deal, very soon," Ransom remarked.

The serenity of his self-confidence appeared at last to make an impression on his antagonist, who lowered his head a little, like some butting animal, and looked at the young man from beneath bushy eyebrows. "Well, I have heard a good deal since I've ben in Boston."

"Oh, Boston's a great place," Ransom rejoined, inattentively. He was not listening to the policeman or to the organ now, for the sound of voices had reached him from the other side of the door. The policeman took no further notice of it than to lean back against the partition with folded arms; and there was another pause between them, during which the playing of the organ ceased.

"I will just wait here, with your permission," said Ransom, "and presently I shall be called."

"Who do you suppose will call you?"

"Well, Miss Tarrant, I hope."

"She'll have to fix the other one first."

Ransom took out his watch, which he had adapted on purpose, several hours before, to Boston time, and saw that the minutes had sped with increasing velocity during his *tête-à-tête* with Miss Chancellor's warden, and that it now marked five minutes past eight. "Miss Chancellor will have to fix the public," he said in a moment; and the words were far from being an empty profession of security, for the conviction already in possession of him, that a drama in which he, though cut off, was an actor, had been going on for some time in the apartment he was prevented from entering, that the situation was tremendously strained there, and that it could not come to an end without an appeal to him — this transcendental assumption acquired an infinitely greater force the instant he perceived that Verena was even now keeping her audience waiting. Why didn't she go on? Why, except

that she knew he was there, and was gaining time?

"Well, I guess she has shown herself," said the door-keeper, whose discussion with Ransom now appeared to have passed, on his own part, and without the slightest prejudice to his firmness, into a sociable, gossiping phase.

"If she had shown herself, we should hear the reception, the applause."

"Well, there they air; they are going to give it to her," the policeman announced.

He had an odious appearance of being in the right, for there indeed they seemed to be — they were giving it to her. A general hubbub rose from the floor and the galleries of the hall — the sound of several thousand people stamping with their feet, and rapping with their umbrellas and sticks. Ransom felt faint, and for a little while he stood with his gaze interlocked with that of the policeman.

Then suddenly a wave of coolness seemed to break over him, and he exclaimed: "My dear fellow, that isn't applause — it's impatience. It isn't a reception — it's a call!"

The policeman neither assented to this proposition nor denied it; he only transferred the protuberance in his cheek to the other side, and observed:

"I guess she's sick."

"Oh, I hope not!" said Ransom, very gently. The stamping and rapping swelled and swelled for a minute, and then it subsided; but before it had done so Ransom's definition of it had plainly become the true one. The tone of the manifestation was good-humored, but it was not gratulatory. He looked at his watch again, and saw that five minutes more had elapsed, and he remembered what the newspaper man in Charles street had said about Olive's guaranteeing Verena's punctuality. Oddly enough, at the moment that the image of this gentleman recurred to him, the gentleman himself burst through the other door, in a state of the liveliest agitation.

"Why in the name of goodness don't she go on? If she wants to make them call her, they've done it about enough!" Mr. Pardon turned, pressing, from Ransom to the policeman and back again, and in his preoccupation gave no sign of having met the Mississippian before.

"I guess she's sick," said the policeman.

"The public 'll be sick!" cried the distressed reporter. "If she's sick, why doesn't she send for a doctor? All Boston is packed into this house, and she has got to talk to it. I want to go in and see."

"You can't go in," said the policeman, dryly.

"Why can't I go in, I should like to know? I want to go in for the 'Vesper'!"



"You can't go in for anything. I'm keeping this man out, too," the policeman added, genially, as if to make Mr. Pardon's exclusion appear less invidious.

"Why, they'd ought to let you in," said Matthias, staring a moment at Ransom.

"Maybe they'd ought to, but they won't," the policeman remarked.

"Gracious me!" panted Mr. Pardon; "I knew from the first Miss Chancellor would make a mess of it! Where's Mr. Filer?" he went on, eagerly, addressing himself apparently to either of the others, or to both.

"I guess he's at the door, counting the money," said the policeman.

"Well, he'll have to give it back if he don't look out!"

"Maybe he will. I'll let him in if he comes, but he's the only one. She is on now," the policeman added, without emotion.

His ear had caught the first faint murmur of another explosion of sound. This time, unmistakably, it was applause — the clapping of multitudinous hands, mingled with the noise of many throats. The demonstration, however, though considerable, was not what might have been expected, and it died away quickly. Mr. Pardon stood listening, with an expression of some alarm. "Merciful fathers! can't they give her more than that?" he cried. "I'll just fly around and see!"

When he had hurried away again, Ransom said to the policeman, "Who is Mr. Filer?"

"Oh, he's an old friend of mine. He's the man that runs Miss Chancellor."

"That runs her?"

"Just the same as she runs Miss Tarrant. He runs the pair, as you might say. He's in the lecture-business."

"Then he had better talk to the public himself."

"Oh, he can't talk; he can only boss!"

The opposite door at this moment was pushed open again, and a large, heated-looking man, with a little stiff beard on the end of his chin, and his overcoat flying behind him, strode forward with an imprecation. "What the — are they doing in the parlor? This sort of thing's about played out!"

"Ain't she up there now?" the policeman asked.

"It's not Miss Tarrant," Ransom said, as if he knew all about it. He perceived in a moment that this was Mr. Filer, Olive Chancellor's agent; an inference instantly followed by the reflection that such a personage would have been warned against him by his kinswoman, and would doubtless attempt to hold him, or his influence, accountable for Verena's unexpected delay. Mr. Filer only glanced at him, however, and to Ransom's surprise ap-

peared to have no theory of his identity; a fact implying that Miss Chancellor had considered that the greater discretion was (except to the policeman) to hold her tongue about him altogether.

"Up there? It's her jackass of a father that's up there!" cried Mr. Filer, with his hand on the latch of the door, which the policeman had allowed him to approach.

"Is he asking for a doctor?" the latter inquired, dispassionately.

"You're the sort of a doctor he'll want, if he doesn't produce the girl! You don't mean to say they've locked themselves in? What the plague are they after?"

"They've got the key on that side," said the policeman, while Mr. Filer discharged at the door a volley of sharp knocks, at the same time violently shaking the handle.

"If the door was locked, what was the good of your standing before it?" Ransom inquired.

"So as you couldn't do that"; and the policeman nodded at Mr. Filer.

"You see, your interference has done very little good."

"I dunno; she has got to come out yet."

Mr. Filer meanwhile had continued to thump and shake, demanding instant admission, and inquiring if they were going to let the audience pull the house down. Another round of applause had broken out, directly perceptibly to some apology, some solemn circumlocution, of Selah Tarrant's; this covered the sound of the agent's voice, as well as that of a confused and divided response proceeding from the parlor. For a minute nothing definite was audible; the door remained closed, and Matthias Pardon reappeared in the vestibule.

"He says she's just a little faint — from nervousness. She'll be all ready in about three minutes." This announcement was Mr. Pardon's contribution to the crisis; and he added that the crowd was a lovely crowd; it was a real Boston crowd, it was perfectly good-humored.

"There's a lovely crowd, and a real Boston one too, I guess, in here!" cried Mr. Filer, now banging very hard. "I've handled prima donnas, and I've handled natural curiosities, but I've never seen anything up to this. Mind what I say, ladies: if you don't let me in, I'll smash down the door!"

"Don't seem as if you could make it much worse, does it?" the policeman observed to Ransom, strolling aside a little with the air of being superseded.

XLII.

RANSOM made no reply; he was watching the door, which at that moment gave way

from within. Verena stood there,—it was she, evidently, who had opened it,—and her eyes went straight to his. She was dressed in white, and her face was whiter than her garment; above it her hair seemed to shine like fire. She took a step forward; but before she could take another he had come down to her, on the threshold of the room. Her face was full of suffering, and he did not attempt—before all those eyes—to take her hand; he only said in a low tone, “I have been waiting for you—a long time!”

“I know it—I saw you in your seat—I want to speak to you.”

“Well, Miss Tarrant, don’t you think you’d better be on the platform?” cried Mr. Filer, making with both his arms a movement as if to sweep her before him, through the waiting-room, up into the presence of the public.

“In a moment I shall be ready. My father is making that all right.” And, to Ransom’s surprise, she smiled with all her sweetness at the irrepressible agent—appeared to wish genuinely to reassure him.

The three had moved together into the waiting-room, and there at the further end of it, beyond the vulgar, perfunctory chairs and tables, under the flaring gas, he saw Mrs. Tarrant sitting upright on a sofa, with immense rigidity, and a large, flushed visage, full of suppressed distortion, and beside her, prostrate, fallen over, her head buried in the lap of Verena’s mother, the tragic figure of Olive Chancellor. Ransom could scarcely know how much Olive’s having flung herself upon Mrs. Tarrant’s bosom testified to the convulsive scene that had just taken place behind the locked door. He closed it again, sharply, in the face of the reporter and the policeman, and at the same moment Selah Tarrant descended, through the aperture leading to the platform, from his brief communion with the public. On seeing Ransom, he stopped short, and, gathering his waterproof about him, measured the young man from head to foot.

“Well, sir, perhaps *you* would like to go and explain our hitch,” he remarked, indulging in a smile so comprehensive that the corners of his mouth seemed almost to meet behind. “I presume that you, better than any one else, can give them an insight into our difficulties!”

“Father, be still; father, it will come out all right in a moment!” cried Verena, below her breath, her voice stifled in her agitation.

“There’s one thing I want to know: are we going to spend half an hour in doing the family-circle business?” Mr. Filer demanded, wiping his indignant countenance. “Is Miss Tarrant going to lecture, or ain’t she going to lecture? If she ain’t, she’ll please to show

cause why. Is she aware that every quarter of a second, at the present instant, is worth about five hundred dollars?”

“I know that—I know that, Mr. Filer. I will begin in a moment!” Verena went on. “I only want to speak to Mr. Ransom—just three words. They are perfectly quiet—don’t you see how quiet they are? They trust me, they trust me, don’t they, father? I only want to speak to Mr. Ransom.”

“Who the devil is Mr. Ransom?” cried the exasperated, bewildered Filer.

Verena spoke to the others, but she looked at her lover, and the expression of her eyes was ineffably touching and beseeching. She trembled with nervous excitement, there were tears and confidences in her voice, and Ransom felt himself flushing with pity for the agony he had forced upon her. But at the same moment he had another perception, which brushed aside remorse; he saw that he could do what he wanted, that she begged him, with all her being, to spare her, but that so long as he should protest she was submissive, helpless. What he wanted, in this light, flamed before him and challenged all his manhood, tossing his determination to a height from which not only Doctor Tarrant, and Mr. Filer, and Olive, over there, in her sightless, soundless shame, but the great, expectant hall as well, and the mighty multitude, in suspense, keeping quiet from minute to minute and holding the breath of its anger—from which all these things looked small, surmountable, and of the moment only. He didn’t quite understand as yet, however; he saw that Verena had not refused, but temporized; that the spell upon her—thanks to which he should still be able to rescue her—had been the knowledge that he was near.

“Come away, come away,” he murmured quickly, putting out his two hands to her.

She took one of them, as if to plead, not to consent. “Oh, let me off, let me off—for *her*, for the others! It’s too terrible, it’s impossible!”

“What I want to know is, why Mr. Ransom isn’t in the hands of the police!” wailed Mrs. Tarrant, from her sofa.

“I have been, madam, for the last quarter of an hour.” Ransom felt more and more that he could manage it, if he could only keep cool. He bent over Verena with a tenderness in which he was careless, now, of observation.

“Dearest, I told you, I warned you. I left you alone for ten weeks; but could that make you doubt it was coming? Not for worlds, not for millions, shall you give yourself to that roaring crowd. Don’t ask me to care for them, or for any one! What do they care for you

but to gape and grin and babble? You are mine, you are not theirs."

"What under the sun is the man talking about? With the most magnificent audience ever brought together! The city of Boston is under this roof!" Mr. Filer gaspingly interposed.

"The city of Boston be d——!" said Ransom.

"Mr. Ransom is very much interested in my daughter. He doesn't approve of our views," Selah Tarrant explained.

"It's the most horrible, wicked, immoral selfishness I ever heard in my life!" exclaimed Mrs. Tarrant.

"Selfishness! Mrs. Tarrant, do you suppose I pretend not to be selfish?"

"Do you want us all murdered by the mob, then?"

"They can have their money—can't you give them back their money?" cried Verena, turning frantically round the circle.

"Verena Tarrant, you don't mean to say you are going to back down?" her mother shrieked.

"Good God! that I should make her suffer like this!" said Ransom to himself; and to put an end to the odious scene he would have seized Verena in his arms and broken away into the outer world, if Olive, who at Mrs. Tarrant's last loud reflection had sprung to her feet, had not at the same time thrown herself between them with a force which made the girl relinquish her grasp of Ransom's hand. To his astonishment, the eyes that looked at him out of her scared, haggard face were, like Verena's, eyes of tremendous entreaty. There was a moment during which she would have been ready to go down on her knees to him, in order that the lecture should go on.

"If you don't agree with her, take her up on the platform, and have it out there; the public would like that, first-rate!" Mr. Filer said to Ransom, as if he thought this suggestion practical.

"She had prepared a lovely address!" Selah remarked, mournfully, as if to the company in general.

No one appeared to heed the observation, but his wife broke out again. "Verena Tarrant, I should like to shake you! Do you call such a man as that a gentleman? I don't know where your father's spirit is, to let him stay!"

Olive, meanwhile, was literally praying to her kinsman. "Let her appear this once, just this once: not to ruin, not to shame! Haven't you any pity? do you want me to be hooted? It's only for an hour. Haven't you any heart?"

Her face and voice were terrible to Ransom; she had flung herself upon Verena and was holding her close, and he could see that her friend's suffering was faint in comparison to her own. "Why for an hour, when it's all false and damnable? An hour is as bad as ten years! She's mine or she isn't; and if she's mine, she's all mine!"

"Yours! yours! Verena, think, think what you're doing!" Olive moaned, bending over her.

Mr. Filer was now pouring forth his soul in oburgations and oaths, and brandishing before the culprits—Verena and Ransom—the extreme penalty of the law. Mrs. Tarrant had burst into violent hysterics, while Selah revolved vaguely about the room and declared that it seemed as if the better day was going to be put off for quite a while. "Don't you see how good, how sweet they are—giving us all this time? Don't you think that when they behave like that—without a sound for five minutes—they ought to be rewarded?" Verena asked, smiling divinely at Ransom. Nothing could have been more tender, more exquisite, than the way she put her appeal (that he should remit his veto) on the ground of simple charity, kindness to the great, good-natured, childish public.

"Miss Chancellor may reward them in any way she likes. Give them back their money and a little present to each."

"Money and presents? I should like to shoot you, sir!" roared Mr. Filer. The audience had really been very patient, and up to this point deserved Verena's praise; but it was now long past eight o'clock, and symptoms of irritation—cries and groans and hisses—began again to proceed from the hall. Mr. Filer launched himself into the passage leading to the stage, and Selah rushed after him. Mrs. Tarrant extended herself, sobbing, on the sofa, and Olive, quivering in the storm, inquired of Ransom what he wanted her to do, what humiliation, what degradation, what sacrifice he imposed.

"I'll do anything—I'll be abject—I'll be vile—I'll go down in the dust!"

"I ask nothing of you, and I have nothing to do with you," Ransom said. "That is, I ask, at the most, that you shouldn't expect that, wishing to make Verena my wife, I should say to her, 'Oh yes, you can take an hour or two out of it!' Verena," he went on, "all this is out of it—dreadfully, odiously—and it's a great deal too much! Come, come as far away from here as possible, and we'll settle the rest!"

The combined effort of Mr. Filer and Selah Tarrant to pacify the public had not, apparently, the success it deserved; the house con-

tinued in uproar and the volume of sound increased. "Leave us alone, leave us alone for a single minute!" cried Verena; "just let me speak to him, and it will be all right!" She rushed over to her mother, drew her, dragged her from the sofa, led her to the door of the room. Mrs. Tarrant, on the way, reunited herself with Olive (the horror of the situation had at least that compensation for her), and, clinging and stumbling together, the distracted women, pushed by Verena, passed into the vestibule, now, as Ransom saw, deserted by the policeman and the reporter, who had rushed round to where the battle was the thickest.

"Oh, why did you come — why, why?" And Verena, turning back, threw herself upon him with a protest which was all, and more than all, a surrender. She had never yet given herself to him as much as in that movement of reproach.

"Didn't you expect me, and weren't you sure?" he asked, smiling at her and standing there till she arrived.

"I didn't know — it was terrible — it's awful! I saw you in your place, in the house, when you came. As soon as we got here I went out to those steps that go up to the stage and I looked out, with my father, — from behind him, — and saw you in a minute. Then I felt too nervous to speak! I could never, never, if you were there! My father didn't know you, and I said nothing, but Olive guessed as soon as I came back. She rushed at me, and she looked at me — oh, how she looked! and she guessed. She didn't need to go out to see for herself, and when she saw how I was trembling she began to tremble herself, to believe, as I believed, we were lost. Listen to them, listen to them, in the house! Now I want you to go away. I will see you to-morrow, as long as you wish. That's all I want now; if you will only go away it's not too late, and everything will be all right!"

Preoccupied as Ransom was with the simple purpose of getting her bodily out of the place, he could yet notice her strange, touching tone, and her air of believing that she might really persuade him. She had evidently given up everything now — every pretense of a different conviction and of loyalty to her cause; all this had fallen from her as soon as she felt him near, and she asked him to go away just as any plighted maiden might have asked any favor of her lover. But it was the poor girl's misfortune that whatever she did or said, or left unsaid, only had the effect of making her dearer to him and making the people who were clamoring for her seem more and more of a rabble.

He indulged in not the smallest recognition

of her request, and simply said, "Surely Olive must have believed, must have known, I would come."

"She would have been sure if you hadn't become so unexpectedly quiet after I left Mar-mion. You seemed to concur, to be willing to wait."

"So I was, for a few weeks. But they ended yesterday. I was furious that morning when I learned your flight, and during the week that followed I made two or three attempts to find you. Then I stopped — I thought it better. I saw you were very well hidden; I determined not even to write. I felt I *could* wait — with that last day at Mar-mion to think of. Besides, to leave you with her awhile, for the last, seemed more decent. Perhaps you'll tell me now where you were."

"I was with father and mother. She sent me to them that morning, with a letter. I don't know what was in it. Perhaps there was money," said Verena, who evidently now would tell him everything.

"And where did they take you?"

"I don't know — to places. I was in Boston once, for a day; but only in a carriage. They were as frightened as Olive; they were bound to save me!"

"They shouldn't have brought you here to-night then. How could you possibly doubt of my coming?"

"I don't know what I thought, and I didn't know, till I saw you, that all the strength I had hoped for would leave me in a flash, and that if I attempted to speak — with you sitting there — I should make the most shameful failure. We had a sickening scene here. I begged for delay, for time to recover. We waited and waited, and when I heard you at the door talking to the policeman, it seemed to me everything was gone. But it will still come back if you will leave me. They are quiet again — father must be interesting them."

"I hope he is!" Ransom exclaimed. "If Miss Chancellor ordered the policeman, she must have expected me."

"That was only after she knew you were in the house. She flew out into the lobby with father, and they seized him and posted him there. She locked the door; she seemed to think they would break it down. I didn't wait for that, but from the moment I knew you were on the other side of it I couldn't go on — I was paralyzed. It has made me feel better to talk to you — and now I could appear," Verena added.

"My darling child, haven't you a shawl or a mantle?" Ransom returned, for all answer, looking about him. He perceived, tossed upon a chair a long, furred cloak, which he caught up, and, before she could resist, threw



over her. She even let him arrange it, and, standing there, draped from head to foot in it, contented herself with saying, after a moment :

"I don't understand. Where shall we go? Where will you take me?"

"We shall catch the night-train for New York, and the first thing in the morning we shall be married."

Verena remained gazing at him with swimming eyes. "And what will the people do? Listen, listen!"

"Your father is ceasing to interest them. They'll howl and thump, according to their nature."

"Ah, their nature's fine!" Verena pleaded.

"Dearest, that's one of the fallacies I shall have to woo you from. Hear them, the senseless brutes!" The storm was now raging in the hall, and it deepened to such a point that Verena turned to him, quickly, passionately.

"I could soothe them with a word!"

"Keep your soothing words for me—you will have need of them all, in our coming time," Ransom said, laughing. He pulled open the door again, which led into the lobby, but he was driven back, with Verena, by a furious onset from Mrs. Tarrant. Seeing her daughter fairly arrayed for departure, she hurled herself upon her, half in indignation, half in a blind impulse to cling, and with an outpouring of tears, reproaches, prayers, strange scraps of argument and iterations of farewell, closed her about with an embrace which was partly a supreme caress, partly the salutary shaking she had, three minutes before, expressed the wish to administer, and altogether for the moment a check upon the girl's flight.

"Mother, dearest, it's all for the best,—I can't help it; I love you just the same; let me go, let me go!" Verena stammered, kissing her again, struggling to free herself, and holding out her hand to Ransom. He saw now that she only wanted to get away, to leave everything behind her. Olive was close at hand, on the threshold of the room, and as soon as Ransom looked at her he became aware that the weakness she had just shown had passed away. She had straightened herself again, and she was upright in her desolation. The expression of her face was a thing to remain with him forever; it was impossible to imagine a more vivid presentment of blighted hope and wounded pride. Dry, desperate, rigid, she yet wavered and seemed uncertain; her strange, pale, glittering eyes straining forward, as if they were looking for death. Ransom had a vision, even at that crowded moment, that if she could have met it there and then, bristling with steel or lurid with fire, she would have rushed on it without

a tremor, like the heroine that she was. All this while the great agitation in the hall rose and fell, in waves and surges, as if Selah Tarrant and the agent were talking to the multitude, trying to calm them, succeeding for the moment, and then letting them loose again. Whirled down by one of the fitful gusts, a lady and a gentleman issued from the passage, and Ransom, glancing at them, recognized Mrs. Farrinder and her husband.

"Well, Miss Chancellor," said that more successful woman, with considerable asperity, "if this is the way you're going to reinstate our sex!" She passed rapidly through the room, followed by Amariah, who remarked in his transit that it seemed as if there had been a want of organization, and the two retreated expeditiously, without the lady's having taken the smallest notice of Verena, whose conflict with her mother prolonged itself. Ransom, striving, with all needful consideration for Mrs. Tarrant, to separate these two, addressed not a word to Olive; it was the last of her, for him, and he neither saw how her livid face suddenly glowed, as if Mrs. Farrinder's words had been a lash, nor how, as if with a sudden inspiration, she rushed to the approach to the platform. If he had observed her, it might have seemed to him that she hoped to find the fierce expiation she sought for in exposure to the thousands she had disappointed and deceived, in offering herself to be trampled to death and torn to pieces. She might have suggested to him some feminine firebrand of Paris revolutions, erect on a barricade, or even the sacrificial figure of Hypatia, whirled through the furious mob of Alexandria. She was arrested an instant by the arrival of Mrs. Burrage and her son, who had quitted the stage on observing the withdrawal of the Farrinders, and who swept into the room in the manner of people seeking shelter from a thunder-storm. The mother's face expressed the well-bred surprise of a person who should have been asked out to dinner and seen the cloth pulled off the table; the young man, who supported her on his arm, instantly lost himself in consideration of Verena disengaging herself from Mrs. Tarrant, only to be again overwhelmed, and of the unexpected presence of the Mississippian. His handsome blue eyes turned from one to the other, and he looked infinitely annoyed and bewildered. It even seemed to occur to him that he might, perhaps, interpose with effect, and he evidently would have liked to say that, without really bragging, he would at least have kept the affair from turning into a row. But Verena, muffled and escaping, was deaf to him, and Ransom didn't look like the right person to address such a remark as that to.



Mrs. Burrage and Olive, as the latter shot past, exchanged a glance which represented quick irony on one side and indiscriminating defiance on the other.

"Oh, are *you* going to speak?" the lady from New York inquired, with her cursory laugh.

Olive had already disappeared; but Ransom heard her answer flung behind her into the room: "I am going to be hissed and hooted and insulted!"

"Olive, Olive!" Verena suddenly shrieked. But Ransom had already, by muscular force, wrenched her away, and was hurrying her out, leaving Mrs. Tarrant to stagger into the arms of Mrs. Burrage, who, he was sure, would within the minute loom upon her attractively through her tears, and supply her with a reminiscence, destined to be valuable, of aristocratic support and clever composure. In the outer labyrinth hasty groups, a little scared, were leaving the hall, giving up the game. Ransom, as he went, thrust the hood of

Verena's long cloak over her head, to conceal her face and her identity. It quite prevented recognition, and as they mingled in the issuing crowd he perceived the quick, complete, tremendous silence which, in the hall, had greeted Olive Chancellor's rush to the front. Every sound instantly dropped, the hush was respectful, the great public waited, and whatever she should say to them (and he thought she might indeed be rather embarrassed), it was not apparent that they were going to hurl the benches at her. Ransom, palpitating with his victory, felt now a little sorry for her, and was relieved to know that, even when exasperated, a Boston audience is not ungenerous. "Ah, now I am glad!" said Verena, when they reached the street. But though she was glad, he presently discovered that, beneath her hood, she was in tears. It is to be feared that with the union, so far from brilliant, into which she was about to enter, these were not the last she was destined to shed.

THE END.

Henry James.

## A LAND OF GLADNESS.

HOW softly flow, among Sonoma's hills,  
The ice-cold springs, the merry-hearted rills;  
Fragrance of pine my wandering fancy thrills,  
Till, even through the city's noise-built walls,  
I hear the chant of sudden waterfalls;  
Once more, through cedar boughs the blackbird calls.

There are wild cliffs on Mendocino's shore,  
And well I know the sea-weed on the floor  
Of hidden caves, and many a marvel more.  
Pacific's heart hath legends wise and old;  
Go thou, and wait in voices manifold  
When storms are loose, to hear the story told.

Again I see gray mountains, purely clad  
With gleaming snow; vast peaks forever glad—  
Such heights as these the elder singers had.  
Again one hails the sunlight's burst of foam  
On Lassen's peaks, on Shasta's snowy dome,  
Where lilies bloom beneath the glacier's home.

But best the redwood shade, the peace it brings,  
Where fancies rise as crystal mountain springs  
Beneath tall trees; and dear each bird that sings  
In rainless summers; dear the ferns which grow  
By cool Navarro, where sea-breezes blow  
And white azaleas touch the river's flow.

Charles Howard Shinn.



## Our March Against Pope

It may be of interest at the outset to relate an incident which illustrates the pinched condition of the Confederacy even as early as 1862—

The Federals had been using balloons in examining our positions, and we watched with envious eyes their beautiful observations

as they floated high up in the air, and well out of the range of our guns. We longed for the balloons that poverty denied us. A genius arose for the occasion and suggested that we send out and gather together all the silk dresses in the Confederacy and make a balloon. It was done, and soon we had a great patchwork ship of many and varied hues. The balloon was ready for use in the Seven Days' campaign. We had no gas except in Richmond, and it was the custom to inflate the balloon there, tie it securely to an engine, and run it down the York River railroad to any point at which we desired to send it up. One day it was on a steamer down the

had assigned General Pope, fresh from the West, with clever laurels, to command this select organization. This army, under its dashing leader, was at the same time moving towards Richmond by the Orange and Alexandria railway, so that our move by the left had also in view the Army of Virginia, as the first obstacle in the way of relief to Richmond — an obstacle to be removed if possible, before it could be greatly reinforced from other commands.

The assignment of General Pope to command was announced in Richmond three days after the orders were issued in Washington, and the flourish of trumpets over the manner in which the campaign was to be conducted, soon followed.

He was reported to have adopted a favorite expression of General Worth's, "Headquarters in the saddle, sir!" and to be riding with as much confidence as that old chief-tain when searching the everglades of Florida for the Seminole Indians.\* Lee had not known Pope intimately, but accepted the popular opinion of him as a boastful man, quite ambitious to accom-



POPE'S RETREAT ACROSS THE RAPPAHANNOCK AT RAPPAHANNOCK STATION.  
(BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

James when the tide went out and left vessel and balloon high and dry on a bar. The Federals gathered it in, and with it the last silk dress in the Confederacy. This capture was the meanest trick of the war and one I have never yet forgiven.

By the seven days' fighting around Richmond General Lee frustrated McClellan's plans for a siege. At the end of that campaign Lee retired to Richmond and McClellan withdrew his forces to Westover Landing, where intrenchments and gun-boats made him secure from attack. As his new position, thus guarded and protected by the navy, was not assailable, General Lee, resuming the defensive at Richmond, resolved to strike out by his left in the direction of Washington, with the idea that the Army of the Potomac might be forced to abandon the James River, in defense of its own capital, threatened by this move.

Contemporaneously with our operations on the Chickahominy, the Washington authorities had been organizing the Army of Virginia of three efficient Corps d'Armée; and continuing the search for a young Napoleon,

plish great results, but unwilling to study closely and properly the means necessary to gratify his desires in that direction. Pope was credited with other expressions, such as that he cared not for his rear; that he hoped in Virginia to see the faces of the rebels, as in the West he had been able to see only their backs.

When General Lee heard of these strange utterances his estimate of Pope was considerably lessened. The high-sounding words seemed to come from a commander inexperienced in warfare. For centuries there has been among soldiers a maxim: "Don't despise your enemy." Pope's words seemed to indicate that he had great contempt for his enemy. Unfortunately for him our troops, at that time, were not so well clad that they cared to show their backs. With the double purpose of drawing McClellan away from Westover, and of checking the advance of the new enemy then approaching from Washington by the Orange and Alexandria railroad, General Lee sent Stonewall Jackson to Gordonsville, while I remained near Richmond to engage McClellan in case he should attempt an advance upon the Com-

\* See General Pope's article in the January CENTURY for his denial; also for additional maps and pictures.



VIEW IN CULPEPER DURING THE OCCUPATION BY POPE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

Confederate prisoners were confined in the court house, which is the building with ball and vane above the tower.

federate capital. Jackson had his own division and that of Ewell, and later A. P. Hill was sent to reinforce him. McDowell was already in cooperation with Pope, part of his command, however, being still at Fredericksburg. On the 9th of August Jackson encountered the enemy near Slaughter or Cedar Mountain. (See map, page 609.) There the battle of Cedar Run was fought and the Federals were repulsed. In this fight, about five o'clock in the afternoon, the Federals, by a well-executed move, were pressing the Confederates back, when the opportune approach of two brigades changed the scene, and a counter-attack from our side drove them back in disorder and left us masters of the field. We followed them some distance, but Jackson thought them too strongly reinforced for us to continue the pursuit and risk severe battle in a disjointed way; so, after caring for our wounded and dead, we retired to a position behind the Rapidan to await the arrival of General Lee with other forces. Thus on his first meeting with the Confederates in Virginia the new Federal commander went to the rear—a direction he was wholly unused to. At that time General Lee was feeling very certain that Richmond was in no immediate danger from an advance by McClellan's forces. He therefore began at once preparations for a vigorous campaign against Pope. Divisions under Anderson, McLaws, Walker, and D. H. Hill were left to watch McClellan, with instructions to follow the main body of the army as soon as the Federals were drawn away from Westover.

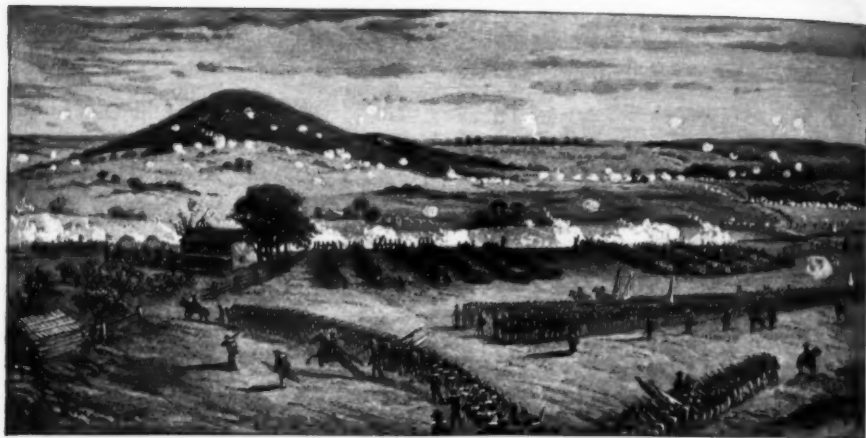
On the 13th of August, my command

was ordered to Gordonsville, and General Lee accompanied me there. Jackson's troops were stationed on the left of the Orange and Alexandria railroad, and I went into camp on the right of Gordonsville. Eastward was the Rapidan River, several miles distant. Farther on, at Culpeper Court House, was the army of Pope, and farther still was the Rapahannock River. A little in advance of my position was Clark's Mountain, rising several hundred feet above the surrounding hills. With General Lee I

proceeded to the mountain, and climbing to its summit we raised our glasses and turned them to the east. There, between the two rivers, clustering around Culpeper Court House and perhaps fifteen miles away, we saw the flags of Pope's army floating placidly above the tops of the trees. From the summit of the mountain we beheld the enemy occupying ground so weak as to invite attack. Realizing the situation, General Lee determined on speedy work, and gave orders that his army should cross the Rapidan on the 18th



GENERAL CHARLES E. WINDER, C. S. A.  
KILLED AT CEDAR MOUNTAIN, AUGUST 9, 1862.



THE BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN. (BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)  
View from the Union lines, east of the turnpike.

and make battle. He was exceedingly anxious to move at once, before Pope could get reinforcements. For some reason I have never known explained, our supplies were delayed and we did not cross the Rapidan until the 20th. In the mean time a dispatch to General Stuart was captured by Pope, and gave information of our presence and contemplated advance. This, with information Pope already had, caused him to withdraw to a very strong position behind the Rappahannock River, and there General Lee found him instead of at Culpeper Court House, where the attack was first meant to be made. I approached the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford, and Jackson approached higher up at Beverly Ford, near the Orange and Alexandria railroad bridge.

We arrived there on the morning of the 21st without serious opposition and found Pope in an almost unassailable position, with heavy reinforcements summoned to his aid. General Lee's intention was to force a passage and make the attack before Pope could concentrate. We hoped to be able to interpose, and to strike Pope before McClellan's reinforcements could reach him. We knew at that time McClellan was withdrawing from Westover. I was preparing to force a passage at Kelly's Ford, when I received an order from General Lee to proceed to Beverly Ford and mask the movements of Jackson, who was to be sent up the river to cross by a left flank movement. On the 22d Jackson carefully withdrew and went on the proposed move. He sought an opportunity to cross farther up the stream, and succeeded in putting part of his command across at Warrenton Springs Ford and in occupying a position

there. The flooding rains interrupted his operations, making the river past fording and crippling all attempts at forcing a passage. Jackson therefore withdrew his forces at night by a temporary bridge. As the lower fords became impassable by reason of the floods, the Federals seemed to concentrate against Jackson's efforts.

On the 23d I had quite a spirited artillery combat at Beverly Ford with a force of the enemy that had crossed at the railroad bridge near where I was stationed. The superior position and metal of the Federals gave them an advantage, which they improved by skillful practice. We had more guns, however, and by equally clever practice at length gained the advantage. A little before night the Federals withdrew from the combat, and finding that we had gotten the better of them, spitefully and without excuse set fire to a number of farm-houses in the locality.

Pending our movements west of the Rappahannock, General Stuart had been making an effort to go around Pope's army, but fearing to remain on the Washington side of the river in the face of such floods as had come, recrossed with some important dispatches he had captured by a charge upon Pope's headquarters train. This correspondence confirmed the information we already had, that the Federal army on the James under McClellan and the Federal troops in the Kanawha Valley had been ordered to reinforce Pope. Upon receipt of that information, General Lee was more anxious than ever to cross at once. Pope, however, was on the alert, and Lee found he could not attack him to advantage in his stronghold behind the Rappahannock.

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Lee therefore decided to change his whole plan, and was gratified, on looking at the map, to find a very comfortable way of turning Pope out of his position. It was by moving Jackson off to the left and far to the rear of the Federal army, while I remained in front

fought. When he arrived at Bristoe Station, just before night, the greater part of the Federal guard at that point fled, and two trains of cars coming from the direction of Warrenton were captured. Jackson sent a force forward seven miles and captured Manassas



STONEWALL JACKSON AS FIRST LIEUTENANT OF ARTILLERY.

(FROM AN AMBROTYPE TAKEN AUGUST 20, 1847, IN THE POSSESSION OF HIS NIECE, MISS ALICE K. UNDERWOOD.)

with thirty thousand men to engage him in case he offered to fight.

On the 25th Jackson crossed the Rappahannock at Hinson's Mill, four miles above Waterloo Bridge, and that night encamped at Salem. The next day he passed through Thorofare Gap and moved on by Gainesville, and when sunset came he was many miles in the rear of Pope's army, going in the direction of Washington City. This daring move must have staggered the Federal commander. From the Rappahannock, Jackson had gone without serious opposition to within a stone's throw of the field where the first battle of Manassas was

Junction, taking eight pieces of artillery, a lot of prisoners, and great quantities of commissary and quarter-master's stores. He left a force at Bristoe Station and proceeded to the junction, arriving there himself on the morning of the 27th. During the afternoon the enemy attacked our troops at Bristoe Station, coming from the direction of Warrenton Junction in such force that it was evident Pope had discovered the situation and was moving with his entire army upon Jackson. The Confederates at the station withdrew, and the Federals halted there. Jackson took all he wanted of the supplies captured at Manassas and burned



THE STONE BRIDGE ACROSS BULL RUN AS IT APPEARED IN 1834 — LOOKING TOWARD CENTREVILLE.

the rest. He then moved over to a position west of the turnpike leading from Warrenton to Alexandria. There on the old battle-field Jackson waited for the Federals. On the evening of the 28th King's division came moving eastward down the turnpike and Jackson met them. A bloody fight ensued, lasting until nine o'clock at night. The enemy withdrew, leaving the Confederates in possession of the field.

That same evening I arrived at Thoroughfare Gap. But I should say that during Jackson's march I had been engaging Pope at different points along the Rappahannock, to impress him with the idea that I was attempting to force a passage in his front. On the afternoon of the 26th, Pope's army broke away from its strong position to meet Jackson's daring and unexpected move. General Lee decided I should follow at once, and asked whether I would prefer to force a passage of the river,

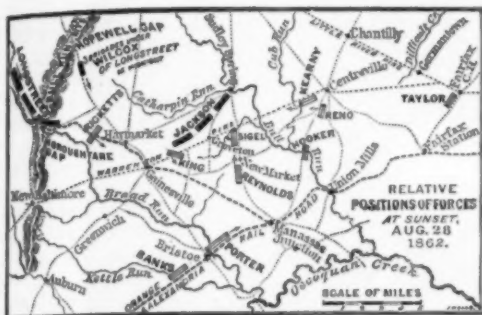
now rapidly falling, or take the route Jackson had gone. From the crossing along the route to Warrenton were numerous strongly defensive positions where a small force could have detained me an uncertain length of time. I therefore decided to take the same route Jackson had gone over. On the 26th I also started to overtake Jackson. On the 28th, just before night, I arrived at Thoroughfare Gap. As we approached, a report was made to me that the pass was unoccupied, and we went into

bivouac on the west side of the mountain, sending a brigade under Anderson down to occupy the pass. As the Confederates neared the gap from one side, Ricketts's division of Federals approached from the other and got possession of the east side. Thoroughfare Gap is a rough pass in the Bull Run mountains, at some points not more than a hundred yards wide. A turbid stream rushes over its rugged bottom, on both sides of which the mountain rises several hundred feet. On the north the face of the gap is almost perpendicular. The south face is less precipitous, but is covered with tangled mountain ivy and projecting bowlders, forming a position unassailable when occupied by a small infantry and artillery force. Up to this moment we had received reports from General Jackson, at regular intervals, assuring us of his successful operations, and of confidence in his ability to baffle all efforts of the enemy till we should reach him. This sudden interposition of a formidable force at a mountain-pass indicated a stern resolve on the part of the adversary to make desperate efforts to hold me in check, while overwhelming forces were being brought against Jackson. This placed us in a more desperate strait than Jackson; for we were in relieving distance, and must adopt prompt and vigorous measures, that would burst through all opposition.



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Three miles north was Hopewell Gap, but not so strong. It was necessary to get possession of this in advance of the Federals, in order to have that vantage ground for a flank movement at the same time that we forced our way by footpaths over the mountain heights at Thoroughfare Gap. During the night I sent Wilcox with three brigades through that pass, while Hood was climbing over the mountain by a trail. We had no trouble in getting over. Our apprehensions were relieved at the early dawn of the 29th by finding that Ricketts had given up the east side of the gap and was many hours in advance of us, moving in the direction of Manassas Junction. His force, instead of marching around Jackson, could have been thrown against his right and rear. If Ricketts had made this move and the forces in front of Jackson had coöperated with him, such an attack, well handled, might have given us serious trouble before I reached the field.

As we found the pass open at early dawn and a clean road in front, we marched leisurely to unite our forces on Manassas plains. Before reaching Gainesville we heard the artillery combat in front, and our men involuntarily quickened their steps. Our communications with Jackson were quite regular, and as he had not expressed a wish that we should hurry, our troops were allowed to take their natural swing under the inspiration of impending battle. As we approached the field the fire seemed to become more spirited, and gave additional impulse to our movements. According to

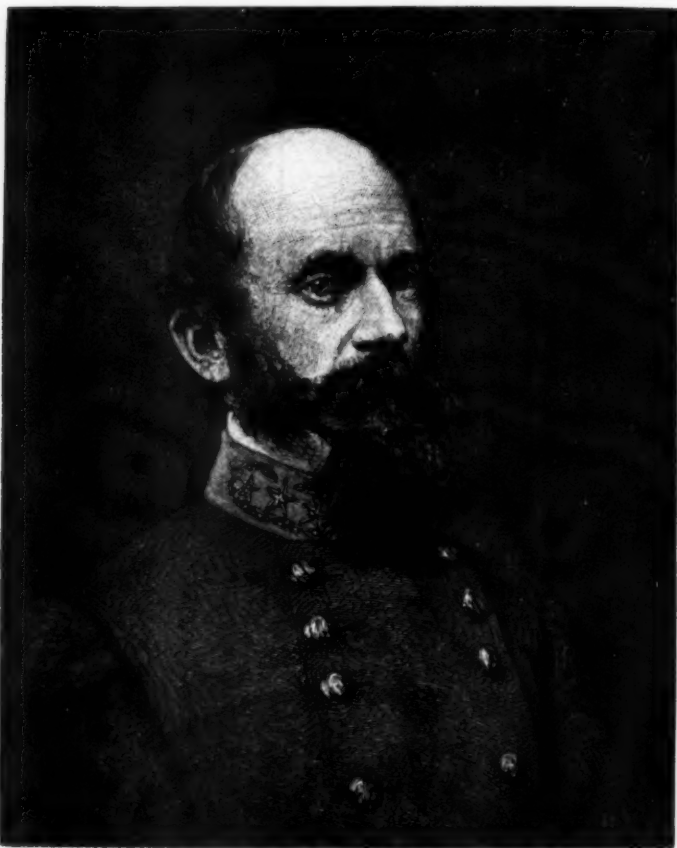
the diary of the Washington Artillery we filed down the turnpike at Gainesville at 11.30 A. M. The general impression was that we were there earlier; but as this is the only record of time made on the ground we cannot gainsay it. We marched steadily from daylight till we reached the field, with the exception of an hour's halt to permit Stuart's cavalry to file from west to east of us. There were many of Jackson's men—several thousand—straggling at points along the road, who were taken for my men, and reported as such.

Passing through Gainesville we filed off to the left down the turnpike, and soon came in sight of the troops held at bay by Jackson. Our line of march brought us in on the left and rear of the Federals. At sight of this favorable opportunity our artillery was ordered up, with the leading brigades for its support. Our advance was discovered, however, and the Federals withdrew from attack, retiring their left across the pike behind Groveton, and taking strong defensive ground. The battalion of Washington Artillery was thrown forward to a favorable position on Jackson's right, and from near its position my line was deployed, extending to the right some distance beyond the Manassas Gap railroad. An army corps was reported to be at Manassas Junction that morning, and we trail-traced Ricketts's division toward the same point; so that my line was arranged for attack in front and also to guard against the force in direction of the Junction. This preparation must have taken an hour, possibly more.

As soon as the troops were arranged, General Lee expressed his wish to have me attack. The change of position on the part of the Fed-



LONGSTREET'S MARCH THROUGH THOROUGHFARE GAP.



GENERAL RICHARD S. EWELL. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COOK.)

General Ewell, of Jackson's Corps, was severely wounded in the conflict with King's division on August 28.

erals, however, involved sufficient delay for a reconnoissance on our part. To hasten matters I rode over in the direction of Brewer's Spring, east of the Hampton Cole House (see map, page 611), to see the new position, and had a fair view of the Federal line, then extending some distance east of the turnpike. The position was not inviting, and I so reported to General Lee.

The two great armies were now face to face upon the memorable field of 1861; both in good defensible positions and both anxious to find a point for an entering wedge in the stronghold of the adversary. It appeared easy for us, but for the unknown quantity at Manassas Junction, to overleap the Federal left and strike a decisive blow. This force was a thorn in our side which could not be ignored. General Lee was quite disappointed by my report against immediate attack along the turnpike, and insisted that by throwing some of the brigades beyond the Federal left their posi-

tion would be broken up and a favorable field gained. While talking the matter over, General Stuart reported the advance of heavy forces from the direction of Manassas Junction against my right. It proved to be McDowell and Porter. I called over three brigades, under Wilcox, and prepared to receive the attack. Battle was not offered, and I reported to General Lee some time afterward that I did not think the force on my right was strong enough to attack us. General Lee urged me to go in, and of course I was anxious to meet his wishes. At the same time I wanted, more than anything else, to know that my troops had a chance to accomplish what they might undertake. The ground before me was greatly to the advantage of the Federals, but if the attack had come from them it would have been a favorable opportunity for me. After a short while McDowell moved toward the Federal right,

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leaving Porter in front of my right with nine thousand men. My estimate of his force, at the time, was ten thousand. General Lee, finding that attack was not likely, again became anxious to bring on the battle by attacking down the Groveton pike. I suggested that, the day being far spent, it might be as well to advance just before night upon a forced reconnaissance, get our troops into the most favorable positions, and have all things ready for battle at daylight the next morning. To this he gave reluctant consent, and our plans were laid accordingly. Wilcox returned to position on the left of the turnpike. Orders were given for an advance, to be pursued under cover of night till the main position could be carefully examined. It so happened that an order to advance was issued on the other side at the same time, so that the encounter was something of a surprise on both sides. A very spirited engagement was the result, we being successful, so far at least as to carry our point, capturing a piece of artillery and making our reconnaissance before midnight. As none of the reports of the Federal positions favored attack, I so reported to General Lee, and our forces were ordered back to their original positions. The captured gun was ordered cut down, spiked, and left on the ground.

When Saturday the 30th broke we were a little apprehensive that Pope was going to get away from us, and Pope was afraid we were going to get away from him. He telegraphed to Washington that I was in full retreat and he was preparing to follow, while we were making arrangements for moving by our left across Bull Run, so as to get over on the Little River pike and move down parallel to his lines and try to interpose between him and Washington, thinking he was trying to escape. We had about completed our arrangements, and took it for granted that Pope would move out that night by the Warrenton and Centreville pike, while we moved along with him by the Little River pike. General Lee was still anxious to give Pope battle on Manassas plains, but had given up the idea of attacking him in his strong position.

Shortly before nine on the 30th Pope's artillery began to play a little, and not long afterward some of his infantry force was seen in motion. We did not understand that as an offer of battle, but merely as a display to cover his movements to the rear. Later a considerable force moved out and began to attack us on our left, extending and engaging the whole of Jackson's line. Evidently Pope supposed I was gone, as he was ignoring me entirely. His whole army seemed to surge up against Jackson as if to crush him with an overwhelming mass. At the critical moment I happened to

be riding to the front of my line to find a place where I might get in for my share of the battle. I reached a point a few rods in front of my line on the left of the pike where I could plainly see the Federals as they rushed in heavy masses against the obstinate ranks of the Confederate left. It was a grand display of well-organized attack, thoroughly concentrated and operating cleverly. So terrible was the onslaught that Jackson sent to me and begged for reinforcements. About the same time I received an order from General Lee to the same effect. To retire from my advanced position in front of the Federals and get to Jackson would have taken an hour and a half. I had discovered a prominent position that commanded a view of the great struggle, and realizing the opportunity, I quickly ordered out three batteries, making twelve guns. They were placed in position to rake the Federal ranks that seemed determined to break through Jackson's lines. In a moment crash after crash of shot and shell was being poured into the thick ranks of the Federals. In ten minutes the stubborn Federals began to waver and give back. For a moment the mass was chaos;



OUTLINE MAP OF THE CAMPAIGN.



then order returned and they re-formed, apparently to renew the attack. Again from the crest of my little hill the fire of the twelve guns cut them down. As the cannons thundered the ranks broke, only to be formed again with dogged determination. A third time the batteries tore the Federals to pieces, and as they fell back under this terrible fire, I sprung everything to the charge. My troops leaped forward with exultant yells, and all along the line we pushed forward. Back and still farther back we pressed them, until at ten o'clock at night we had the field; Pope was across Bull Run, and the victorious Confederates lay down on the battle-field to sleep, while all around were strewn thousands of friend and foe sleeping the last sleep together.

The next morning the Federals were in a strong position at Centreville. I sent a brigade across the stream under General Pryor and occupied a point over there near Centreville. As our troops proceeded to bury their dead, it began to rain just as it had done on the day after the first battle of Manassas. As soon as General Lee could make his preparations, he ordered Jackson to cross Bull Run near Sudley's and turn the position of the Federals occupying Centreville; and the next day, Sept. 1, I followed him. As soon as the enemy found we were turning his position at Centreville, he abandoned it and put out toward Washington. Jackson, toward evening, encountered at Ox Hill a part of the Federal force, and attacking it, had quite a sharp engagement. I came up just before night and found his men coming back in a good deal of confusion. I asked Jackson what the situation was, and added that his men seemed to be pretty well dispersed. He said, "Yes, but I hope it will prove a victory."

I moved my troops out and occupied the lines where he had been, relieving the few men who were on picket. Just as we reached there General Kearny, a Federal officer, came along looking for his line, which had gone. It was raining in the woods, and late in the day, so that a Federal was not easily distinguished from a Confederate. Kearny did not seem to know he was in the Confederate line, and our troops did not notice that he was a Federal. He began to inquire about some command, and in a moment or so the troops saw he was a Federal officer. At the same moment he realized where he was. He was called upon to surrender, but instead of doing so he wheeled his horse, lay flat on the animal's neck, clapped spurs into his sides and dashed off. Instantly a half dozen shots rang out, and before he had gone thirty steps poor Kearny fell. He had been in the army all his life, and we all knew and respected

him. His body was sent over the lines under a flag of truce.

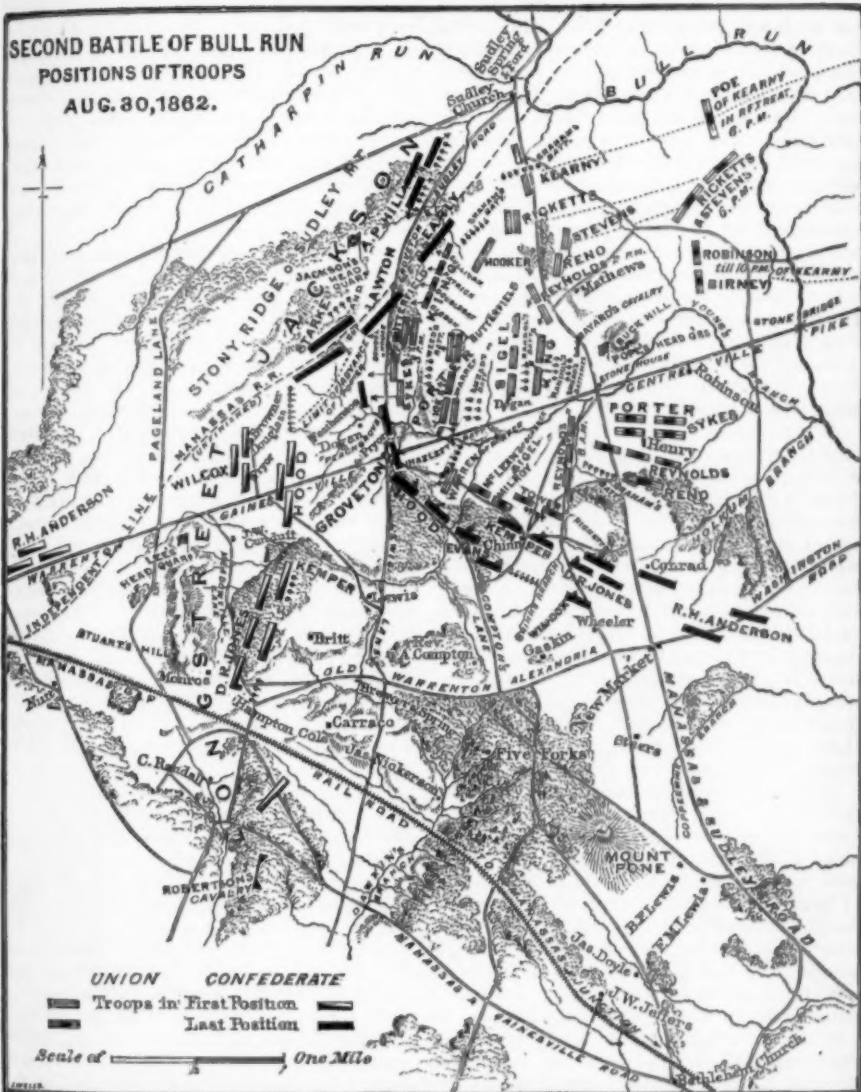
The forces we had been fighting at Ox Hill proved to be the rear-guard covering the retreat of the Federals into Washington. They escaped and we abandoned further pursuit.

The entire Bull Run campaign up to Ox Hill was clever and brilliant. It was conceived entirely by General Lee, who held no such consultation over it as he did in beginning the Seven Days' campaign. The movement around Pope was not as strong as it should have been. A skillful man could have concentrated against me or Jackson, and given us severe battles in detail. I suppose Pope tried to get too many men to Jackson before attacking him. If he had been satisfied with a reasonable force he might have overwhelmed Jackson.

General Pope, sanguine by nature, was not careful enough to keep himself informed about the movements of his enemy. At half-past four on the afternoon of the 29th, he issued an order for Porter to attack Jackson's right, supposing I was at Thoroughfare Gap, when in fact I had been in position since noon, and was anxiously awaiting attack. It has been said that General Stuart, by raising a dust in front of Porter, so impressed him that he did not offer battle. I know nothing of the truth of the story, and never heard of it till after the war. If from any such cause Porter was prevented from attacking me it was to our disadvantage, and delayed our victory twenty-four hours. Porter knew I was in his front. He had captured one or two of my men, which gave him information of my position before he actually saw me. If Porter had not appeared when he did I would have attacked by our right early in the afternoon. In that event Porter would have had a fine opportunity to take me on the wing and strike a fearful blow. As it was, he was a check upon my move against Pope's main position. If I had advanced upon Pope I would have been under an enfilade fire from Porter's batteries, and if I had advanced upon Porter I would have been under a fire from the batteries on Pope's front as severe as the raking fire from my batteries the next day, when Pope was massed against Jackson. Had Porter attacked me between noon and night on the 29th, I should have received his nine thousand with about double that number. I would have held my line to receive the attack, and as soon as his line developed its strength, I would have thrown three brigades forward beyond his extreme left. When my line of battle had broken up the attack, as it certainly would have done, these three brigades would have been thrown forward at the flank,

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MAP OF THE LAST DAY'S FIGHTING.

When darkness ended the battle the Confederates were somewhat in advance of the places indicated as their last positions.— EDITOR.

and at the same time my main line would have pushed on in the pursuit. The result would have been Porter's retreat in confusion, and I might possibly have reached Pope's left and rear in time to cut him off. When his army was well concentrated on the 30th he was badly cut up and defeated. It does not seem unreasonable to conclude that attack on the 29th in his disjoined condition would have been attended with more disastrous

results to him. If I had been attacked under the 4:30 order the result might have been less damaging, as Porter would have had the night to cover his retreat, and the Federal army could have availed itself of the darkness to screen its move back across Bull Run. But Porter's attack at night, if not followed by the retreat of the army, would have drawn me around the Federal left, and put me in a position for striking the next day.

Colonel Marshal, of General Lee's staff, in his evidence before the Fitz John Porter Board puts my forces on the 29th at thirty thousand. It is difficult to see how Porter with nine thousand men was to march over thirty thousand of the best soldiers the world ever knew. Any move that would have precipitated battle would have been to our advantage, as we were ready at all points and waiting for an opportunity to fight. The situation will be better understood when we reflect that the armies were too evenly balanced to admit mistakes on either side. I was waiting for an opportunity to get into the Federal lines close upon the heels of their own troops. The opportunity came on the 30th, but the Federal army was then concentrated; had it come on the 29th I would have been greatly pleased.

It is proper to state that General Lee, upon hearing my guns on the 30th, sent me word if I had anything better than reinforcing Jackson to pursue it, and soon afterward rode forward and joined me. Jackson did not respond with spirit to my move, so my men were subjected to a severe artillery fire from batteries in front of him. General Lee, seeing this, renewed his orders for Jackson to press on to the front. The fire still continued severe, however, and General Lee, who remained with me, was greatly exposed to it. As we could not persuade him to drop back behind it, I finally induced him to ride into a ravine which threw a traverse between us and the fire, which was more annoying than fire from the front.

On the 31st we were engaged in caring for our wounded and cleaning up the battle-field. General Lee was quite satisfied with the results of the campaign, though he had very little to say. He was not given to expressions of pride. Under all circumstances he was a moderate talker, and in everything was unassuming. His headquarters were exceedingly simple. He had his tents just as the other officers — perhaps a few more, to accommodate his larger staff. There was no display of position or rank about him. Only when specially engaged could a sentinel be seen at the door of his tent. On the march he usually had his headquarters near mine.

I graduated with Pope at West Point. He was a handsome, dashing fellow, a splendid cavalryman, sitting his horse beautifully. I think he stood at the head for riding. He did not apply himself to his books very closely. He studied about as much as I did, but knew his lessons better. We graduated in 1842, but Pope saw little of active service till the opening of the Civil War. When he assumed command of the Army of Virginia he was in the prime of life, less than forty years old, and

had lost little if any of the dash and grace of his youth.

D. H. Hill, Lafayette McLaws, Mansfield Lovell, Gustavus W. Smith, R. H. Anderson, A. P. Stewart, and Earl Van Dorn were among the Confederate commanders who graduated in the same class with me. Of the Federal commanders, there were of that class — beside Pope — Generals John Newton, W. S. Rosecrans, George Sykes, Abner Doubleday, and others less prominent.

Stonewall Jackson came on four years after my class, and General Lee had preceded us about fourteen years. General Ewell, who was hurt at Bull Run, was in the same class with Tecumseh Sherman, and George H. Thomas, than whom a truer soldier and nobler spirit never drew sword.

"Jeb Stuart" was a very daring fellow and the best cavalryman America ever produced. At the Second Manassas, soon after we heard of the advance of McDowell and Porter, Stuart came in and made a report to General Lee. When he had done so General Lee said he had no orders at that moment, but he requested Stuart to wait awhile. Thereupon Stuart turned round in his tracks, lay down on the ground, put a stone under his head and instantly fell asleep. General Lee rode away and in an hour returned. Stuart was still sleeping. Lee asked for him, and Stuart sprang to his feet and said, "Here I am, General."

General Lee replied, "I want you to send a message to your troops over on the left to send a few more cavalry over to the right."

"I would better go myself," said Stuart, and with that he swung himself into the saddle and rode off at a rapid gallop, singing as loudly as he could, "Jine the cavalry."

General Toombs, our Georgia fire-eater, was given to criticising pretty severely all the officers of the regular army who had joined their fortunes with those of the Confederacy. He was hot-blooded and impatient, and chafed at the delays of the commanders in their preparations for battle. His general idea was that the troops went out to fight, and he thought they should be allowed to go at it at once. An incident that occurred in the second Manassas campaign will serve to illustrate his characteristic hot-headedness. As we were preparing to cross the Rapidan, Stuart sent me word that he had cut off a large cavalry force and had all the fords guarded except one. He asked that I detail a force to guard that point of escape. The work was assigned to the command under General Toombs, who was absent at the time. He had met a kindred spirit in the person of a wealthy Virginian named Morton, whom he had known in Congress, and was out dining with him.

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DEATH OF GENERAL PHILIP KEARNY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1862.

They were both good livers and loved to have their friends with them. In going back to his command General Toombs came upon his troops on the road and inquired what they were doing there. The explanation was made. Toombs had had a good dinner and felt independent. He said he would give the

general to understand that he must consult him before sending his troops out to guard a ford, and thereupon ordered them back to camp. As the mystified troops marched solemnly back, the matter was reported to me and I ordered Toombs under arrest. I allowed him to ride with his command as we

marched against Pope and expected that he would make some explanation of his conduct. He did not do so, and the next I heard of him he was stopping along the route making stump speeches to the troops and referring in anything but complimentary terms to the commander of his division. I sent him back to Gordonsville, with instructions to confine himself to the limits of that town in arrest until further orders. He obeyed the command and went to Gordonsville. Just as I was leaving the Rappahannock I received a long letter of apology from him, and directed him to join his command. As we were pre-

paring for the charge at Manassas, Toombs got there. He was riding rapidly, with his hat in his hand, and was much enthused. I was just sending a courier to his command with a dispatch.

"Let me carry it!" he exclaimed.

"With pleasure," I responded, and handed him the paper.

He put spurs to his horse and dashed off, accompanied by a courier. When he rode up and took command of his brigade there was wild enthusiasm, and everything being ready, an exultant shout was sent up, and the men sprang to the charge. I never had any more trouble with Toombs.

*The men were afterwards  
warm personal friends  
James Longstreet.*

#### WITH JACKSON'S "FOOT-CAVALRY" AT THE SECOND MANASSAS.



quarters betokened to the "foot-cavalry" an infringement of their specialty, demanding emphatic rebuke. Some remnant of the old *esprit de corps* yet survives, and prompts this narrative.

After the check to Pope's advance at Cedar Mountain, on the 9th of August, and while we awaited the arrival of Longstreet's troops, A. P. Hill's division rested in camp at Crenshaw's

IN the operations of 1862, in Northern Virginia, the men of Jackson's corps have always claimed a peculiar proprietorship. The reorganization of the disrupted forces of Banks, Frémont and McDowell under a new head seemed a direct challenge to the soldiers who had made the Valley Campaign, and the proclamation of the general with the itinerant head-

Farm. Our brigade (Field's) was rather a new one in organization and experience, most of us having "smelt powder" for the first time in the Seven Days before Richmond. We got on the field at Cedar Mountain too late to be more than slightly engaged, but on the 10th and 11th covered the leisurely retreat to Orange Court House without molestation. When about a week later Pope began to retreat in the direction of the Rappahannock, we did some sharp marching through Stevensburg and Brandy Station, but did not come up with him until he was over the river. While our artillery was duelling with him across the stream, I passed the time with my head in the scant shade of a sassafras bush by the roadside, with a chill and fever brought from the Chickahominy low-grounds. In the latter connection, I improved the shining hours by inditing a pathetic request in my note-book, to whom it might concern, that my body might be decently buried.

For the next few days there was skirmishing at the fords, we moving up the south bank of the river, the enemy confronting us on the opposite side. The weather was very sultry, and the troops were much weakened by disorders induced by their diet of unsalted beef, eked out with green corn and unripe apples; as a consequence there was a good deal of straggling. I got behind several times, but managed to catch up from day to day. Once



some cavalry made a dash across the river at our train; I joined a party in arrears like myself, and we fought them off on our own hook until Trimble's brigade, the rear-guard, came up.

We were then opposite the Warrenton Springs, and were making a great show of crossing, Early's brigade having been thrown over the river and somewhat smartly engaged. I have since heard that this officer remonstrated more than once at the service required of him, receiving each time in reply a peremptory order from Jackson "to hold his position." He finally retorted: "Oh! well, old Jube can die, if *that's* what he wants, but tell General Jackson I'll be —— if this position can be held!"

The brigade moved off next morning, leaving me in the grip of my ague, which reported promptly for duty, and, thanks to a soaking over night, got in its work most effectually. The fever did not let go until about sundown, when I made two feeble trips to carry my effects about one hundred yards to the porch of a house close by, where I passed the night without a blanket — mine having been stolen between the trips. I found a better one next morning thrown away in a field, and soon after came up with the command in bivouac, and breakfasting on some beef which had just been issued. Two ribs on a stump were indicated as my share, and I broiled them on the coals and made the first substantial meal for forty-eight hours. This was interrupted by artillery fire from beyond the river, and as I was taking my place in line, my colonel, whom I knew rather personally, considering our relative rank, ordered me to the ambulance to recruit. Here I got a dose of Fowler's solution, "in lieu of quinine," and at the wagon-camp that day fared better than for a long time before. Meanwhile, they were having a hot time down at Waterloo bridge, which the enemy's engineers were trying to burn, while some companies of sharp-shooters under Lieutenant Robert Healey of "ours" — whose rank was no measure of his services or merit — were disputing the attempt. A concentrated fire from the Federal batteries failed to dislodge the plucky riflemen, while our guns were now brought up, and some hard pounding ensued. But at sunset the bridge still stood, and I "spread down" for the night, under the pole of a wagon, fully expecting a serious fight on the morrow.

I was roused by a courier's horse stepping on my leg, and found this rude waking meant orders to move. With no idea whither, we pulled out at half-past two in the morning, and for some time traveled by fields and "new cuts" in the woods, following no road, but by the growing dawn evidently keeping

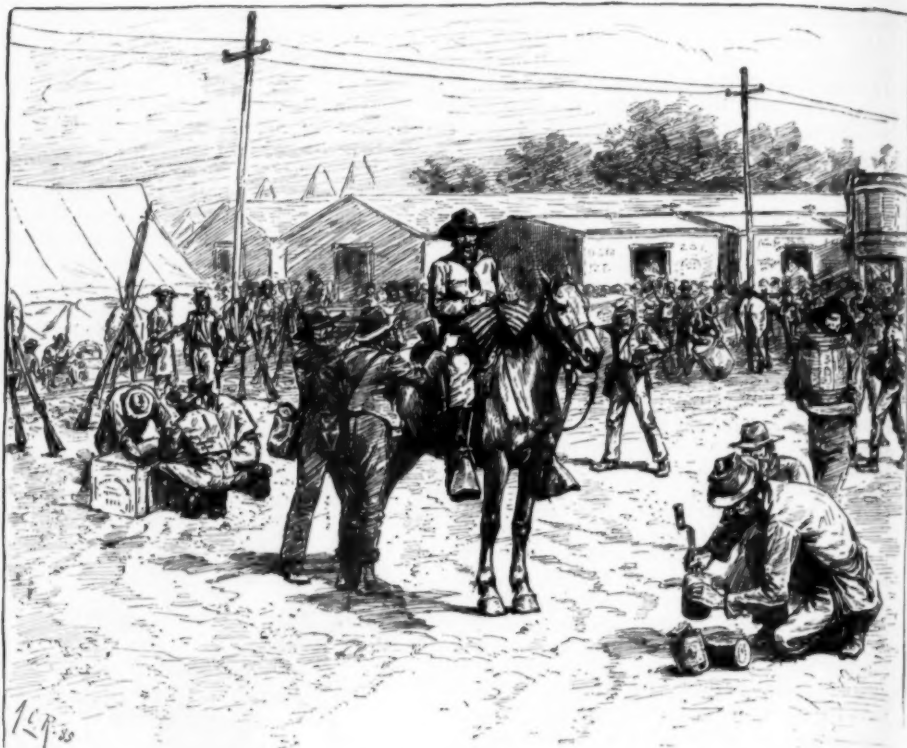
up the river. Now Hill's "Light Division" was to earn its name, and qualify itself for membership in Jackson's corps. The hot August sun rose up, clouds of choking dust enveloped the hurrying column, but on and on the march was pushed without relenting. Knapsacks had been left behind in the wagons, and haversacks were empty by noon; for the unsalted beef spoiled and was thrown away, and the column subsisted itself, without process of commissariat, upon green corn and apples from the fields and orchards along the route, devoured while marching; for there were no stated meal-times and no systematic halts for rest. It was far on in the night when the column stopped, and the weary men dropped beside their stacked muskets and



CONFEDERATE CAMP-SERVANT ON THE MARCH.

were instantly asleep, without so much as unrolling a blanket. A few hours of much-needed repose, and they were shaken up again long before "crack of day," and limped on in the darkness, only half awake. There was no mood for speech, nor breath to spare if there had been — only the shuffling tramp of the marching feet, the steady rumbling of wheels, the creak and rattle and clank of harness and accoutrement, with an occasional order, uttered under the breath and always the same: "Close up! close up, men!"

All this time we had the vaguest notions as to our objective: at first we had expected to



JACKSON'S TROOPS PILLAGING THE UNION DEPOT OF SUPPLIES AT MANASSAS JUNCTION.

strike the enemy's flank, but as the march prolonged itself, a theory obtained that we were going to the Valley. But we threaded Thoroughfare Gap, heading eastward, and in the morning of the third day (Aug. 27) struck a railroad running north and south—Pope's "line of communication and supply." Manassas was ours!

What a prize it was! Here were long warehouses full of stores; cars loaded with boxes of new clothing *en route* to General Pope, but destined to adorn the "backs of his enemies"; camps, sutlers' shops—"no eating up" of good things. In view of the abundance, it was no easy matter to determine what we should eat and drink and where-withal we should be clothed; one was limited in his choice to only so much as he could personally transport, and the one thing needful in each individual case was not always readily found. However, as the day wore on, an equitable distribution of our wealth was effected by barter, upon a crude and irregular tariff in which the rule of supply and demand was somewhat complicated by fluctuating estimates of the imminence of marching orders.

A mounted man would offer large odds in shirts or blankets for a pair of spurs or a bridle; and while in anxious quest of a pair of shoes I fell heir to a case of cavalry half-boots, which I would gladly have exchanged for the object of my search. For a change of underclothing and a pot of French mustard I owe grateful thanks to the major of the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry, with regrets that I could not use his library. Whisky was, of course, at a high premium, but a keg of "lager"—a drink less popular than than now—went begging in our company.

But our brief holiday was drawing to a close, for by this time General Pope had some inkling of the disaster which lurked in his rear. When, some time after dark, having set fire to the remnant of the stores, we took the road to Centreville, our mystification as to Jackson's plans was complete. Could he actually be moving on Washington with his small force, or was he only seeking escape to the mountains? The glare of our big bonfire lighted up the country for miles, and was just dying out when we reached Centreville. The corduroy road had been full of pitfalls and

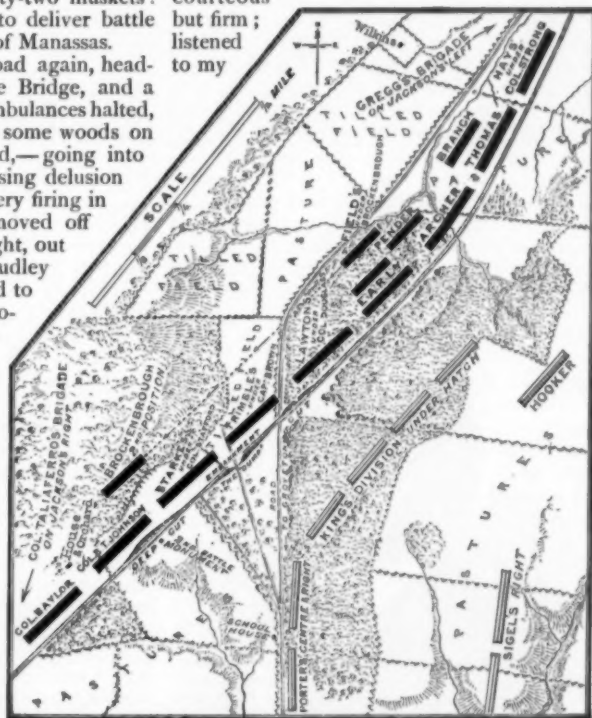
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stumbling-blocks, to some one of which our cracked axle had succumbed before we crossed Bull Run, and being on ahead, I did not know of the casualty until it was too late to save my personal belongings involved in the wreck. Thus suddenly reduced from affluence to poverty, just as the gray dawn revealed the features of the forlorn little hamlet, typical of this war-harried region, I had a distinct sense of being a long way from home. The night's march had seemed to put the climax to the endurance of the jaded troops. Such specters of men they were,—gaunt-cheeked and hollow-eyed, hair, beard, clothing, and accouterments covered with dust—only their faces and hands where mingled soil and sweat streaked and crusted the skin, showing any departure from the whitey-gray uniformity. The ranks were sadly thinned, too, by the stupendous work of the last week. Our regiment, which had begun the campaign 1015 strong and had carried into action at Richmond 620, counted off that Thursday morning (Aug. 28) just eighty-two muskets! Such were the troops about to deliver battle on the already historic field of Manassas.

We were soon on the road again, heading west; we crossed Stone Bridge, and a short distance beyond, our ambulances halted, the brigade having entered some woods on the right of the road ahead,—going into camp, I thought. This pleasing delusion was soon dispelled by artillery firing in front, and our train was moved off through the fields to the right, out of range, and parked near Sudley Church. Everything pointed to a battle next day; the customary hospital preparations were made, but few, if any, wounded came in that night, and I slept soundly, a thing to be grateful for. My bed-fellow and I had decided to report for duty in the morning, knowing that every musket would be needed. I had picked up a good "Enfield" with the proper trappings, on the road from Centreville, to replace my own left in the abandoned ambulance; and having broken my chills, and gained strength from marching unencumbered, was fit for service—as much so as were the rest at least.

Friday morning early, we started in what we supposed to be the right direction, gui-

ded by the firing, which more and more betokened that the fight was on. Once we stopped for a few moments at a field-hospital to make inquiries, and were informed that our brigade was farther along to the right. General Ewell was carried by on a stretcher while we were there, having lost his leg the evening before. Very soon we heard sharp musketry over a low ridge which we had been skirting, and almost immediately we became involved with stragglers from that direction—Georgians, I think they were. It looked as if a whole line was giving way, and we hurried on to gain our own colors before it should grow too hot. The proverbial effect of bad company was soon apparent. We were halted by a Louisiana major, who was trying to rally these fragments upon his own command. My companion took the short cut out of the scrape by showing his "sick permit," and was allowed to pass; mine, alas! was in my cartridge-box with my other belongings in that unlucky ambulance. The major was courteous but firm; listened to my



JACKSON'S LINE ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE LAST DAY, AUGUST 30.

The topography is after General Beauregard's map, made from survey after the first battle of Bull Run. The deep cut, and the embankment as far as the "Dump," were the scene of the fighting with stones, illustrated on page 620. Here the unfinished railroad embankment is made of earth and blasted rock taken from the cut. A break in the embankment, or rather a space which was never filled in, is locally known as the "Dump," and near it several hundred Union soldiers were buried.—EDITOR.

story with more attention than I could have expected, but attached my person all the same. "Better stay with us, my boy, and if you do your duty I'll make it right with your company officers when the fight's over. They won't find fault with you when they know you've been in with the 'Pelicans,'" he added, as he assigned me to company "F."

The command was as unlike my own as it was possible to conceive. Such a congress of nations only the cosmopolitan Crescent City could have sent forth, and the tongues of Babel seemed resurrected in its speech; English, German, French, and Spanish, all were represented, to say nothing of Doric brogue and local "gumbo," and its voluble exercise was set off by a vehemence of utterance and gesture curiously at variance with the reticence of our Virginians. On the whole, I did not take to my comrades very kindly, and cordially consigned Company "F" to a region even more redolent of sulphur than the scene of our enforced connection. In point of fact, we burned little powder that day, and my promised distinction as a "Pelican" *pro tem.* was cheaply earned. The battalion did a good deal of counter-marching and some skirmishing, but most of the time we were acting as support to a section of Cutshaw's battery. The tedium of this last service my companions relieved by games of "seven up," with a greasy, well-thumbed

deck, and in smoking cigarettes, rolled with great dexterity between the deals. Once, when a detail was ordered to go some distance under fire to fill the canteens of the company, a hand was dealt to determine who



THE UNION MONUMENT NEAR THE "DEEP CUT,"  
FROM A SKETCH MADE IN 1894. (SEE MAP, PRECEDING PAGE.)



COLONEL W. S. H. BAYLOR, COMMANDING THE "STONEWALL"  
BRIGADE; KILLED AUGUST 30, 1862.  
(FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY J. H. BURDETTE.)

should go, and the decision was accepted by the loser without demur. Our numerous shifts of position completely confused what vague ideas I had of the situation, but we must have been near our extreme left at Sudley Church, and never very far from my own brigade, which was warmly engaged that day and the day following.\* Towards evening we were again within sight of Sudley Church. I could see the light of fires among the trees as if cooking for the wounded was going on, and the idea occurred to me that there I could easily learn the exact position of my proper people. Once clear of my major and his polyglot "Pelicans," the rest would be plain sailing.

My flank movement was easily effected, and I suddenly found myself the *most* private soldier on that field; there seemed to be nobody else anywhere near. I passed a farmhouse which seemed to have been used as a hospital, and where I picked up a Zouave fez. Some cavalymen were there, one of whom advised me not to "go down there," but as he gave no special reason and did not urge his views, I paid no heed to him, but went on my way down a long barren slope, ending at a small water-course at the bottom, beyond which the ground rose abruptly and was covered by small growth. The deepening twilight and strange solitude about me, with the remembrance of what had happened a year ago on this same ground, made me feel uncomfortably lonely. By this time I was close to the stream, and while noting the lay of the land on the opposite bank with regard to

\* A recent letter from Lieutenant Robert Healy, of the writer's regiment, the Fifty-fifth Virginia, says: "Thursday night we slept on our arms; Friday,

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THE "DEEP CUT," FROM A SKETCH MADE IN 1884.

If this picture were extended a little to the left it would include the Union monument. General Eradley T. Johnson, commanding a brigade in Jackson's old division, in his official report describes Porter's assault on Saturday as follows:

"About 4 P. M. the movements of the enemy were suddenly developed in a decided manner. They stormed my position, deploying in the woods in brigade front and then charging in a run, line after line, brigade after brigade, up the hill on the thicket held by the Forty-eighth and the railroad cut occupied by the Forty-second. . . . Before the railroad cut the fight was most obstinate. I saw a Federal flag hold its position for half an hour within ten yards of a flag of one of the regiments in the cut, and

go down six or eight times; and after the fight one hundred dead men were lying twenty yards from the cut, some of them within two feet of it. The men fought until their ammunition was exhausted and then threw stones. Lieutenant \_\_\_\_\_ of the battalion killed one with a stone, and I saw him after the fight with his skull fractured. Dr. Richard P. Johnson, on my volunteer staff, having no arms of any kind, was obliged to have recourse to this means of offense from the beginning. As line after line surged up the hill time after time, led up by their officers, they were dashed back on one another until the whole field was covered with a confused mass of struggling, running, routed Yankees."—EDITOR.

choice of a crossing-place, I became aware of a man observing me from the end of the cut above. I could not distinguish the color of his uniform, but the crown of his hat tapered suspiciously, I thought, and instinctively I dropped the butt of my rifle to the ground and reached behind me for a cartridge.

"Come here!" he called;—his accent was worse than his hat.

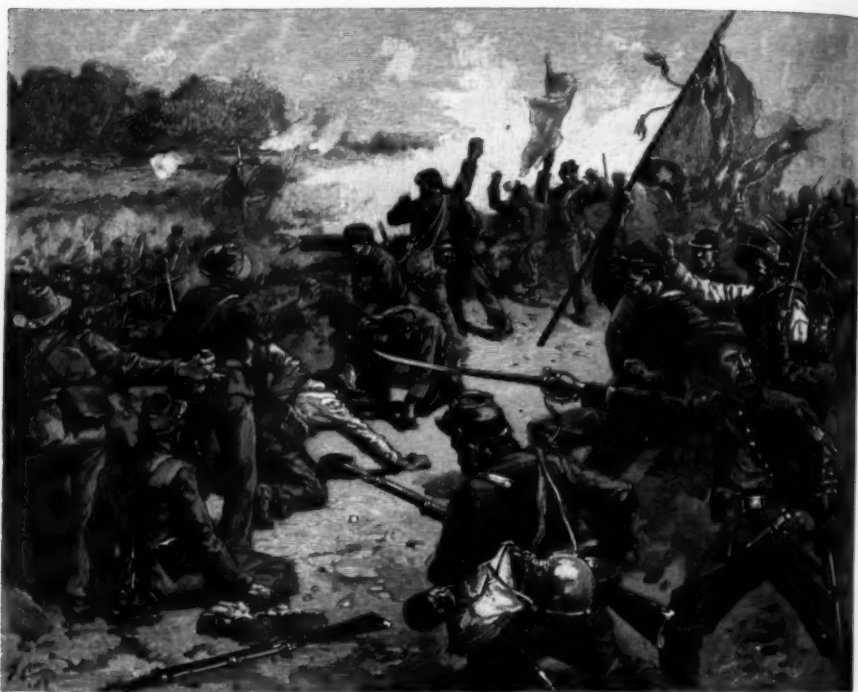
we charged a battery and took it, and in the evening got considerably worsted in an engagement with the enemy in a field on the left. Saturday morning we lay in reserve in the edge of the woods (see Brockenbrough's brigade on the map, page 617); about half-past two o'clock we received urgent orders to reinforce a portion of our line in the center, which was about to give way. We proceeded at double-quick to a point in the woods behind the deep cut, where we formed line. . . . We came in sight of the enemy when we had advanced a few yards, and were saluted with cannon. We pushed on, however, to the old railroad cut, in which most of Jackson's

"Who are you?" I responded as I executed the movement of "tear cartridge."

He laughed and said something,—evidently not to me,—then invited me to "come and see." Meanwhile I was trying to draw my rammer, but this operation was arrested by the dry click of several gunlocks, and I found myself covered by half a dozen rifles, and my friend of the steeple-crown, with less urbanity in his

troops lay. The troops occupying this place had expended their ammunition and were defending themselves with rocks . . . which seemed to have been picked or blasted out of the bed of the railroad, chips and slivers of stone which many were collecting and others were throwing. Of course, such a defense would have been overcome in a very short time, but our arrival seemed to be almost simultaneous with that of the enemy. We had ammunition (twenty rounds to the man) and we attacked the enemy and drove them headlong down the hill, across the valley and over the hill into the woods, where we were recalled by General Starke.—Robert Healy."





STARKE'S LOUISIANA BRIGADE FIGHTING WITH STONES AT THE EMBANKMENT NEAR THE "DEEP CUT."

intonation, called out to me to "drop that." In our brief intercourse he had acquired a curious influence over me. I did so.

My captors were of Kearny's division, on picket. They told me they thought I was deserting until they saw me try to load. I could not account for their being where they were, and when they informed me that they had Jackson surrounded and that he must surrender next day, though I openly scouted the notion, I must own the weight of evidence seemed to be with them. The discussion of this and kindred topics was continued until a late hour that night with the sergeant of the guard at Kearny's headquarters, where I supped in unwonted luxury on hard-tack and "genuine" coffee, the sergeant explaining that the fare was no better because of our destruction of their supplies at the Junction. Kearny's orderly gave me a blanket, and so I

passed the night. We were early astir in the morning, (Aug. 30) and I saw Kearny as he passed with his staff to the front,—a spare, erect, military figure, looking every inch the fighter he was—but with the shadow of his doom hovering over him even then. He fell three days later, killed by some of my own brigade.\*

Near Stone Bridge I found about five hundred other prisoners, mostly stragglers picked up along the line of our march. Here my polite provost-sergeant turned me over, and after drawing rations—hard-tack, and coffee and sugar mixed—we took the road to Centreville, having to stand a good deal of chaff on the way at our forlorn appearance, for that thoroughfare was thronged with troops, trains, and batteries. We were a motley crowd enough, certainly, and it *did* look as if our friends in blue were having their return innings.

\* Captain James H. Haynes, Fifty-fifth Virginia regiment, says he was on the skirmish line at Chantilly, in the edge of a brushy place with a clearing in front. It was raining heavily and growing dark when Kearny rode suddenly upon the line, and asked what troops they were. Seeing his mistake, he turned and started across the open ground to escape, but was fired on and killed. His body was brought into the lines and recognized by General A. P. Hill, who said

sadly, "Poor Kearny! he deserved a better death than this."

The next day General Lee ordered that the body be carried to the Federal lines, and in a note to General Pope he said: "The body of General Philip Kearny was brought from the field last night and he was reported dead. I send it forward under a flag of truce, thinking the possession of his remains may be a consolation to his family."—A. C. R.

More than once that day as I thought of our thin line back yonder, I wondered how the boys were making it, for disturbing rumors came to us as we lay in a field near Centreville, exchanging rude *badinage* across the cordon of sentries surrounding us. We received recruits from time to time who brought the same unvarying story, "Jackson hard-pressed — no news of Longstreet yet." (He was there, but keeping silent.) So the day wore on. Towards evening there was a noticeable stir in the camps around us, much riding to and fro of couriers and orderlies, and now we thought we could hear more distinctly the deep-toned, jarring growl which had interjected itself at intervals all the afternoon through the trivial buzz about us. Watchful of indications, we noted too that the drift of wagons and ambulances was from the battlefield, and soon orders came for us to take the road in the same direction. The cannonading down the pike was sensibly nearer now, and

at times we could catch even the roll of musketry, and once we thought we could distinguish, faint and far off, a prolonged, murmurous modulation of sound familiar to our ears as the charging shout of the gray people — but this may have been fancy. All the same, we gave tongue to the cry, and shouts of "Longstreet! Longstreet's at 'em, boys! Hurrah for Longstreet!" went up from the column, while the guards trudged beside us in sulky silence.

There is not much more to tell. An all-day march on Sunday through rain and mud brought us to Alexandria, where we were locked up for the night in a cotton-factory. Monday we embarked on a transport steamer, and the next evening were off Fort Monroe, where we got news of Pope's defeat. I was paroled and back in Richmond within ten days of my capture, and then and there learned how completely Jackson had eclipsed his former fame on his baptismal battlefield.

Allen C. Redwood.

## MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

### Comments on General Grant's "Chattanooga."

IN THE CENTURY for November is a most valuable and interesting article by General Grant on Chattanooga. Written at a time when he was enfeebled, and suffering intensely from a mortal malady, it has in it some statements which are at variance with official documents, and which may properly be attributed to any cause other than a desire to do injustice to others or to relate anything but facts. General Grant's description of the situation at Chattanooga at the time of his arrival is graphic, and might be added to without exaggeration. The condition of matters was known not only to all officers of rank and intelligence in the Army of the Cumberland, but was discussed among the soldiers, who expressed themselves as willing to starve before giving up Chattanooga, which was all that remained to them of the battle of Chickamanga. We were in truth short of food, medicine, ammunition, and clothing, and without prompt relief were rapidly drifting to utter destruction as an army, and to terrible loss of life.

On the 3d of October, 1863, having reported a day or two before to General Rosecrans, I was assigned to duty as chief engineer of the Army of the Cumberland, and it devolved on me as a part of my duty to lay out and construct the fortifications so as to enable a comparatively small force to hold the place, and also to look out for the communications by which the army was supplied. In the performance of that duty I was actively engaged in building boats and material for bridges, and was studying earnestly to find some way of restoring our short line of communications lost by the giving up of Lookout mountain and valley. I found a most excellent company of volunteers styled "Michigan Engineers and Mechanics," commanded by Captain Fox. They, before my arrival, had set up a saw-mill, and were engaged in making boats and flooring, etc.,

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for military bridges. In pursuance of the one paramount necessity of finding some way of shortening our distance to the railroad at Bridgeport, on the 19th of October I started to make a personal examination of the north side of the Tennessee River below Chattanooga. The object was to find some point on the south side, the holding of which would secure to us the river from Bridgeport through the Raccoon Mountain, and the short road in the valley from there to Chattanooga. On returning unsuccessful in my search, to within about five miles of Chattanooga, I saw before me on a bluff, washed by the river, an earthwork in which was posted a field-battery commanding a road through a break in the hills on the opposite side, where had formerly been established a ferry, known as Brown's Ferry. The position struck me as worthy of close examination, and learning from the commanding officer of the battery that there was a tacit agreement that the pickets should not fire on each other, I left my horse in the battery and went down to the water's edge. There I spent an hour, studying the character of the hills, the roadway through the gorge, and marking and estimating the distances to the fires of the picket reserves of the enemy. I then rode back to headquarters, to find that during my absence General Rosecrans had been relieved from duty there and General Thomas put in command of the army.

The next morning, October 20th, General Thomas asked me what length of bridge material I had not in use, and directed me to throw another bridge across the river at Chattanooga. I asked him not to give the order till he had heard my report of my examination of the day before and had looked into a plan I had to propose for opening the river to our steamboats, of which there were two then partly disabled, but which had not been repaired by me lest they should eventually serve the purposes of the enemy. After a discussion which I think was finished in two days and by the 22d of October he gave his approval to the plan, and I

went to work at once, he giving the necessary orders for the coöperating movements from Bridgeport, which were a vital part of the operations. After that there was but one discussion between General Thomas and myself, which was as to the relative time Hooker's column was to move from Bridgeport. That took place after the arrival of General Grant at Chattanooga, all others having been concluded before General Grant made his appearance. Having now given my statement of the condition of matters prior to the arrival of General Grant, I will quote what General Grant says on the subject in the paper to which I refer.

"The next day we reached Chattanooga a little before dark. . . . The next day, the 24th of October, I started out to make a personal inspection, taking Thomas and Smith with me, besides most of the members of my personal staff. We crossed to the north side of the river, and moving to the north of detached spurs of hills, reached the Tennessee at Brown's Ferry, some three miles below Lookout Mountain, unobserved by the enemy. Here we left our horses back from the river and approached the water on foot. . . . That night I issued orders for opening the route to Bridgeport—a cracker line, as the soldiers appropriately turned it."

There is not a word in the above to indicate that General Thomas had already approved a plan for opening the route to Bridgeport, and issued the necessary orders. I will now quote from the "Official Records" to show that General Grant trusted too much to his memory. The following dispatches from Assistant Secretary of War Charles A. Dana, to Secretary Stanton, give the situation before and after the arrival of General Grant at Chattanooga. They are papers of record in the War Department.

"CHATTANOOGA, October 23d. To E. M. STANTON: No change in the situation here. Ten days' rations on hand. Thomas firmly resolved to hold at all events. Rain heavy since midnight, and roads worse to-day than yesterday. An immediate movement for the occupation of Raccoon Mountain and Lookout Valley is indispensable, but Hooker, though ordered" [by Rosecrans] "ten days since to concentrate his forces for the purpose, has not done so, but waits, on the ground that his wagons have not arrived from Nashville. The fact is that about one hundred have arrived, and besides Thomas will not allow him to take any wagons at all in this movement. But Hooker seems to show no zeal in the enterprise. It will necessarily wait somewhat for the arrival of Grant, who will get in before night. The interior line of fortifications is so far advanced that General Smith tells me only one day's work more is needed to make them tenable, and the place temporarily safe with a garrison of ten thousand men, though the works will still be far from finished. The pontoons are done for a bridge across to Lookout Valley as soon as Hooker has entered into that position."

This dispatch shows that a move had been determined upon by Thomas both from Bridgeport and into Lookout Valley by a bridge, before the arrival of General Grant, although Mr. Dana was in error in stating that the bridge was to be thrown after the arrival of Hooker in that valley, as is shown by this dispatch:

"CHATTANOOGA, 10 A. M., October 24th. To E. M. STANTON: Grant arrived last night. . . . He is just going to reconnoiter an important position which General Smith has discovered at the mouth of Lookout Valley, which will be occupied from here simultaneously with Hooker's occupation of Raccoon Mountain. . . ."

Here it is shown that when Grant had been but about twelve hours in Chattanooga, and before he had even started on his trip to Brown's Ferry, Mr. Dana had sketched to the Secretary of War the substance of the whole movement. That General Thomas had, after General Grant's arrival, to put before him the plan

which he had determined upon, and that General Grant's approval was necessary, and that it was proper for him to go to Brown's Ferry at once to see the position before he gave his approval to it, cannot be gainsaid, but there is not the slightest reason for doubting that Thomas would have made the same move with the same men and with the same results, had General Grant been in Louisville, from which place he telegraphed the order putting Thomas in command of the Army of the Cumberland. General Grant does not overstate the importance of this movement to the army. It gave at once to the army food and clothing, with forage for the animals which were yet left alive, and last but not least, ammunition, of which General Grant says the Union army had "not enough for a day's fighting." From being an army in a condition in which it could not retreat,—for as General Grant says, "a retreat at that time would have been a terrible disaster," and "would have been attended with the loss of all the artillery. . . . and the annihilation of that army itself either by capture or demoralization,"—it became an army which, so soon as it was reinforced by the troops with Sherman, assumed the offensive, and under the leadership of General Grant helped to win the battle of Missionary Ridge, inflicting a mortal blow upon the army under Bragg. General Thomas was a man who observed strictly the proprieties and courtesies of military life; and had the plan "for opening the route to Bridgeport," and the orders necessary for its execution, emanated from General Grant, he would hardly have noticed the subject in the following words:

"To Brigadier-General W. F. Smith, chief engineer, should be accorded great praise for the ingenuity which conceived, and the ability which executed the movement at Brown's Ferry. The preparations were all made in secrecy, as was also the boat expedition which passed under the overhanging cliffs of Lookout, so much so that when the bridge was thrown at Brown's Ferry, on the morning of the 27th, the surprise was as great to the army within Chattanooga as it was to the army besieging it from without." [Vol. I., page 398, Van Horne's "History of the Army of the Cumberland."] ]

With some hesitation I will give a copy of a letter from General Grant to the Secretary of War, which, though speaking of me in possibly much too high terms, is yet important in this connection from its date. It was written two weeks after the opening of the river, and two weeks before the battle of Missionary Ridge. It could hardly have been written from General Grant's previous knowledge of me, for he says he "had no recollection of having met me, after my" [his] "graduation, in 1843, up to this time,"—the night of his arrival at Chattanooga—October 23, 1863. It could not have been written because I had shown zeal in establishing a saw-mill, making a steamboat or any amount of bridge material, nor yet because I had commanded two brigades in a surprise attack at Brown's Ferry. No other movement than the successful opening of the river had been made from the time of General Grant's arrival to the date of this letter. Was it possible that it arose from any other reason than that General Grant, appreciating fully the great and prompt change in the condition of the army, arising from the opening of the river, had perhaps overestimated the ability of the one who within his own knowledge had planned the movement? Circum-

stances afterward occurred to change the relations between General Grant and myself, to which it is not necessary to refer, and his opinion of me may and probably did afterward undergo a change, but at the time at which the letter was written there was some striking reason which produced it:

"HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, CHATTANOOGA, TENN., NOV. 12, 1863.

"HON. E. M. STANTON, SECRETARY OF WAR.

"SIR: I would respectfully recommend that Brigadier-General William F. Smith be placed first on the list for promotion to the rank of major-general. He is possessed of one of the clearest military heads in the army—is very practical and industrious—no man in the service is better qualified than he for our largest commands.

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,  
"U. S. GRANT.  
(Official) Major-General.

"Signed, GEO. K. LEET, Assistant Adjutant-General."

Not only is it due to the truth of history that this evidence of General Grant's military appreciation of the movement on Brown's Ferry should appear, but it also establishes his generosity of character in giving credit where he felt it to be due.

At some future time I may have an opportunity of doing justice to the memory of General George H. Thomas, whose comparatively early death was so great a loss to the country. The civil war developed no higher character than his, viewed in all its aspects, either as soldier or civilian. There are no clouds on it to mar the brightness of his glory.

Wm. Farrar Smith.

#### NOTES AND CORRECTIONS.

MAJOR J. L. COKER of Darlington, South Carolina, says of General Grant's description of the fighting in Lookout Valley on the night of October 28-29, 1863: "The engagement of Wauhatchie, or Lookout Valley, was of minor importance; but it is well to have errors corrected. General Geary's Federal division was not attacked by Longstreet's corps, but by Jenkins's South Carolina brigade, commanded by Colonel (afterwards General) John Bratton. No other troops fired a shot at Geary's men that night. The battle lasted about one hour and a half, and was brought to a close on account of General Howard's advance threatening Bratton's rear, and not by a Confederate stampede caused by a 'mule-charge' in the dark. When the order to retire was received, the brigade was withdrawn in good order. The writer, acting A. A. G. on Colonel Bratton's staff, was wounded and taken from the field at the close of the battle, and did not observe any disorder. General Howard was opposed by a small force, and made such progress that Jenkins's brigade was in danger of being cut off from the crossing over Lookout Creek. They were ordered out when they seemed to be getting the better of General Geary, who was surprised by the night attack, and no doubt thought himself 'greatly outnumbered,' and reported himself attacked by a corps instead of a brigade."

LIEUTENANT J. S. OSTRANDER, formerly of the Eighteenth U. S. Infantry, writing from Richmond, Indiana, says: In General Grant's paper there is a strange omission in describing the assault on Missionary Ridge. The General states that his order for the assault was communicated to General Wood in person and the assaulting column, consisting of the

divisions of Wood and Sheridan, at once moved and carried the ridge. As a matter of fact, the signal to advance was the firing of six guns from the battery on Orchard Knob, and instead of two divisions the assaulting column, counting from left to right, consisted of four divisions,—Baird, Sheridan, Wood, and Johnson (less one brigade of Johnson's, left in the trenches). The column moved in line, and to this day it is an open question which division first crowned the ridge."

CAPTAIN BENJAMIN F. HEGLER of Attica, Indiana, who was second in command of the Fifteenth Indiana, in the assault on Missionary Ridge, writes: "General Grant says of the assault on Missionary Ridge:

'The fire along the rebel line was terrific. Cannon and musket balls filled the air; but the damage done was in small proportion to the ammunition used.'

"The inference might be that the assault, though brilliant, was after all a rather harmless diversion. The Fifteenth Indiana, of Sheridan's division, started up the ridge just to the left of Bragg's headquarters with 337 officers and men, and lost 202 killed and wounded, in just forty-five minutes, the time taken to advance from the line of works at the foot of the ridge and to carry the crest. This report I made officially to General Sheridan near Chickamauga Creek the morning after the battle."

#### General Leggett's Brigade before Vicksburg.

IN my father's paper on "The Siege of Vicksburg," (September CENTURY, page 760) a sentence reads:

"At the point on the Jackson road in front of Ransom's brigade, a sap was run up to the enemy's parapet, and by the 25th of June we had it undermined and the mine charged."

This sentence should read:

"At three points on the Jackson road in front of Leggett's brigade," etc., etc.

These mistakes were probably made by me in copying my father's MS. Ransom commanded a division, and was not in Logan's command.

F. D. Grant.

[We have also received letters from General John A. Logan and General M. D. Leggett calling attention to this error.]—EDITOR.

#### The Rear-Guard after Malvern Hill.

A FEW days ago, in Switzerland, my attention was called to a communication in the August number of THE CENTURY, page 642, which falsifies history. It is under the heading, "The Rear-Guard after Malvern Hill," and is signed Henry E. Smith. Mr. Smith asserts that it was General Averell who commanded the rear-guard, and that to Averell, and not to Keyes, belongs the credit which General McClellan gives the latter in his article in THE CENTURY of May last. Mr. Smith cites authorities for his statements, and refers to the "Official Records of the Rebellion," Vol. XI., Part II., page 235, and to my report, page 193 same volume, in which he says there is "no mention of Averell." It is not unreasonable to suppose that Mr. Smith had read General McClellan's and my reports, since he refers to them, but it is certain that he discredits both, and that he rejects my claim to approval unceremoniously. General McClellan says



in his book, "Report \* \* \* of the Army of the Potomac," etc., page 273:

"The greater portion of the transportation of the army having been started for Harrison's Landing during the night of the 30th of June and the first of July, the order for the movement of the troops was at once issued upon the final repulse of the enemy at Malvern Hill.

"The order prescribed a movement by the left and rear, General Keyes's corps to cover the manœuvre. It was not carried out in detail as regards the divisions on the left, the roads being somewhat blocked by the rear of our trains. Porter and Couch were not able to move out as early as had been anticipated, and Porter found it necessary to place a rear-guard between his command and the enemy. Colonel Averell, of the Third Pennsylvania cavalry, was intrusted with this delicate duty. He had under his command his own regiment and Lieutenant-Colonel Buchanan's brigade of regular infantry and one battery. By a judicious use of the resources at his command, he deceived the enemy so as to cover the withdrawal of the left wing without being attacked, remaining himself on the previous day's battle-field until about 7 o'clock of the ad of July. Meantime General Keyes, having received his orders, commenced vigorous preparations for covering the movement of the entire army, and protecting the trains. It being evident that the immense number of wagons and artillery pertaining to the army could not move with celerity along a single road, General Keyes took advantage of every accident of the ground to open new avenues, and to facilitate the movement. He made preparations for obstructing the roads after the army had passed so as to prevent any rapid pursuit, destroying effectually Turkey Bridge, on the main road, and rendering other roads and approaches temporarily impassable, by felling trees across them. He kept the trains well closed up, and directed the march so that the troops could move on each side of the road, not obstructing the passage, but being in good position to repel an attack from any quarter. His dispositions were so successful that, to use his own words: 'I do not think that more vehicles, or more public property were abandoned on the march from Turkey Bridge than would have been left, in the same state of the roads, if the army had been moving toward the enemy, instead of away from him,'—and when it is understood that the carriages and teams belonging to this army, stretched out in one line, would extend not far from forty miles, the energy and caution necessary for their safe withdrawal from the presence of an enemy vastly superior in numbers, will be appreciated. \* \* \* Great credit must be awarded to General Keyes for the skill and energy which characterized his performance of the important and delicate duties intrusted to his charge."

The above extract defines General Averell's duties on the field of Malvern, and gives him credit, and it is equally distinct in reference to me, but General McClellan's article in *THE CENTURY* for May is vague in its expressions regarding the same subjects. As Mr. Smith's article is historically erroneous, I trust you will consider it just to give place to this explanation, and to the following short account of "The Rear-Guard after Malvern Hill."

After the battle of Malvern Hill, which was fought on the 1st of July, 1862, the Army of the Potomac retired to Harrison's Landing on the James River. Late in the evening of that day I received orders from Adjutant-General Seth Williams to command the rear-guard. I spent nearly the whole night making preparatory arrangements; dispatched a party to destroy Turkey Bridge, with two of my aides, Jackson and Gibson, to see that it was done promptly; selected twenty-five expert axe-men under Captain Clarke, Eighth Illinois Cavalry, with orders to chop nearly through all the large trees that lined the road below the bridge. All my orders were well executed, and within fifteen minutes after the tail of the column passed, the bridge was destroyed without blowing up, and the road blocked

beyond the possibility of passage by wheels and cavalry, and made difficult for infantry for several hours.

The force composing the rear-guard consisted of Peck's division of infantry, and four batteries of artillery of my own corps; Gregg's Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and Farnsworth's Eighth Illinois Cavalry. Averell's regiment of cavalry was also designated in a dispatch sent me by Adjutant-General Williams, and he may have taken part below the bridge, but I do not remember to have seen him during the day.

The danger to the trains arose from the fact that the narrow country roads were insufficient in number, and their composition was mostly clay, which was soon converted into mud by the torrents of rain which fell nearly the whole day, and from the liability to attack on the flank. The main road was skirted with woods on the left the entire distance, which is about seven miles from Turkey Bridge to Harrison's Landing. The opposite side of the main road was open, and the columns of troops could move parallel with the wagons. When General W. F. Smith came along at the head of his division, I was opposite an opening in the woods at the highest point of the road. Smith exclaimed to me: "Here's a good place for a battle!" "Would you like to have a fight?" said I. "Yes, just here, and now!" While the columns of troops were moving alongside the trains I felt no apprehension, but after they had all passed there still remained in rear not less than five hundred wagons struggling in the mud, and it was not above ten minutes after the last vehicle had entered the large field bordering the intended camp when the enemy appeared and commenced a cannonade upon us. Fortunately I had in position Miller's and McCarthy's batteries, and they replied with such effect that the attack was discontinued.

The anxiety at headquarters was such that I was authorized, in case of necessity, to cut the traces and drive the animals forward without their loads. Nothing of that kind was done, and we saved all the wagons except a small number that broke down and were as necessarily abandoned as a vessel in a convey would be after it had sunk in the ocean.

About the middle of the day I received a note from headquarters at Harrison's Landing, of which the following is a copy:

"GENERAL: I have ordered back to your assistance all the cavalry that can be raised here. It is of the utmost importance that we should save all our artillery, and as many of our wagons as possible; and the commanding general feels the utmost confidence that you will do all that can be done to accomplish this. Permit me to say that if you bring in everything you will accomplish a most signal and meritorious exploit, which the commanding general will not fail to represent in its proper light to the Department. Very respectfully,  
 (Signed) R. B. MARCY,  
 Chief of Staff, July 1st."

General McClellan came out half a mile and met me. I was engaged sending forward sheaves of wheat to fill the ruts in the road near camp, which were so deep that in spite of all efforts to fill them, about 1200 wagons were parked for the night under guard outside. The general appeared well satisfied with what had been done by the rear-guard, and after all the proofs cited above, it is scarcely probable that he made a mistake in the name of its commander.

D. Keyes.

BLANCY, SEINE-INFÉRIEURE, FRANCE, AUGUST 30, 1884.



## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### The Demand of American Authors.

IN nothing is the progress of civilization more marked than in the prompt recognition by the law-making power of offenses against persons and property that have become such in the estimation of the best public opinion. Every generation stamps as crimes certain laws which were not crimes to the generation that went before. Time was when cruelty to wife, child, or animal was thought to be but a foible in man; and the punishment of such offense is even yet in some quarters thought to be an invasion of domestic and personal rights. This is true, similarly, of many acts which, as their evil effect upon the constitution of society becomes apparent, fall under the scope of the law.

Can any one, considering the consensus of opinion on the question of International Copyright, which we present in this issue of THE CENTURY, doubt that it is now time to put the legal brand of theft upon the appropriation of the intellectual property of foreigners by Americans, and upon that of Americans by foreigners? The taunt is made by the foes of this movement that the people are against it, that they would rather save a few pennies on cheap English and French novels and other books than right the great wrong which for years has been a blight upon our national honor and a weight about the neck of our national literature. This aspersion we believe to be unfounded; but it behooves thoughtful and influential men and women to question whether their duty in this matter has been done till they have indicated forcibly to their representatives in both Houses of Congress a moral demand for an equitable copyright law.

It will be curious to note on what grounds, in the present session of Congress, senators and members can withhold their votes from any bill that abolishes the discrimination against foreign authors. Not only justice, but every consideration of policy will support a vote for such a bill:

1. It is demanded by an overwhelming proportion of the best sentiment in the press, by the body of American authors, leading divines, educators, and men of other professions, and by the enlightened opinion of the world. It has had the championship of Webster, Clay, Everett, Sumner, and others of our statesmen, and of all the prominent authors of America during the last fifty years; and has been recommended by successive Presidents.

2. It would open for American literary goods a ready-made foreign market, which lacks only the security of such a bill to become ours, and which would increase with great rapidity.

3. It would cheapen the best solid literature, by enabling authors and publishers to feel secure in the proceeds of their labor; the literature already cheap would still remain so, since no bill could be made retroactive. Thus:

4. It would not even be a hardship to those who are

now "pirating" foreign books. These they would still lawfully continue to print, every year adding new publications to the list of those whose copyrights have expired by the limitation of forty-two years. Into competition with this body of literature would come all new publications, thus insuring that in general books would not be dear.

5. It would in our opinion do more than any other single measure to restore the confidence of the educated classes in Congress. Burke, in his speeches on the American war, warned his government against alienating the sympathy of the colonies by permitting them to have reasonable grounds for doubting the justice of the governing power. Is this folly any the less when the aggrieved are the most influential power in the formation of public opinion? And is it any wonder that the American writer—whose literary work is the only American product to which is refused the protection of the American flag abroad—should fall short of an ideal confidence in American institutions?

6. It would establish a bulwark against communism, a danger that has yet to be encountered in America. Those who oppose International Copyright do so on the ground that though it take the property of others it does so for the general good—by making books cheap. We deny the conclusion; but can American legislators afford to reason thus?

7. It would carry out the evident intent of the Constitution, by which Congress is empowered "*to promote the progress of science and useful arts,*" by means of patents and copyrights. Will legislators be less zealous in carrying out the positive designs of that instrument than in guarding against its invasion or perversion?

To the great body of American authors, it may be said with confidence, "This matter is wholly in your hands. Your committee has done much in the agitation of the subject and in the organization of your forces. Congress must certainly yield, if not now, then with the growth of a better political sentiment and a more active public spirit. You must leave no word unsaid to awaken the conscience of your legislators. If you shall not be successful at the present session of Congress, you will only have to buckle on the armor more firmly. Generations of injustice and neglect at the hands of those who should be the guardians of the national honor must not be allowed to discourage the literary craft in the effort now being made to right gigantic wrong; and whether successful or not your efforts will be, to those that come after you, an inheritance and tradition of honor so long as books are written and read.

"Say not, the struggle naught availeth,  
The labor and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not, nor faith,  
And as things have been they remain.

"If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;  
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,  
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
And, but for you, possess the field."

## An "American Westminster."

THE question whether the United States should have a "Westminster Abbey" has been widely discussed in the magazines and other periodicals lately. The most eloquent plea for some such place of repose for our great dead has come from Canon Farrar, in a recent contribution to "The Brooklyn Magazine." This learned and persuasive preacher and writer rapidly reviews the history and uses of Westminster, and points out numerous "advantages which would accrue to the American nation from the possession of such a building." He sees the difficulty of the establishment of an ecclesiastical edifice devoted here to such purposes, but urges the high uses of a secular Valhalla. He thinks correctly "that the mere fact that such a building was in contemplation would fire the imagination of many artists," but mistakenly supposes that we now have no architects, sculptors, or painters equal to the building and decoration of such an edifice. The array of reasons for the erection of an American Valhalla presented by Canon Farrar leaves little to be said by others in favor of so glorious a scheme.

Nevertheless we do not believe there will ever be a single structure in America, sacred or profane, where all our great men will be buried. Furthermore it seems to us to betray a certain ignorance of the character and needs of our wide-spread, democratic nation to suppose such a building necessary or desirable. Is not, indeed, the custom already evolved the most natural, fitting, and advantageous? Our leading statesmen and generals are already being commemorated in bronze, marble and otherwise in the Capitol building itself; the public places of Washington are also largely devoted to the same purpose; as well as the capitol buildings of the various States and the public parks and places of all our cities. Our poets, authors, scientists, inventors, benefactors, have their memorials in appropriate localities; and the time may come when there will be found a place for a still wider range of representative citizens of national fame, either in the Capitol at Washington or in some other building there. But it is the custom in America when a great man dies to carry him back to the home of his birth or adoption, and to bury him among his own kindred and people. This is a custom which we believe is not likely ever to be superseded. Who would wish the tomb of Washington anywhere else than at Mount Vernon; of Lincoln elsewhere than at Springfield. In every part of the country pilgrimage can be made to the graves of the great and the good; our public men, our great writers are, as a rule, buried in the very soil that nurtured them. Emerson and Hawthorne under the pines of New England, Irving on the banks of the Hudson, Clay in the beautiful Blue Grass region of Kentucky; — you can stand at the entrance of his rebuilt home and look straight across the fields to his high monument that towers above the trees of the Lexington cemetery.

Thus in America the same rule holds good alike for the obscure and the distinguished; the dead are carried home to be buried. They are laid to rest not in some central city and structure, but where they have lived, and where their families and neighbors may accompany them in their long sleep. Their tombs may be more noble in appearance, — just as in deeds and char-

acter they towered above their surroundings; but the remoteness is not too distant and unfriendly. The burial of Grant in an unusual and conspicuous position is not essentially a departure from the prevailing custom, for he lies where his wife can be laid to rest by his side, in the midst of the city he chose as his home, and to which he felt bound by ties of gratitude.

Westminster Abbey has been and is a great possession, a continual inspiration, for England, for America, and for all the world. But the attempt to imitate it under entirely different conditions in the New World would, we are inclined to believe, prove a conspicuous and not altogether unfortunate failure.

## Postal Savings-Banks.

SOME years ago, before there had been much discussion in America of the subject of postal savings-banks, in writing of the condition and needs of the working people of the Southern States, the Rev. J. B. Harrison suggested some features for a system of such banks which are worth consideration at this time. The essential object to be provided for is absolute security of deposits, and their prompt return whenever depositors wish to withdraw them. According to Mr. Harrison's view the matter of interest is comparatively unimportant. What the working people need is not interest on their savings so much as the certainty that the savings themselves will not be lost. It is not unlikely that the rate of interest on deposits in savings-banks will continue to decline, as it has done for some years past, thus becoming less and less important to depositors. It is a question whether any sound reason for the nation's paying interest on deposits in times of peace and prosperity, when the government does not need loans, has ever been brought forward. To tax the rich to pay interest on the savings of the poor would be an unjustifiable communistic measure. To tax poor men for their own benefit might be a doubtful expedient (though it would not be the first experiment of the kind).

Only the national government has the power to guarantee, with absolute certainty, the safety of the savings of the people, and this is the only service which it can properly render in this matter. Many arguments could be advanced to show, not only that no interest should be paid, but that depositors should be required to pay for the clerical labor involved, as we now pay a small fee for postal money-orders. The nearer we can come to a state of things in which every man would pay its full value for everything he received, the better for all concerned. Government charity is more corrupting than any other. Everything that tends to pauperize people should be avoided, and it is better that the laboring people should themselves pay the slight expenses involved in the government's care of their savings than that this service should be rendered free of cost. The objection is not against the payment of interest by private borrowers, nor by the government when it needs loans; we mean simply to call attention to the suggestion that a system of non-interest paying government savings-banks, with absolute security for deposits, would probably be more useful to the people than any possible payment of interest.

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post-offices. If deposits are few, but little additional clerical work would be required. If they are numerous the fees would pay for the new work, and in any case the system would be self-sustaining.

It has been feared by some that such a system of national savings-banks would seriously reduce the business of the savings-banks already established, which pay interest on deposits; but is it not quite as likely to increase it? Our people think so much of interest that many of them would be likely, whenever their deposits become considerable, to withdraw them from the non-interest-paying government banks and put them into private banks which would pay interest.

When government bonds are no longer available as securities, some modifications in existing systems of banking will be necessary; and such a system of savings-banks as is here described would, it is thought, be adapted to the new order of things.

The government should do nothing for its citizens which they can as well do for themselves; but the establishment of non-interest-paying savings-banks, with absolute security of deposits, can be accomplished only by the national government, and it is urged with great force that the system would tend to habits of economy, and to improved conditions of life, for large numbers of people.

## OPEN LETTERS.

## International Copyright.

PLAIN SPEECH FROM AMERICAN AUTHORS.

*In vain we call old notions judges  
And bend our conscience to our dealing;  
The Ten Commandments will not budge,  
And stealing will continue stealing.*

*J. M. Abbott.*

*26<sup>th</sup> Nov: 1885.*

THE demand for International Copyright is based, primarily, on principles of simple justice. Theright of an author to the product of his brain, like the right of the mechanic to the product of his hands, does not depend upon national or geographical conditions. I would not myself make it depend upon international treaty, or the legislation of other countries. Whatever privilege our present copyright law gives to citizens should be given to persons. America is too rich to be a pauper, and ought to be too honorable to be a robber, and should be willing to pay to authors who contribute to its enlightenment or its enjoyment a fair remuneration for their work.

But this consideration of justice is enforced by a consideration of self-interest. We protect by our legislation every form of industry except that of the brain; the industry of the brain we subject to an unequal competition. The American author, in order to

secure the publication of his book, must not only write a good one, but he must write one so much better than any that a foreign author can write, that the publisher can better afford to pay him for the privilege of publishing it than to publish his competitor's book for nothing. This system is dwarfing American literature, and would have done much to destroy it, if it had not been nurtured and kept alive by our popular periodicals. A vote for justice does not require much explanation; and I think this simple statement is all the explanation which this vote, for what I should prefer to call Universal Copyright, requires.

*Lyman Abbott.*

I AM heartily in favor of any effort that promises to be successful in securing International Copyright. Our present methods are disheartening to all authorship in America, and, consequently, we can never have

an adequate national literature as long as foreign works are reprinted and sold in this country for next to nothing. If we had been allowed to pirate the works of foreign inventors, we never should have had the abundant machinery that now does so much for our civilization. I see no good reason why the writer of a book should not have the same protection as the inventor of a machine. It is, in my judgment, discreditable to us as a nation that we are willing to appropriate the works of others simply because we are a nation of readers rather than a nation of writers. Books are for the mind what machines are for the body, and the protection of writers cannot be regarded as of less importance than the protection of inventors, except on the preposterous assumption that our spiritual and moral natures are of less importance than our temporal affairs.

C. K. Adams.

President of Cornell University.

IF women are allowed a vote in the matter, I decidedly cast mine for International Copyright.

L. M. Alcott.

THE fact that no Copyright Treaty exists between the United States and England is so shameful that I don't care to discuss it.

T. B. Aldrich.

THE right of property in the productions of the intellect is everywhere recognized throughout the civilized world; but it is held under common law to be defensible only so long as the producer keeps his production to himself, so that it is lost by the act of publication. It only becomes of value to its possessor, therefore, by virtue of statute law. Being a natural right, it would seem that its protection should be perpetual, as it formerly was in Holland, Belgium, Denmark, and Sweden; but it is nowhere now secured except for a limited period, and in this country under the Constitution it cannot be. The statute law of one country, however, cannot secure the rights of the citizens of that country in any other; hence the desirability and the justice of an international law to protect copyright everywhere. From the futility of the efforts thus far put forth to attain this object by treaty between English-speaking peoples, it might almost seem as if we had here a survival of the spirit of the earlier centuries, in which the normal condition of neighboring tribes was a state of war. Under the Roman republic a foreigner was called *hostis*, and the same word signified equally an enemy. "*Hostis enim*," says Cicero, "*apud majores nostros is dicebatur quem nunc peregrinum dicimus*." Between Great Britain and the United States there has been a war in the literary field of a century's standing, signaled by incessant acts of privateering on both sides. The spectacle is discreditable in the eyes of the world. It is time it came to an end. "Let us have peace."

F. A. P. Barnard.

President of Columbia College.

THE abstract justice of granting International Copyright to authors has seldom been questioned, even by those literary plunderers who affect to be opposed to

it as a matter of policy; for that must be an affection which utters sentiments in opposition to the public conscience. I have known but one author, and he was an ex-publisher, who upheld the broad principle that no man is entitled to the protection of his ideas,—an assertion which, in the case of that author, I was always willing to concede.

Among men of letters there can hardly be two opinions as to the justice or the good policy of the cause of International Copyright. I wish the complete success of the effort to educate our people to that point of interest in one of the greatest hardships of authors as may, in the end, impel them to enforce legislation from the governments of the United States and of Great Britain as will enable the authors of both countries to obtain at least the whole of the small remuneration which is due them for their hard and ill-paid work.

George H. Baker.

I FIND it difficult to speak dispassionately on the subject of "International Copyright," because my experience has made me feel the injustice of the present state of things most keenly. A man who constructs an improved button-hook or darning-needle may patent his invention in nearly every country of the civilized world, while the man who embodies the best results of his thought and culture in a book is exposed to depredations from any one (outside of his own country) who chooses to steal from him. In the space you have allotted me there is no opportunity for arguing the question. All I can do is to give an expression of sentiment in favor of International Copyright, and this I do with all possible emphasis; first, because the present system of mutual stealing is ethically wrong, and will in the end benefit nobody; and secondly, because I have myself suffered in many ways from the liberties taken with my writings in foreign countries.

Hjalmar H. Boyesen.

I HAVE the strongest conviction of the need and justice of speedy and effective legislation on the subject.

Phillips Brooks.

A RIGHT to the control and the protection of the product of one's brain, it seems to me, cannot be questioned from any point of view in an age which recognizes in so many other ways the liberty of the individual.

For any country to say that its subjects may use, without a proper compensation based on a mutual agreement as to its value, the results of the intellectual activity of those of another, is but a remnant of those barbaric times when physical strength was the sole basis of right, and government only an organized power of oppression.

Frances Hodgson Burnett.

TO ME this question of granting American copyright to foreigners is simply, Shall we buy their product or steal it? To a large nation the interests involved may seem small; but is any kind of stealing a small matter? Why do we dwarf this question by making

it a matter of protection to the American author? That point is a mere accident of the situation.

True, it would be a material protection to him. It would not force the foreign author into the high-price-book market, for full copyright would add only one cent to every ten cents of gross price; but it would make way for the American author to compete in the market of cheap editions, from which a paltry margin of one cent on ten practically shuts him out. But why should we lay stress upon this point? Suppose International Copyright did not protect the American author; what of that? Shall we continue in injustice and dishonesty?

Fancy the case turned around. Fancy this American nation of ours rising to its proper stature, putting forth its hand in legislation and saying to its pilferers of foreign books, "Steal no more; we will pay, through you, with every ten cents of book-price one cent more for decency, good manners, and common honesty." Then fancy this little bunch of men and women that we call "the American author" objecting—if such a thing could be—that somehow this left us unprotected. It seems to me an honest nation would blow us forever out of sight and hearing with one puff of laughter.

So, then, what have American authors to do with this question *more* than the vast army of American readers? Indeed, the American author is almost or quite the only American who might, if he chose, plausibly remain silent. He could say, "The protection of the foreign author carries with it my protection. I recuse myself." But you—American reader, book-buyer, citizen—with you it is simply the question whether, all things considered,—private self-regard, public decency, national honor, Christian morals, modern good manners,—whether it is better to read ten books honestly bought, or eleven dishonestly got. It is the American citizen's question, be he author or what not, and the shame of American citizens, authors and all, until it is settled right.

G. W. Cable.

If the interest of all publishers and authors concerned were clearly seen to be coincident, probably long since an International Copyright would have existed. Between two countries of equal size, productiveness, and culture, and employing the same language, an identity of interests for publishers and authors would probably be seen to exist. But as between England and America, it is undoubtedly true that several English novels are read in America where one American novel is read in England, and a similar disproportion probably holds in regard to works of poetry, history, and general discussion. It follows that bookmaking and bookselling are temporarily promoted in this country by a freedom from restriction; in other words, by opportunities for piracy. That there are many publishers who despise such piracy and uniformly share with foreign authors the profits on their publications, does not remove the presumption that publishers and papermakers have been influential opponents of an equitable arrangement. That productivity in literature and scholarship in all countries would be promoted by an International Copyright is demonstrable. These are the primary interests, and if a copyright would quicken the true sources of intellectual growth and progress,

not merely honesty and the recognition of an immense debt due from this country to England, but a true regard for self-interest, demands it; and that the interests of the publishers in both countries will be found in the long run to be identical with the honorable promotion of the best literature and the encouragement of the highest scholarship does not admit of question. It is one of those cases, so numerous in the history of this country, where honesty and self-denial on the part of one generation would issue in immense gains for those coming later.

Franklin Carter.

President of Williams College.

I MEANT sooner to have answered your note by reaffirming my conviction that nothing can be more just or more agreeable to the instinct of every honorable man who speaks the English language, than that the books of all who write in that language shall be treated equally by the law. Even when copyright is regarded merely as a grant of the state for its own advantage, it is expedient that all contributions to the literature of the language shall be recognized as having the same right to protection. Cheap books are good things; but cheapening the public conscience is a very bad thing; and if Congress clearly understands that American authors ask nothing which the public conscience does not approve, Congress will not refuse to recognize the expediency of an International Copyright.

George William Curtis.

I AM afraid that all the arguments of authors and publishers in support of International Copyright are as hackneyed to the public ear as the eighth commandment, of which they necessarily are only variations.

But is there not an advantage to the public itself in such a law, which it overlooks?

It would serve to keep the lower mass of worthless literature in each country at home where it originates. If the experiment of publishing a foreign book cost more here, we should be spared much that is puerile and poisonous. Unfortunately, we cannot now keep out these printed paupers and criminals, nor send them back, as we do their human kinsfolk.

In every way, therefore, this, our late effort at honesty, would help our morals.

Rebecca Harding Davis.

I HAVE given very little thought to the subject of an International Copyright and can offer nothing especially important as to the form and feature such a law should embody; but I can very readily assent to the justice of the principle upon which such a law is desired and demanded. Whatever by mind or by muscle, by thought or by labor, a man may have produced, whether it shall be useful or ornamental, instructive or amusing, whether book, plow, or picture, the said producer has in it a right of property superior to that of any other person at home or abroad. If any arrangement can be devised which will secure this superior and fundamental right to authors, without imposing unreasonable restrictions upon the spread of knowledge, and without operating unequally and unfairly towards the authors and artists of the respective countries concerned, I am for such an International Copyright.

Fred'k Douglass.



In the present stage of civilization, a great republic — unless it is willing to be a moral anomaly — must allow and secure International Copyright. It is high time that on this question our law-makers should cease to interpret "the rights of man" as meaning only the rights of Americans.

Mary Mapes Dodge.

In regard to International Copyright the following propositions are indisputable:

1. In a civilized community the same judicial vindication of rights of property should be accorded by law to a foreigner as to a citizen.

2. It is now the law in this country that the legal rights of a domestic and a foreign author in an *unpublished* literary work are precisely the same. Courts of justice will not permit either to be robbed of his literary property by a piratical wrong-doer.

3. But when a foreign author publishes his work, a mischievous and shameless fiction is recognized, to the effect that he has *dedicated* or *abandoned* it to the American public, even though his strong protestations and expressed willingness to comply with the rules to which our own authors are subjected in matters of copyright prove directly the contrary.

4. By this theory we really violate a right of property vested in the foreign author while professing, judicially, to maintain it; for of what value, in general, is a literary work to its author unless he can print and multiply copies and have an exclusive right of sale?

5. It was time long ago to abandon this unjust distinction, and to ground our copyright laws on broad principles of natural justice. What is dedication or abandonment for the citizen should be dedication or abandonment for the foreigner, — no more, no less.

Theodore W. Dwight.

[In the absence of Dr. Eggleston (in Europe) we reprint here a few words from his essay on "The Blessings of Piracy," which appeared in THE CENTURY for April, 1882.—EDITOR.]

It is a disgrace which the law-makers of America will have to bear, that men of letters in this late age should have to persuade reluctant legislators to give, through an intricate diplomacy, a partial protection from pillage to the productions of brain-labor, that ought to stand on the common footing of all property. The nineteenth century is drawing toward its close while yet Jews in Russia and writers in America are alike excluded from the equality before the law accorded to other classes.

Edward Eggleston.

I AM in hearty sympathy with the efforts making to secure International Copyright.

D. C. Gilman.

President Johns Hopkins University.

It is curious that a man's brain should be considered a lumber-room which anybody is at liberty to plunder; and yet this brain, put into concrete shape, cast into an "invention," is guarded as the most sacred and inviolable of human possessions! A man sits down and "invents" a surgical saw which may be at once patented as an inestimable boon to the human race, while his *confrère* writes a book swarming with the germs and suggestions of a dozen such "inven-

tions," and — anybody may steal the book, germs, suggestions, and all! Right on this side of a parallel of latitude, wrong on that side, quoth Pascal. Honesty on this side of the Atlantic is theft on the other, it seems.

James A. Harrison.

WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY, Lexington, Virginia.

I HAVE no hesitation in saying that I hold the opinion, in common as I suppose with most of the authors on both sides the Atlantic, that, whatever may have been true of the past, it is now for the interests of both authors and their readers that some scheme of International Copyright should be speedily agreed upon and put into operation.

President of Yale College.

Noah Porter.

HE who said "Let me make a nation's songs, and I care not who makes its laws," might have added, "Let Congress make Copyright Laws, and I care not who denounces their immorality." Interest, not justice, controls this matter. Artists, sculptors, and architects are secure from theft only because he who would rob them must first possess genius and patience equal to their own. The author is robbed because his sole vehicle is language, and any fool can run a felonious printing-press. Although this facility of language enables authors to reach a larger audience than is accessible to other men of ideas, that same fatal facility exposes them to be defrauded of the fruits of their labor. The means whereby they benefit mankind is the means whereby mankind starves them. Therefore let authors learn to fatten on fame, — or write only what is worth nobody's while to steal.

Julian Hawthorne.

I AM a firm advocate of International Copyright laws. The injury done to the progress of American literature by their absence seems to me often overstated; but the harm done to authors by the garbling and mutilation of their books under the present system is a very serious thing. I have suffered from it myself, and have seen others suffer; and it is a loss not to be measured by money. It is this consideration, and not the merely financial aspect of the matter, which has most weight in my own mind.

Thos. Wentworth Higginson.

CAN literary property be protected against theft and piracy? If so, it needs no argument to show that it should be; and if it be not done, the law-making power is in fault. Only by an impossibility can the law-making power be absolved from its obligation.

Mark Hopkins.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, Williamstown, Mass.

YOU invite from me some expression in regard to International Copyright. I am in favor of any and every device for securing to the foreign author that property in his writings which our country nobly bestows on native authors for forty-two years before suffering them to become public pillage.

W. D. Howells.

Of all existing brutalities, of all legislative cruelties, of all cruelties inflicted by a civilized people upon a particular class, of all contemptible thefts known to mankind the meanest, the lowest, the pettiest, the most debased and despicable, is the brutality, the cruelty, the theft, practiced against authors by the United States of America. The United States of America professes to be a republic devoted to the freedom of men and to fair play for all citizens and aliens. The Government of the United States of America is untrue to this profession: it commits itself to a pitiable falsehood, and will remain so committed just as long as it refuses copyright to foreign authors whose books are published in this country.

George Parsons Lathrop.

apologies can explain away the disgrace of it. Of the flimsy pretexts constantly urged for the perpetuation of this injustice, the most unintelligent is that which insists that while this spoliation may lower the general standard of morality, it raises the general standard of intelligence. One of the greatest literatures in the world is ours, abounding in works that inform and elevate. They are uncopyrighted and within the means of the poorest. If these will not diffuse intelligence, we may be sure it will never be done by flooding the land with books which are sold cheap because they are stolen, which are bought and read to the exclusion of better books merely because they are cheap, and which are then thrown away because they are not worth reading twice.

T. R. Lounsbury.

I AM familiar with all the arguments which have been advanced in favor of refusing a copyright to foreign authors, and it seems to me that when they are not disgraceful in dishonesty, they are simply silly in their sophistry. We are struck by the infamous meanness of the *droit d'aubaine* by which a century ago all the personal effects of strangers dying in France were taken by the king. We, more ingenious, rob the author of his property on a far greater scale at a distance, without waiting for his death. There are few great nations which have not one crying infamy to disgrace them. England has the opium trade; we have had two. The first, slavery, we have abolished; the meaner and pettier outrage against the rights of a class we still retain. For all these wrongs there is retribution; and if inordinate national vanity did not blind us to the fact, we might see that our Nemesis is already overtaking us. It is not long since an American publisher wrote to me that there is a rapidly growing dislike in "the trade" to publish "literary" works by American authors, or anything, in fact, in which a large and certain sale could not be secured at little outlay. It is not the best intellectual training for a people to be confined to educational and technological books, or even magazines and newspapers, eked out by foreign pilferings. All of this, even if disseminated by millions at a cent a volume, will not make sound thinkers or cultivated minds. The average American believes, of course, that we "whip all creation" in poetry, philosophy, fiction, and art; but it is not true. Our position as respects these branches is creditable; in fact, it is remarkable considering the circumstances; but it is very far from being commensurate to our advance in what are foolishly called "practical" matters. And this backwardness is chiefly due to the absence of an International Copyright law. It was said of old that when the serpent devoured the brood of another, her own young died within her, and we are carrying out the simile in full.

Charles G. Leland.

THE position of the United States in regard to International Copyright is something that brings to every high-minded American a sense of shame. From the beginning of our national existence we have presented the spectacle of a great and wealthy people systematically plundering a never well-paid body of men, while at the same time it professes to hold them in special honor. No devices can cover up the fact, no

OUR copyright legislation should be reformed for the sake of (A) the American author and (B) the American reader.

(A). The present absence of International Copyright unfairly forces on the American author a competition with stolen goods. The lot of the foreign author, whose works are pirated here, is hard enough; but he has at least his home market. Far harder is the lot of the American author, who is robbed abroad and who is forced to sell his wares at home in cut-throat competition with the pirated works of the foreigner.

(B). Under the present state of the law the American reader is not able to get the best—although to get the best is the aim of most Americans. He does not get the best from American authors because some, becoming discouraged, have quit work, and because some are tempted to sacrifice quality to quantity; and both of these causes are due to the competition with stolen goods. He does not get the best from the foreigner because most foreign books, when now republished here, are ill-made pamphlets, shabby in paper, press-work, and type, and to be described only by the convenient Britishism "cheap and nasty."

Brander Matthews.

THE question of International Copyright seems to me rather one of national morals than of the interest of authors or of publishers. It is whether the highest results of labor, of education, and of intellect shall be stolen with immunity, or not.

Charles Eliot Norton.

If foreign work is to be the cheapest here, and if that is to become the universal principle, what is to be the result? Is it not perfectly plain that as the literature of the age begins to show its effects upon those who read it, and as every one will naturally buy and read what he can get the cheapest throughout the civilized world, every one will read the works of foreign authors, and at last, as the reader partakes of this foreign literature and becomes more and more impregnated with it, will he not become at last a foreigner himself? That is the great question underlying International Copyright. It is a question whether we shall or shall not become not only a nation of foreigners, but a universe of foreigners. The only safe way, in order to remain a native, will be to refrain from learn-

ing to read. Of course there will be advantages connected with being foreigners here in America. We should have more political influence for one thing, and there would be other minor advantages, but not sufficient to counterbalance the disadvantages.

*Bill Nyr.*

IN my judgment the demand for International Copyright is just and reasonable, and the time is ripe for the legislation needed to secure it.

*Frederick Law Olmsted.*

FOR the sake of American writers and American readers the cheap pirated editions of foreign books should be stopped. No element is stronger than literature (*i. e.*, the novel and the drama) in the forming and cementing of a native social life. It is probable that ninety per cent. of the stories and plays offered the American people to-day are European in study or suggestion. Young people here are learning to make ideals of men and women and ways far removed from their own country. This has already gone so far that many American writers are induced to depict a bastard aristocracy here; and this in turn is becoming the ideal social order of a large class of American readers.

This is not more lamentable than the wretched condition in which our professional *littérateurs* are left through the cheap reprints and translations of European books. While all kinds of trade and material interests are protected, the literary man, the most defenseless and surely one of the most precious possessions of the country, is literally robbed and disregarded.

*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

THE late Mr. Frelinghuysen spoke the truth when he told you that there was no strong popular demand for International Copyright, which you urged upon his attention. Such a measure would directly and obviously benefit only a small number of our fellow-citizens, a few artists, dramatists, composers of music, poets, novelists, essayists, philosophers, and some other authors, the men and women who originate beautiful and noble things. Shall I say of this small number that they are the flower of the human race? Without insisting upon that, I may assert with confidence that they assist more than any other class to make life worth living. Over the door of a noted man of action of our time was written the sentiment from an ancient author: "Life without letters, death." The men and women who create literature and art are a priceless possession and a universal good, for they benefit and enliven, indirectly, myriads who never know their names. They confer upon a country the only part of its glory which survives its ruin.

These illustrious persons produce a kind of property (and many of them live by producing it) which becomes available only by its being exposed to robbery. If that property is locked up in an iron safe, it might as well not exist. Poetry must be published; a comedy must be played; music must be performed; a picture must be exhibited; and being thus exposed to view, they can be copied and reproduced in cheaper forms, so as to deprive the author of his just compensation. Hence the need of legal protection of a special character,

such as copyright and International Copyright. The United States alone among the nations of Christendom refuses to protect the rights of its authors in other lands, and the rights of foreign authors who confer upon us incalculable good. Till we remedy this defect we are self-excluded from the honors of advanced civilization; we consent to remain provincial. We may adore prestige even to meanness, but we cannot confer it.

*James Furman.*

You ask for my opinion on the subject of International Copyright. It seems to me there can be but two opinions on such a matter, and that they cannot be unlike those of the burglar and of the burglarer.

I cannot suppose my experience to be very different from that of other writers (one's own experience is apt to be like other people's in most things), and mine has been that England is the only country across seas in which my right to my own books has been even nominally recognized. Several well-known English publishing firms have treated me honorably in the matter of royalty or bonus. One of them complained that after so doing the story in question was pirated into two British magazines,—one of them, I think, in Scotland,—and run as a serial, to the injury of the sales of the book.

From France, from Holland, from Italy, from Germany, where my books have been translated for fifteen years, I have never received one dollar. Let me say to the credit of one German publisher who negotiated on a business basis with the author, that his righteous effort was defeated by the competition of a less conscientious fellow-countryman before we could sign our contract. In many cases I do not even receive a copy of the volume of whose translated existence I am told. The last that I did receive I wished I hadn't, for it came under a title that I would not have owned for all the copyright of the country.

*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

THE question of International Copyright is one which, by its being raised at all, marks an encouraging progress in that better civilization which consists in higher standards of equity, and more explicit legislation for their maintenance. The conception of property is at first a very coarse one, and it has not been honorable to our history as a people that there has been such wide indifference to the right of property in the productions of a man's brain. True, we had, as a people, not much of this sort of property in the beginning to protect; and there is a wholesome element of retribution in the fact that our own free-handed appropriation of other men's literary labors has returned to plague us, now that we have ourselves so much more of such property to be protected. But the selfish aspect of the question is the lowest, and it is one that I do not care to urge. It ought to appeal to every chivalric sentiment in those who are not men of letters, that there is a large, and certainly most valuable class of their fellow-citizens who are inadequately protected in their plain rights by the law as it at present exists, and whose title to the fruit of their own literary labors they themselves are by training and position poorly fitted to maintain. Their very defenselessness, their ignorance of business methods, their sensitive reluctance to appear grasping or calcu-

lating, are considerations which, I think, will appeal to all right-minded people as a claim upon their co-operation in an effort which, it cannot be denied, is based upon essential principles of justice and righteousness.

*Henry C. Potter.*

*Assistant Bishop of New York.*

THE unblushing robbery of authors among civilized nations is one of the most amazing relics of barbarism. The fact that such robbery is complicated with other interests does not affect its moral aspect in the least. This would be true of any long-continued and systematic phase of theft. The present laws practically subject American authors to a double wrong. Our books are stolen immediately on publication and sold in other lands without any regard to our interests or wishes. We suffer even greater loss in having to compete with foreign literature that is unpaid for. Suppose the farming class, when offering wheat, were told: We can buy all we wish at twenty cents a bushel. What wheat could be bought at such a price? Wheat stolen from Canada.

If such a state of affairs were possible, it would illustrate precisely the position in which existing laws place the literary class and interests.

*E. P. Roe.*

In reply to your circular letter permit me to copy, from a book just published, one of my various references to the wrongs inflicted upon our native authors through the want of International Copyright:

All classes of literary workmen, however, still endure the disadvantage of a market drugged with stolen goods. Shameless as is our legal plundering of foreign authors, our blood is most stirred by the consequent injury to home literature, by the wrongs, the poverty, the discouragement, to which the foes of International Copyright subject our own writers. The nerve and vitality of the latter can have no stronger demonstration than by the progress which they make while loaded with an almost insufferable burden.

*Edmund C. Stedman.*

If the people in this country who are opposed to an International Copyright law because they think it would deprive them of cheap reading matter, would agree that all of them who make anything, sell anything, or do anything for pay, would make, sell, and do for the authors of their country at about one-fifth the prices they charge other people, then might American authors feel satisfied that although literature was very cheap, still, so far as they were concerned, wheat, beef, shoes, rents, and professional services were also very cheap, and thus might consider themselves on a par with the other workers of the country, and able to afford to wait until sentiments of simple justice brought about a law which would make the work of every writer, native or foreign, his own property.

*Frank R. Stockton.*

[A FRIEND of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe writes: "All her friends know that in the matter of International Copyright she feels just as do Mr. Whittier and

all other honest-minded people; but I cannot speak to her on the subject at this time, for Professor Stowe's health is so bad that he needs constant watching, and the writing of even so much as a line would be a tax which I would not willingly help to add to her labors." — EDITOR CENTURY.]

THE stimulus and encouragement that International Copyright would give to American authors could not fail to be productive of good. What we as a people read is perhaps the largest element of our national education, and the influence of foreign literature, whose spirit is opposed to our institutions, should be counteracted by a home literature urged to its best development. All the terms being equal, Americans will read American books, and of these the most popular will be the ones reflecting American manners, customs, opinions, and character, and tempered with a wise patriotism. In fact, if literature is worth having, the best is the most worth having; but in order to get the best fruits of the best minds, literary labor must be productive of property; that is, its results must belong to the producer. Moreover, honesty as well as policy demands that the author have the fullest proprietary control of his creations.

*Maurice Thompson.*

I STRONGLY believe in International Copyright as a matter — 1. Of justice, gratitude, and courtesy to foreign authors;

2. Of justice, gratitude, and courtesy to American authors;

3. Of proper and needful stimulus to the cultivation and practice of literature in this country;

4. Of proper and needful encouragement and protection to all literature;

5. Of common integrity, civility, and even commercial decency between nations;

6. Of immediate, continuous, and ever-increasing benefit to the human race, by its larger multiplication and improvement of intellectual products, by its adoption of a standard of international rectitude higher than any yet insisted upon with physical force, by its recognition of the republic of humanity through its recognition of the republic of letters, and by its consequent amelioration of international selfishness, prejudice, jealousy, meanness, and spite,—the very things hitherto that have kept down human souls, and kept up wars, and kept back the higher life of the world.

*Moses Coit Tyler.*

THAT the facility with which a thing may be stolen is no valid excuse for the theft, and that simple justice to the author requires that literary property should be protected like any other property,—this seems too plain to admit of question. The argument in favor of International Copyright covers broader grounds. No individual, no country, can afford to favor injustice. The easy plunder of authors' rights is detrimental to the literature and the morals of a people, and should be abolished, along with all forms of dishonest repudiation and public fraud.

*J. T. Townbridge.*



No one denies the foreign author's simple moral right to property in the product of his brain; so we may waive that feature and look at non-existent International Copyright from a combined business and statesmanship point of view, and consider whether the nation gains or loses by the present condition of the thing.

As for the business aspect, a great argument of politicians is that our people get foreign books at a cheap rate. Most unfortunately for the country, that is true: we do get cheap alien books—and not of one kind only. We get all kinds—and they are distributed and devoured by the nation strictly in these proportions: an ounce of wholesome literature to a hundred tons of noxious. The ounce represents the little editions of the foreign masters in science, art, history, and philosophy required and consumed by our people; the hundred tons represent the vast editions of foreign novels consumed here—including the welcome semi-annual inundation from Zola's sewer.

Is this an advantage to us? It certainly is, if poison is an advantage to a person; or if to teach one thing at the hearthstone, the political hustings, and in a nation's press, and teach the opposite in the books the nation reads is profitable; or, in other words, if to hold up a national standard for admiration and emulation half of each day, and a foreign standard the other half, is profitable. The most effective way to train an impressionable young mind and establish for all time its standards of fine and vulgar, right and wrong, and good and bad, is through the imagination; and the most insidious manipulator of the imagination is the felicitously written romance. The statistics of any public library will show that of every hundred books read by our people, about seventy are novels—and nine-tenths of them foreign ones. They fill the imagination with an unhealthy fascination for foreign life, with its dukes and earls and kings, its fuss and feathers, its graceful immoralities, its sugar-coated injustices and oppressions; and this fascination breeds a more or less pronounced dissatisfaction with our country and form of government, and contempt for our republican commonplaces and simplicities; it also breeds longings for something "better," which presently crop out in diseased shams and imitations of that ideal foreign life. Hence the "dude." Thus we have this curious spectacle: American statesmen glorifying American nationality, teaching it, preaching it, urging it, building it up—with their mouths; and undermining it and pulling it down with their acts. This is to employ an Indian nurse to suckle your child, and expect it not to drink in the Indian nature with the milk. It is to go Christian-missionarying with infidel tracts in your hands. Our average young person reads scarcely anything but novels; the citizenship and morals and predilections of the rising generation of America are largely under foreign training by foreign teachers. This condition of things is what the American statesman thinks it wise to protect and preserve—by refusing International Copyright, which would bring the national teacher to the front and push the foreign teacher to the rear. We do get cheap books through the absence of International Copyright; and any who will consider the matter thoughtfully will arrive at the conclusion that these cheap books are the costliest purchase that ever a nation made.

Mark Twain.

I SHOULD be content to rest the argument for International Copyright upon justice, and it would seem that an appeal to the sense of fair dealing ought to be enough. In every civilized country the law recognizes an author's published books as his property for a limited term of years, and gives him a remedy for the invasion of his rights. In all civilized countries a person may go and be protected in what is universally recognized as his property; more, he may hold property and be protected in it in countries where he is not a resident, and where he has never been; he may hold any sort of personal property—even the right of royalty on an invention—except in one case: the author has no property in his books beyond the territory in which he is a citizen. Is it just that this exception should be made against the author? No one contributes more to the entertainment and elevation of mankind.

But the argument stands with equal solidity upon expediency. Take the case of England and America. If our legislators are unwilling to do justice to English authors, they certainly ought to protect the American authors. The latter have a right to ask that their government should secure for them in England the same rights there that American inventors have. But this is not all. We want in this country a literature *sui generis*, the influence of American and not of English ideas upon our increasing millions. But as long as publishers can get for nothing English material, they can not afford to pay for American production. The American author asks to be put upon an equality in this country with the English producers of literature. He does not ask for protection. 'He is in the position of a cotton manufacturer in Connecticut, who might be able to compete with one in Manchester without a tariff, but who could not hold the market against goods made in Manchester that had been stolen and brought to this country.

Charles Dudley Warner.

THERE seems little need of words on the subject of an International Copyright Law. Justice and fair dealing demand it. I have seen no argument against it which was not, logically and morally, too weak to need refutation. The measure commends itself to every man who is honest enough to keep his hands out of his neighbor's pocket.

John G. Whittier.

#### Christian Union.

LETTERS FROM EPISCOPAL DIVINES.

From Bishop Dudley.

IT has been a real pleasure to read Dr. Shields's paper in the November CENTURY. His rainbow words of hope must bring a more than momentary delight to the Christian heart that is weary of the "wars and fightings" among us, the stormy controversies about matters of little moment, albeit our joy be but the recollection of the covenant of promise, and our eyes can see no sign of its speedy fulfillment in the oneness that shall be.

Grant that the dogmatic ferocity of the last century has been somewhat tamed, and that sectarian shibboleths are not sounded so loudly as then; grant that the time is near at hand, which, alas, we fear is far distant,



when "the American churches, leaving their existing standards unchanged," can be "simply confederated in a formal profession of the Nicene or Apostles' creed," still how far would we still be from *organic unity*? They might, indeed, "appear to the world as the united churches of the United States"; but a confederation cannot be an organic unity, be the bond of the confederacy identity of theological opinion or identity of devotional expression. Dr. Shields well adduces the political confederation of the American colonies as illustrative of the weakness and worthlessness of such an ecclesiastical union. There was no organ of the confederated colonies through which might be put into operation their united strength; there was no *organic* unity, and so there was no real union. Equally valueless would be a union of ecclesiastical bodies resting upon a consensus of opinion.

And even less stable and less powerful were a merely sentimental association based upon a common liturgical worship. I doubt not that the soldiers of the confederated colonies shouted all the same battle-cry, that the drums and fifes of all confined themselves strictly to the same patriotic tunes, that the officers and men were all arrayed, as far as possible, in the same uniform, and yet the commander-in-chief of the armies was often pleading that his empty chest might receive the supplies which each State owed, and whose payment he was powerless to compel. And his righteous soul was often vexed by the obstructions placed in his path by the interference of wiseacres over whom he had no control. Unity of sentiment, unity of the expression of that sentiment, is not organic unity, and so is unequal to bring to bear the whole strength of the associated units.

Organic unity is unity of organization; it is the oneness of government, despite differences of sentiment, differences of opinion, and differences of expression both of opinion and of sentiment; and it is powerful because the one life puts forth its strength through the organs that are its appointed instruments. When the confederated States had adopted the Constitution, then they became *united*, and then they were strong, although a watchful jealousy sought successfully to hinder their perfect union by the restraints it imposed upon the activity of the one common life. Doctor Shields well says, "Ever since then they have been racked with internal conflicts, until at last welded together by the fiery blows of civil war." Necessity compelled the removal of the hindering reservations; to protect its own life the nation must exert its whole strength through its own organs, and so the restraints of individual State action were practically and quickly removed. The United States are to-day more than ever before, and in a very real sense, organically one. The world recognizes this fact, this changed condition; and to-day, in consequence, the name of "American citizen" is respected as never before. More than this, to-day the bonds of the United States Government are at a premium in the world's markets, though our national debt is of enormous magnitude, while before the Civil War, when the debt was nothing, the bonds of our government were to be bought at a discount.

Shall the illustration teach us, then, the necessity for ecclesiastical war as the alone creator of ecclesiastical unity? But is it not a possible lesson to be learned without pushing "a mere political analogy too far,"

that the organic unity we long for and pray for shall come at last, in the good providence of God, from the ever-fiercer onslaught of the enemies of Jesus and His truth, and from the compelling necessity that Christendom shall be enabled to put forth her whole strength to resist this assault and to save her own life.

To the question, What shall be the form of this organization which shall include the great company of believers now separated into so many divisions? it would seem that there can be but one reply. Leaving out of our view entirely the question of Scriptural revelation, and granting that there is no definite ecclesiastical polity laid down in Scripture, yet none other than a threefold Ministry of Apostolic Succession can by any possibility be made satisfactory to the great and ancient Churches of the East and of the West, even could the Anglican Communion be induced for the sake of unity to accept another.

But this one element admitted, of the Episcopal Succession which shall insure the continuous witness of the never-dying Apostolate, there may be large room for concession and change in the details of the organization, and it may be that Dr. Shields's vision shall be realized of a "comprehensive polity which shall be at once Congregational, Presbyterian, and Episcopal." But whatever be the polity under which all Christendom shall be organized, when it shall be thus organized, and not until then, will it be *organically one*.

So much I have felt called upon to say, because I believe that it is all-important we shall have full understanding of the end we seek, that we shall know what we mean by organic unity. This end clearly set before us, then may we labor for union of lower and less real character, because subsidiary and helpful to that which is higher and alone satisfying.

Yes, let us labor that we may agree in theological opinion with our brothers of every name; let us minimize our differences and emphasize our agreements,—not because we believe community of opinion to be organic unity, but because we can hope that the more nearly we can approach the confession of a common creed, the more possible becomes the recognition that we may and that we should be members of one household of faith, speak with one voice the one message, and battle in one army for its defense.

Let us rejoice to mark every evidence of intelligent devotional progress, that dissatisfaction with the crudities of extemporized worship is calling to its aid as the vehicles of its prayer and praise, the liturgies consecrated by the use of the centuries,—not because the use of a common form is organic unity, but because the appreciation and employment of the treasures of ancient devotional literature and of the ancient system of Christian worship tends to soften the fierce demand for a narrow sectarian theology and practice, and so tends to create the comprehensive spirit which alone can make organic union possible.

Above all let us strive to love "all them who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." Let us strive to "keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." Let us join hand in hand with all Christian men in works of practical beneficence, of moral reform, of popular education. Let us rejoice to learn from their knowledge, to drink of the living water which they have drawn from the wells of salva-

tion. And let us pray with ever-increasing earnestness of supplication that the Master will haste the day when we shall all be one. As He is in His Father, and His Father in Him, that so the world may believe that God did send Him.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

T. U. Dudley.

From Rev. J. H. Hopkins, S. T. D.

As a churchman, I cannot but express my delight at the general drift and tone of the article of Professor Shields; and especially at his clear-sightedness in perceiving that *organic* unity — not sentimental unity only — must be our true objective point, towards which we must strive to work, no matter how distant its full realization may seem to be. Another point for special thankfulness is, that he does *not* contemplate a union of Protestants only. To begin an attempted reunion of the whole body by leaving out by far the greater part of its members (the Roman and the Oriental churches) is an absurdity which finds no favor with him.

As to doctrinal unity, he does not overstate the difficulties, if all present points of difference are to be adjusted before the organic unity is accomplished. But this is, on historic grounds, by no means necessary. The *true* ground is, that no one portion of Christendom has any right to make the acceptance of any doctrinal formula a term of communion in the Holy Catholic Church, unless that whole church has itself set it forth for that purpose. This principle would at once subordinate all disputed points that have arisen since the ancient Catholic Church spoke through her General Councils. As for ourselves, no intelligent churchman would dream of insisting upon our thirty-nine articles as terms of communion. Nothing could make this clearer than the noble declaration of the first Lambeth Conference in 1867, which omits all allusion to the thirty-nine articles. This declaration was subsequently accepted by our American House of Bishops, so that it may fairly be styled the *unanimous* voice of the Anglican Episcopate throughout the world, without so much as a single voice raised in opposition. And they said: "We do here solemnly record our conviction that unity will be most effectually promoted by maintaining the faith in its purity and integrity,—as taught in the Holy Scriptures, held by the Primitive Church, summed up in the *Credo*, and affirmed by the undisputed General Councils,—and by drawing each of us closer to our common Lord, by giving ourselves to much prayer and intercession, by the cultivation of charity, and a love of the Lord's appearing." In this, the Roman and Oriental churches might agree, as heartily as our own. And Professor Shields, when he says that "most of the American churches might readily join in a formal profession of the *Nicene or Apostles' Creed*," proves that the only doctrinal unity which ought to be insisted on is really much nearer than he supposes.

As to church government — practically the toughest of all the problems to be settled — the Apostolical Succession is possessed by the entire body of Oriental, Roman, and Anglican churches, and *cannot* be surrendered without defeating the very unity which is desired to be accomplished. If the churches which have that succession should allow an equal validity in those who have it not, this allowance would simply conse-

crate the germinal principle of all past and present schisms and lay the nest-egg for any number of other schisms in time to come. A ministry of Divine origin and one of purely human origin can never be put upon the same level. But while this principle of Divine authority must be maintained, charity and prudence require that, in order to facilitate the restoration of a visible unity, the exercise of that authority should voluntarily be restricted to those things only which are *essential* to a vital unity.

As to worship, I have very little to add to the glowing language of Professor Shields, except to accentuate *greatly* the importance of the Holy Eucharist, as the great sum of all worship,—a preponderating importance not yet fully realized among ourselves, but of which we are becoming more and more conscious as we advance towards unity. And also, that his admiration of our prayer-book is rather more unqualified than our own. There are many glorious things in the ancient liturgies which we have not retained; and it is to be hoped that among the many liturgies likely to be compiled and used among the denominations around us, not a few of these may be appropriated, and may so commend themselves in actual use that by and by we may get the benefit of them also.

The point of government, as I have said, is the toughest. *Faith* and *Worship* alone will not do. In Scotland there are, I believe, *eleven* distinct Presbyterian bodies. In *Faith* they are identical. In *Worship* they are identical. Yet they are not *one* church, but *eleven*. And so long as the ministry is confessedly *human*, the human tree will bring forth the human fruit.

Of one thing I am certain. If, at the time of any of the great separations among Christians in the past, the condition of the church had been what it is to-day, and if the mind and temper of those who became separatists *then* had been the same as that of their representatives *now*, no separation would have taken place at all. This change on *both* sides is a proof, to me, that the God of Unity and Love is, in His own time and way, bringing us all together again, in Him.

J. H. Hopkins.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

#### "Danger Ahead."

IN the November CENTURY appears an able article by Dr. Lyman Abbott, entitled "Danger Ahead," in which, in the main, there is the best of argument; but the author shows an evident misconception of the province of government. At the close, in writing of government control of the telegraph, he says: "Government in England can conduct a great telegraphic enterprise. If government in America cannot, it is time that we found out the reason why." In relation to the Erie Canal he says: "If we can own, administer and control a great water-way, why not a great highway?" Again, in contrasting the Union Pacific railway with the English India railway, he asks: "If England can do this [make two per cent. profit] in India, why cannot we do it in America?" Without, at the present, disputing the conclusion Dr. Abbott would have us reach, we ask, what of it?

If government in America cannot manufacture a purer and better article of baking-powder, to enable

the people to eat more wholesome bread, it is time that we found out the reason why. If we can own and control great penitentiaries for the accommodation of the lawless, why not great hotels for the accommodation of the law-abiding? If great manufacturing establishments can make money out of patented inventions, why should not government go into the same line of business? Are these three questions absurd? Yes. But no more so in principle than the questions of Dr. Abbott. Why absurd? Because all these things are beyond the province of government.

We are very liable to be misled by unauthorized acts of government, and to suppose them right and done by authority; and when we have taken unauthorized acts as a basis of action, we are most certain to run into great error. The government was established solely for the protection of the people. Its departments were organized for this purpose only. For the protection of life, liberty, and property. Our fundamental law makes the government a protector, not a guardian. It is not for government to assume the functions of the individual, and engage in pursuits other than those necessary for this protection. What the people can do for themselves it is not necessary for the government to do for them; for it would be useless to form a government for the doing of what could be done before it was formed. Because, perchance, the government can carry on some work better than an individual, is no reason it should do so; for by so doing it becomes a dictator. If government would give full and complete protection to the people in their person and property, and allow them to develop the country and manage their own enterprises, many of the "dangers ahead" would be avoided.

A strong government is a necessity, but complex departments necessitating an army of officers, and built up on the false idea that a government is a huge organization for business, debases politics, substitutes the desire for office in place of the desire for the welfare of the nation, and thus leads to that corruption of which we have had glaring examples, and which

may work great injury. This is a "danger ahead" which it is well for us to guard against.

The opening up of new portions of the country should be left to the people, that they may act as necessity requires. The forcing process by government aid and credit, which throws open vast areas which cannot be occupied excepting by calling for, and inducing the Old World to unload its surplus, and oftentimes lawless population upon us, leads to the growth of socialism. If socialism is a "danger ahead," the government may take part of the blame for not leaving the law of increase and progress to work out its own natural result. Our desire for increase of population, and the settling up of the country, to a degree beyond that afforded by increase within, and through natural immigration, has made it necessary to call upon government to do that which was not contemplated by our organic law, and which cannot properly be considered a duty of government. And this has led to inviting "danger ahead," by indiscriminately opening our doors to the world, and drawing to us the lowest disturbing elements of Europe, and placing the ballot in the hands of those absolutely unfit to govern themselves, and much less fitted to have a voice in the government of others. By this process we have not strengthened our government. A country may grow beyond its strength. Material may be gained which adds to the growth, but injures the stability. When government keeps within the line of its duty, and protects the people, while they build such avenues of communication, open up such sections of the land, and engage in such other enterprises as they may deem proper and required by the natural growth of the country, there will be found less "danger ahead" than when the government assumes the functions of a gigantic monied corporation, engages in all sorts of business, and comes into competition with private enterprise. The question is, not what government can do, but what government may do, consistent with the purposes for which it was established.

H. C. Fulton.

## BRIC-À-BRAC.

### Uncle Essek's Wisdom.

WIT and humor are born of sober parents.

A LITTLE authority is a dangerous thing. A terrible fellow to meet is a country constable with half-a-dozen subornas to serve.

PRECOCIOUS children are not only nuisances, but they are generally as stupid at twenty as they are starting at ten.

THE man who can't find anything to do is generally afraid he will.

THE more a man knows, the more he suspects what he has already learned.

IT is possible that friendship may be disinterested; but it is hardly possible to separate love from self-love.

INTELLIGENCE is the leading feature of beauty; almost anything will answer for the background.

IF the Devil were as lazy as many Christians are, he could count his proselytes for each year on his fingers.

GAMBLING ends in poverty and disgrace. It is only a question of time and strict attention to business.

A MAN has a right to his opinions as long as he keeps them to himself.

FLATTERY is like treason; we like the treason well enough, but we despise the traitor.

MANY men fail by being too much for the occasion.

THE lion and the lamb may lie down together, but I don't think the same lamb would do it the second time.

A MAN may be a fool for yielding to the importunity of his passions, but if he had no passions he certainly would be a fool.

ALL snobs are toadies, and toady to some other snob.

THERE are plenty of people who mix their religion with their business, but who don't stir it up well. The business invariably rises to the top.

Uncle Essek.

Out on a "Scurdgeon."

"Oh, Mammy Lindy! how glad—*glad* I am to see you back home in your kitchen again!" and Dora dropped the rolling-pin in the bread-tray, and clapped her hands. "And how did you enjoy your excursion to Washington?"

"Ah, chile! and well mought you be glad to see your pore ole mammy back ag'in! I 'scaped away wid my life; but dey got my new parm-leaf fan, and de umberil, and mo'n ha'f a yard o' dat green veil Jake bought me when Betsy Ann was a baby."

"Dear! dear! what misfortunes! Light your pipe, Mammy Lindy, see,—here is your corn-cob, stuck in the crack, just as you left it—and tell me all about your visit while it is fresh in your mind."

"Well, honey, I tole my son Mose, when I bid him far'well, dat I had be'n froo tarments and haggermarizin's enuff to last one lifetime, and de scurdgeons mought *come*, and de scurdgeons mought *go*, but dey'd git nare 'nother fi' cint out o' his mammy's pocket ag'in."

"You see de haggermarizin' 'menced at de berry depot. I and Hinry, we got dar wid our gums and godes [gourds] 'bout two hours 'fo' de train come in. I was totin' one o' dese round half-bushel godes full o' soap uz a present for Vi'let. Hinry, he's mighty 'bejunt and humble, so I han's him de gode o' soft soap and tole him to wrop his arms 'round it and spill nare drap till we got to Mose's house in Wash'n't'."

"A round soap-gode is a' awful handy thing to tote on de head, but I had artishful flow's on my bonnet, and 'twould 'a' mashed 'em. Hinry hilt dat gode like 'twas a baby, and uz he seemed so studdy and sinsible like, I laid de bundle o' roots and yarbs and de umberil alongside, and de ruffle piller-case o' dried apples on top, and he stood dar loaded up like a statcher till de kyars come a-ramblin' 'long. Dat lef me wid nothin' to tote, scuzin' de bandbox and de willow basket wid de two yaller pullets, and de duck in de fer de chilluns, and de fan. 'Twar mighty hot and crowded-up wid de things in de kyar, and de chickens and de duck got mighty restless. We sot dar on de bench a right smart while, when de cap'en o' de kyar come along, and fust he axes Hinry mighty perlite fer 'tickets,' but he mought jest as well 'a' axed de soap-gode, for Hinry was dat sound asleep dat nuthin' fer a grubbin'-hoe could ha' woke him; and, Miss Dora, honey, as I didn't keer to corrate a disturbance, I had to retch down in my pocket, and pay dat nigger's kyar-hire!"

"I axes de cap'en when he comes along ef he would be so gentmanfied as to gib me two hours' notice 'fore gittin' to Wash'n't', dat I mought hab time to woke up Hinry. He laughed; but he gint de notice, and 'twar all I *could* do to git Hinry on his legs when we druv inter de city. He had sno'ed froo de confrigation same uz a dog, but he hilt on ter dat soap-gode like a 'possum to a 'simmon tree."

"Arter eberybody leff de kyar 'ceptin' I and Hinry, a ve'y likely cullud man in a uniform ast us to take seats in de 'ception-room, and he axed ef we had writ to any one to meet us dar. Hinry never made no arnsers at all, so I ups and sez: 'No; but I see sich a stream comin' in, and goin' out, dat Mose or Vi'let or some o' de chillun's mighty apt to come along presently, and we'd wait.'"

"But, Miss Dora, dough I seed mo'n a hundred folks

pass by o' all kinds o' nations, I never see nobody ever laid eyes on afore in my bawn days."

"So I stepped to de flatforn and hollered, 'Hacker! Hacker!' four times, or may be five."

"A sumptious-lookin' black Afrikin, wid a whip, comed grinnin' up, and sed he guess he was de one I was arter."

"Why did you call him *Hacker*, Mammy Lindy?" inquired Dora.

"Case it stan' to reason, Miss Dora. When a pusson smokes, you calls him a smoker, and de long and short o' hack-drivin' am 'hacker.'"

"Oh, yes, certainly. Go on."

"Den why couldn't you arnser when I fust called you?" I sez, pretty sharp.

"Den he scratch his head."

"You gwine to put all dat truck in my hack?" he say, uz I was shovin' in de chicken-basket."

"Look a-here, nigger!" I sez, 'I'll hab you to know I comed out o' Kunnel Porter's fambly, and was ridin' in de kerridge wid my mistess, and little Miss July in my lap, to de white Sulphy Springs, when you was kyverin corn in King-and-Queen wid your rusty black toes.' I spoke so ambitious, I skeered him; and he swumpted right up, and he say:

"Hi! how you know whar I come fum? Specks you's one o' dem fortune-tellers."

"But I knowed it, 'cause dat nation o' niggers is so mon'sous black."

"He driv right along tell presently he stop and say:

"Whar is I to set you down, marm?"

"Seein' as his sumptiousness was clean gone, I arnsers:

"You's under obligation, sah, to kyar me and my baggidge to my son Mose's house, and I'm not gwine to pay you de fust cint, and I'm not a-gwine to stir out o' dis kerridge, tell you does it."

"He say mighty humble: 'Whar does your son Mose lib, marm?'"

"You is a fool, nigger," I arnsers, quite dignified. 'Ef I knowed whar my son Mose libs, I'd 'a' walked dar long 'fore dis time o' day. Specks you jest got to de city yourself, uz you've never heard o' Mose Porter.'

"He swumpted up ag'in, and I sez: 'Drive along slow, and maybe we'll come acrost Mose or Vi'let or some o' de chillun; dey is always foolin' round de brickyard.'

"He say, 'Do Mose lib at a brickyard?'"

"Den I got mad, and I bust out: 'Good Lordy mussy, nigger! what you s'poze Mose learn de trade fur, scuzin he was gwine to run a brickyard? Ef you don't quit dis foolin' I'll hab you 'rested.' I spore dat ig'n'ant hacker druv to mo'n leben brickyards fo' he sot me down at de right do'."

"In gittin' out, Hinry slumped a pile o' de soft soap on de flo', and I sez to de hacker, 'Ef you don't scrope up dat soap and put it back in dat gode, sah, I'll show wh'er I am a fortune-teller or not, and you'll git nare cint pay.'"

"He scrope and he scrope, and looked so anxious about it dat uz we got de *mo-est* o' it back, I didn't had de heart to make no complaint, but jest paid him twenty-three cint, and he say, 'Thanky marm,' mighty grateful; and well he mought be, arter drivin' me 'bout a hundred mile out o' my way; but I hear hacker say as he druv off:





"NEEDN'T TOLE ME DEM ANIMALS WAS STUFFED AND DEAD."

"I ain't be'n so cowed and sot back sence I were a pickaninny, and granny whopped me for stealin' a *green* watermillion. Less'n a quarter for a whole afternoon's work! Gullong dar, hosses! what I feed you for?"

"Peared like Hinry must 'a' got holt o' some sperrita unbeknownst to me. Arter a while he stretch hisself acrost two cheers in a stupe, and looked so doggish I 'buked him.

"Dar you is!" I says. "A deacon in de church, wid your head hung down. How you gwine to catarmarize de young members at jinin' time?"

"Ooman," he arnsers rite solemn, "you know 'tis de onliest sin I does commit. *When* you see me cross my foots? *When* is I took a' ungodly fiddle in my two hands? Does I prowel round hen-rooses? Does I *darnse*? Dar's 'ligin' in dis, I tell yer."

"We sot talkin' mighty late dat night, and Mose was full of showin' off de city sights to his parrents.

"He tole us de awfulest tales about bugglers, and dem skip-doctors, whar go slippin' around arter der debble works, in injun-rubber shoes; he say you can't tell 'em fum folks tell you see 'em eat. Day takes a chaw

o' apple, and den a swaller o' coffee, and you know, chile, 'tis unnatchel to eat coffee and apple together."

"Skip-doctors?" said Dora.

"Lor', honey! sholy you'se be'n heerd o' dem turrible nation o' cre'tur's, dough some folks calls 'em 'kidnappers,' and 'snatchers,' and de like o' dat.

"Next mornin' Mose 'sisted we was to go to de Smiff-sone Inschute,—a great big kind o' meetin'-house like whar a mighty fine man named General Smiffso buys up all kinds o' cur'us truck and keeps 'em for a free sho'.

"I and de ole man was kinder skeered 'bout de bugglers and dem skip-doctors, but Mose 'peared mighty sho' o' hisself.

"So we sot out; and, Miss Dora, honey, I didn't thought dar was sich a mixtry on top o' de yea'th. De house was bigger'n your pa's barn, and all sot off from top to toe with witchcraft and debblement. Needn't tole me dem animals was stuffed and dead.

"I see de cunnin' in der twinklin', shinin' eyes all de time; watchin' out for der chance to make a spring.

"Dead varmint don't twitch no tails; you know dat yourself, Miss Dora, and I see *four men wid injun-rubber shoes on*.



"De 'fusement gint me sich a swimmin' in de head, I felt mighty sick at my stomach, but I didn't keer to spile de meetin', uz Mose was a-showin' off, same uz de things was his'n. My jaw 'menced to jump, and I knowed some plot was a-brewin'; so I drewed down my green veil, and tole 'em I had de toothache.

"Hinry didn't 'pear to take in nothin' till he come ramblin' acrost a' ole har' and a 'possum in a glass box, and dar he tuk his stan' wid his eyes glued to 'em; bein' dey was de onliest things he see whar he know de generations on. Mose rambled round mighty skittish and free, and 'suaded us up a long pa'r o' star-steps; and great king, honey! 'twas wusser and wusser.

"Hinry come stumblin' along behind me, and whin he open his eyes and see *what he did see*, he whirl hisself around, wid de crook-handle umberil under his arm, and *jest den* glass begin to scrash, and he heerd a screech like de Day o' Judgment had come, and he saw a slummy hell-sarpint, mo'n a yard long, wid fiery eyes and de awfulest smell o' brimstone and whisky, come a-slushin' ober his Sunday breeches, and all dem turrible teeth and bones and horns 'menced a-hornin' and a-p'intin', and a *whole row o' de dead sot a-lookin' on*. Some hollered 'Skip-doctors!' some hollered 'Murder!' but sech a' uproar I hope I'll never see ag'in.

"Mose come by like a shot, and uz we broke for de do', somepin' wid claws and a forked tail made a snatch at my green veil, and got de best part on it. But I hilt my course; for I 'clar' fore gracious, Miss Dora, ef dat umberil and dat green veil had been made o' gold and strung wid di'monds I wouldn't 'a' looked back at 'em. And I hope dem dry goods will prove a tarment and a heartache to Gener'l Smiffso, whensomever he uses 'em. I s'poze he make his libin' by dem witchcrafts; skeerin' folks into drappin' der valuables. We fa'r flew down dem streets, and had 'menced to slow down when a good little boy hollered out, 'De skip-doctors is got you!' *Den* we never fetch breff tell we got inside Mose' house wid de do' locked.

"I never see Hinry in sich a trimble and a turmoil. He flung hisself on his knees and 'plored de Lord to spar' him dis time and he'd never tetch another drap; den he 'zorted Vi'let and de two little gals, and put up a pow'ful pra'r; den he swarr'd out he'd beat de breff out o' Mose for car'in' us to such a venturesome place. Den we kyarmed down.

"By Chuseday Mose got us a-goin' ag'in. City niggers is like de city white folks,—dey ain't satisfied wid a cake-walk, *ur* a funeral, *ur* a picknake now and den; dey hankers arter 'musement all de time.

"Dar were a maskyrade, and Mose, bein' top o' de pot like, called hisself Gener'l Wash'n't'. He stropped on a' ole swode and a pa'r o' spurs, and axed Vi'let to dress de two little gals in blue and yaller rice cambric and call derselves Fairdocs.

"I wish you could 'a' be'n see Mose at dat party. He were de wildest hoas in de dance, and his swode caused so much bewilderment, a committee 'spectfully axed him to lay it on a cheer; but Mose swarred out he was gwine to tote dat weepoon, and de niggers must

cle'r de track when dey see General Wash'n't' chargin'. He hung dem spurs on de Queen o' Sheba's coat-tails and flung a pile o' niggers all kickin' and scramblin' in de middle o' de ball-room flo'.

"I see one mighty black cullud lady corketin' wid a' Afrikin; and I say to Vi'let:

"'Vi'let, dar's de pot flirtin' wid de kittle.'

"He heerd me, and when he turn round, I see it were Hacker.

"He 'peared oberjoyed to see me, and fotch' me some ice-cream, but I thanked him, 'It would start my jaw jumpin'.' Then he eat it hisself, dough de gal looked mighty wishful at de saucer.

"Now, Miss Dora, what you reckon was de grandest and sweetest sight I see in Wash'n't'?

"'Twere a sto' sot out wid de funniest little candy animils, and hearts and apples, and I couldn't pass by nohow tell I had axed de price.

"De sto'keeper looked mons'ous cheaters, but he say twenty-fi' cint a pound, *er* fi' cint apiece.

"Den I axed him could he change a fil'-cint into fi' cints; and he done it. Den I lay seben fi' cints side and side o' seben o' dem figgers, and tole him to wrop 'em up wid six hoas-cakes, and I put 'em in my pocket for de chillun at home; but what wid sittin' on de bundle and de heat meltin' 'em, you can't tell de animils from de hosses, dough dey tas'e mighty well.

"Den we come home, and 'fore de Lor', Miss Dora, when I see de barrel gone from de top o' my chimney, I thought dar had be'n a yearhquake. Den I see de larder [ladder] leanin' 'g'inst de lyehopper, and I sez, 'Great king, Hinry! de bugglers is be'n here!' I runned and onlooked de do', and dar was my yaller sunflower bed-quilt dat deep in soot and ashes you mought 'a' wrote your name; den I *knowed* it, and I drapped down on de stool by de do' and bust out cryin' till Jerry's Creechy heerd me, and come to tell me dem chillum had tried to sweep out der old mammy's chimbley, and little Dick wid his neck most broke, and ole marster had whoopped 'em all round, and it chirked me up entirely. And now I must put up dis pipe and see 'bout gittin' dinner."

Eva M. De Jarneth.

#### The Difference.

'Tis easy to be brave,  
When the world is on our side;  
When nothing is to fear,  
Fearless to bide.

'Tis easy to hope,  
When all goes well;  
When the sky is clear,  
Fine weather to foretell.

But to hope when all's despaired,  
And be brave when we are scared,—  
That's another thing, my dear!  
And will do to tell.

Anthony Morehead.

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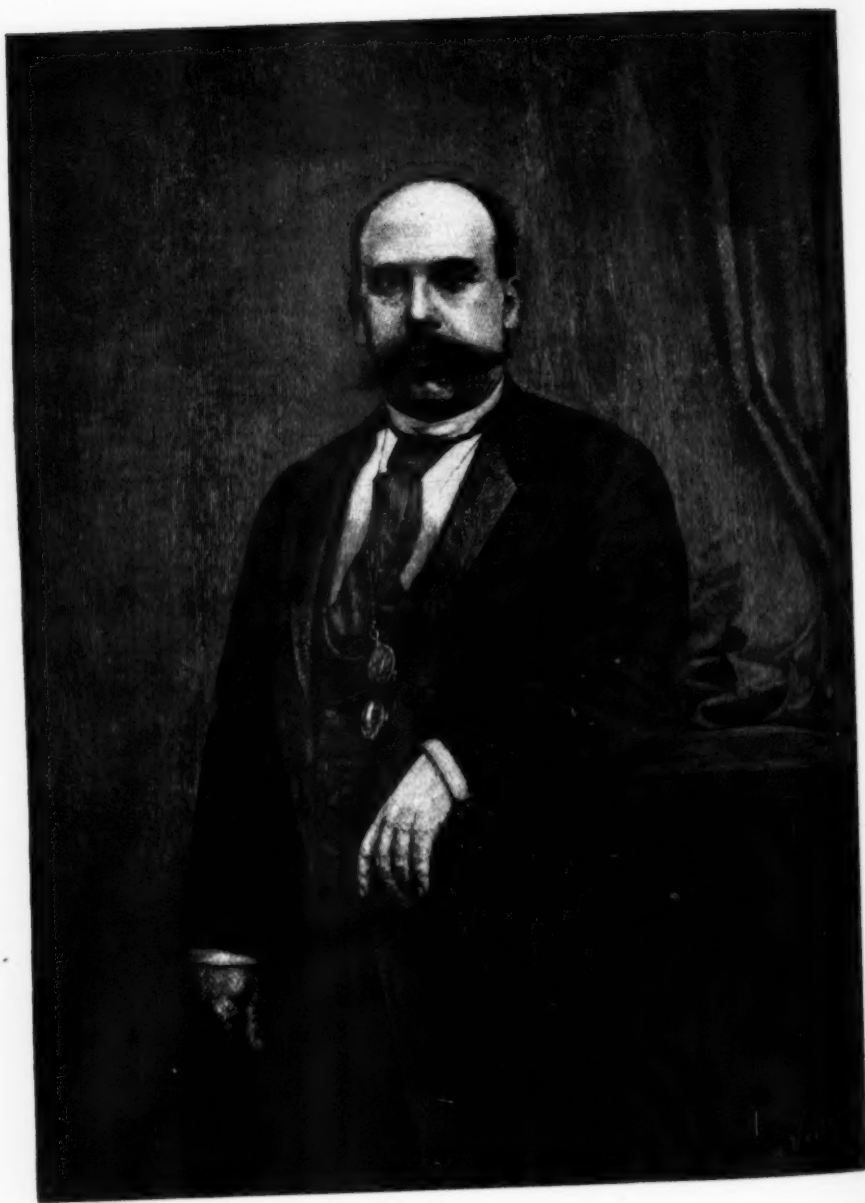
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*Emilio Castelar*

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